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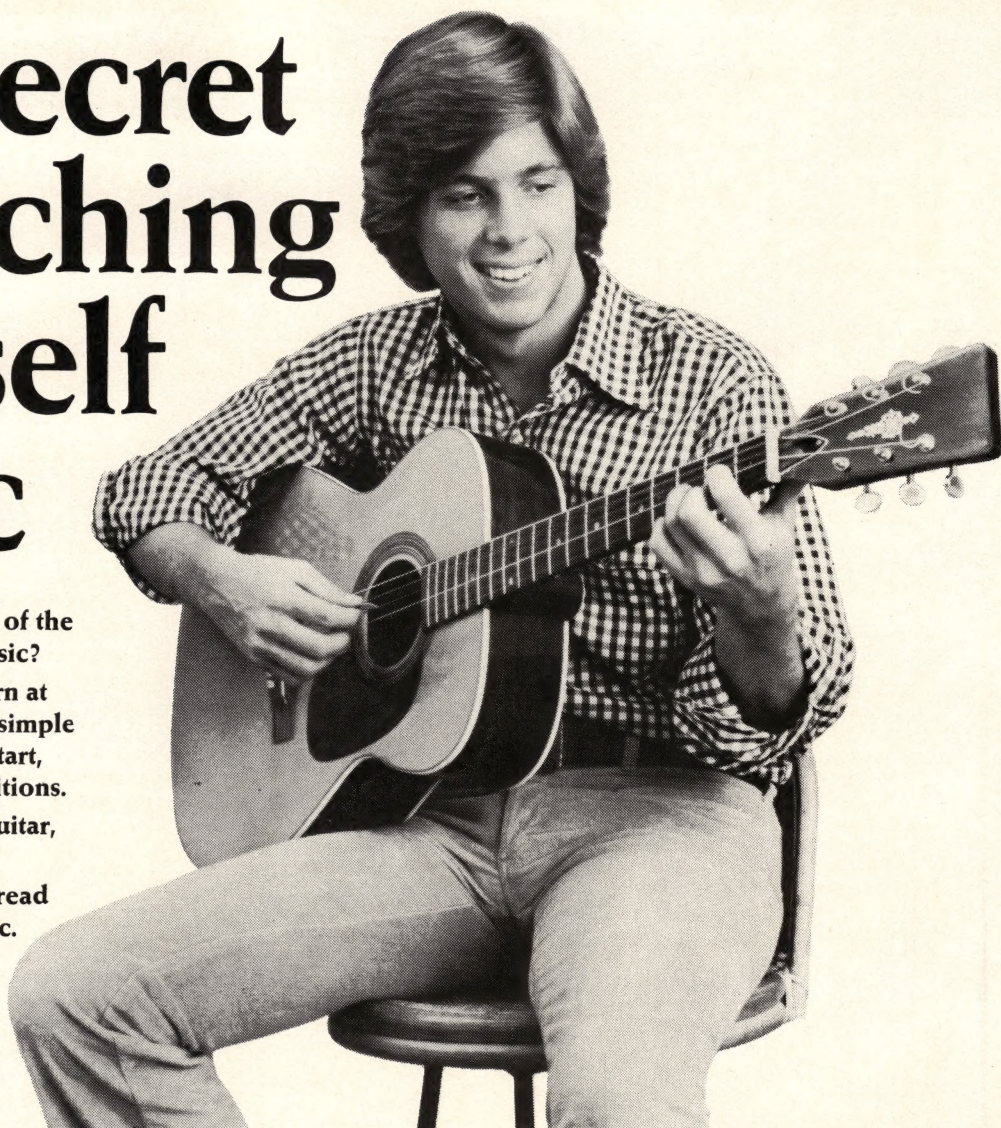
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MEN

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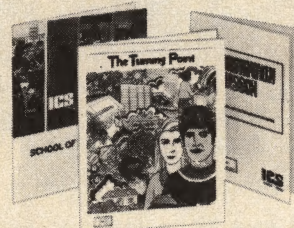
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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

IF A WOMAN EXPRESSES AN INTEREST IN INTERCOURSE IN THE WOMAN-ABOVE POSITION, WHAT OTHER SEXUAL INTERESTS IS SHE LIKELY TO HAVE?

Probably a keen interest in all forms of oral love-making. According to Dr. A.H. Maslow in his book, *Toward a Psychology of Being*, "Many of the women very high in dominance-feeling get a tremendous thrill out of occasionally assuming the above position in the sexual act." Such a woman generally views sex more as fun than lovemaking. She usually has a great liking for cunnilingus and seeks it out at every opportunity. And she is most likely to consider the penis as "a very beautiful object," suitable for handling, looking at, daydreaming about and addressing with oral caresses. Often she dreams of intercourse with a man she has just met, especially if she imagines that he has large sex organs.

IS THE WIFE WHO DRINKS A LOT A LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR SEDUCTION?

Yes. Says Dr. Timothy A. Engels: "There is a very close statistical relationship between alcoholic and adulterous wives. As the proportion of wives engaging in affairs increases, so does the proportion of female alcoholics. Of course, this is readily understandable because the same forces that drive a woman to drink will drive her into an affair. Naturally, high on the list of causes is a feeling of emptiness in a woman's life when a husband's sexual interest in her seems to be waning."

DO GIRLS WHO PERFORM REGULARLY IN PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIES LEAD WILD PRIVATE SEX LIVES?

Hardly. In fact, a new study by researchers Thomas Ellers, Susan A. Liebmann and Donald A. Mazur show that they lead virtually the same sex lives as other American girls. "Like many other American females, they may assert their moral attitude by refusing to sleep with a man on the first date. If that seems incongruous by women who may spend an entire day before the cameras making love to several men at one time, it must be remembered that a girl in the profession steals herself to it by regarding it as no more than any other job. And since that is the case, there is no reason they should behave off-camera as they do

on. In fact, most pornographic performers told us they would never perform the acts they do on film with a man in real life 'until I'm very sure about how I feel about him.'"

HOW LONG CAN A WOMAN GO CONTINUOUSLY AT SEXUAL INTERCOURSE?

Unlike a man who will lose his ability to maintain penile erection after a few acts, a woman can go on more or less indefinitely since all that is required on her part is a certain amount of vaginal lubrication. In the Philippines, some prostitutes in establishments of steady turnover often work 15 hours shifts of non-stop sex with no apparent sign of "vaginal fatigue."

IS A GIRL WHO GOES TO CHURCH REGULARLY REALLY LIKELY TO BE LESS PROMISCUOUS?

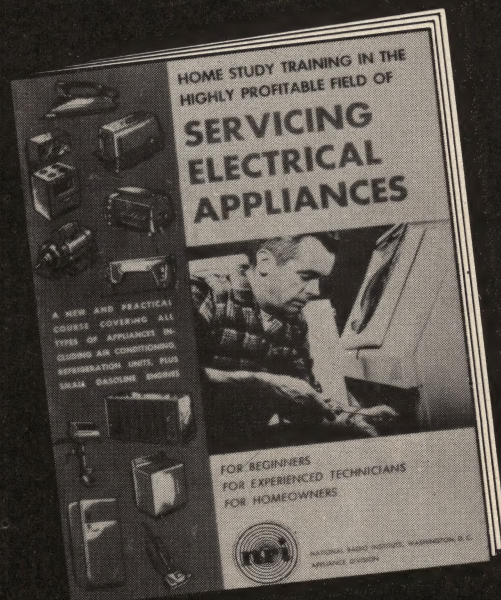
Yes, despite what the sex revolutionists think. Surveys indicate that 28 percent of church-going young girls engage in premarital relations. Among non-church goers the figure soars to more than double—61 percent.

HOW LONG DOES THE AVERAGE AFFAIR WITH A SINGLE GIRL LAST?

While some men are fortunate to have a long-term affair with a girl, the average life of such arrangements is about six months to a year at the outside. According to studies made by the National Sex Research Committee, most single girls are now willing, as one girl put it, "to allow a man six months to think about making things right." After that follows a period of strained relationships as the girl becomes more insistent upon marriage, forcing the issue to the extent that most men will either give in or give up the relationship. But, says executive director Lars Edvint, "Some men have proven adept at postponing things by declaring, 'You haven't the maturity to consider marriage yet. When you are, we'll discuss it.'" However, Edvint notes, such tactics are just buying a little more time. While the response will leave a girl somewhat puzzled—and thus ready to continue the status quo until "she can examine herself"—within a few more months she will go on the attack again, and this time will not stop until the matter is settled one way or another.



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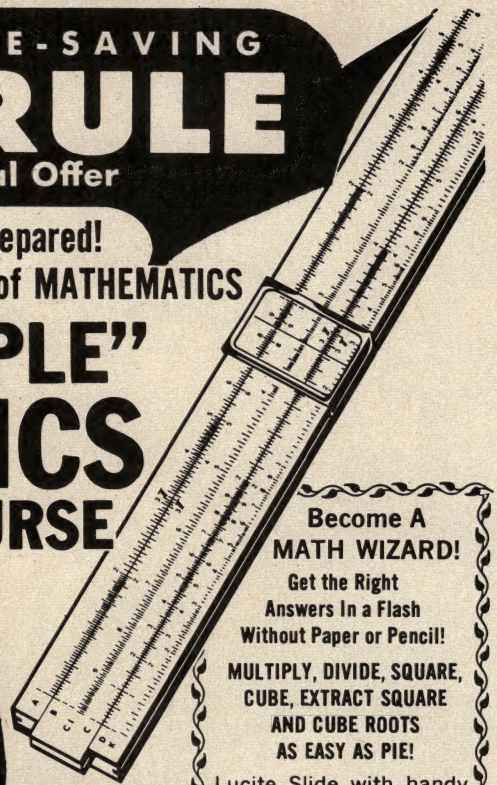
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2. **ALGEBRA:** Signed Numbers, Algebraic Expressions, Formulas, Equations, Definitions and Fundamental Operations; Factors and Roots; Powers; Factoring, Simultaneous Equations; Logarithms, Slide Rule; Number Series and Solving Series Problems
3. **GEOMETRY:** Definitions, Terms; Angles; Geometrical Constructions; Complements, Supplements; Geometrical Demonstration; Parallel Lines and Theorems; Triangles; Polygons; Circles; Similar Plane Figures; Solid Geometry; Rectangular Solids, The Prism and the Cylinder, The Pyramid and the Sphere
4. **TRIGONOMETRY:** Trigonometric Functions of an Angle; Relations between Functions of Complementary Angles; Condensed Table of Natural Trigonometric Functions; Functions of 45° , 30° , and 60° Angles; Interpolation; Reciprocals among the Functions; The Oblique Triangle; The Law of Sines, Cosines, Tangents; Solving Oblique Triangles; Four-place Table of Natural Trigonometric Functions
5. **INTERMEDIATE ALGEBRA:** Complete Review Table of Elementary Formulas; Linear Equations in Two Unknowns, Determinate and Indeterminate Systems, Consistent, Inconsistent, Independent and Dependent Equations; Variables, Functions and Graphs; Quadratic Equations in One Variable; Systems Involving Quadratics; Linear Equations in N Variables; Determinants; Table of Determinant Formulas; Trig Functions and Equations, Typical Values of Trig Functions, Complete Solution of Trig Equations, Variations of Trigonometric Functions

6. **ANALYTIC GEOMETRY (PLANE AND SOLID):** Points, Distances, Slopes; Straight Lines; Cones, Conic Sections, Parabolas, Applications of Parabola Formulas; Ellipses and Circles, Applications of Ellipse Formulas, Hyperbolas, Applications of Hyperbola Formulas; Points, Direction in Space; Surfaces and Lines in Space

7. **ADVANCED ALGEBRA:** Review Formulas, R, M, G, Series; Higher-Degree Polynomials, Synthetic Division, Remainder Theorem of Corollaries, Factor Theorem, Number, Nature of Roots, Coefficient Root Formulas, Interpretation of Solutions, Multiple-Equal and Imaginary Roots, Equivalent, Non-Equivalent Equations, Graphic Analysis; Exponential, Logarithmic Functions; Algebraic, Transcendental Equations; The Organic Growth Formula

8. **VECTOR ANALYSIS:** Linear Vector Equations, Line Vector Diagrams, Elementary Properties of Vectors, Position Vectors and Dividing Points, Vector Equations of Lines and Planes, Solving Linear Vector Equations; Products of Vectors; Scalar and Vector Products and Their Applications; Vector Coordinates, The i, j, k System of Unit Vectors, Derivations of Scalar Formulas, Multiple Products of Vectors

9. **CALCULUS:** Rates, Limits and Infinitesimals; Limit Theorems and Derivatives; Formal and Applied Differentiation, Simple and Other Maxima and Minima, Simple Inflection Points; Formal and Applied Integration, Table of Integrals; Areas, Length of Arc, Fluid Pressure and Work Integrations

10. **NEW MATH.** How to Use High-Speed New Math in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division; Solving Equations; Working with Whole Numbers, Fractions, Decimals, Percentages, etc. Using New Math Techniques to Figure Interest, Taxes, Business Calculations. Guide to Standards of Measurement. Glossary of Important New Math Terms.

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MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

TRICKY THING TO FIGURE OUT WHEN A GIRL IS GIVING OFF EROTIC SIGNALS IF SHE LICKS HER LIPS, SAY THE SKULL BOYS. IF SHE'S ALONE WITH A GUY, SHE COULD JUST BE NERVOUS. BUT IF SHE DOES IT AT A PARTY, SHE'S PROBABLY SEXUALLY EXCITED BE-



Not so subtle—sex clues

CAUSE SHE KNOWS MANY MEN ARE WATCHING HER . . .

Don't be surprised if she now wants a lot of sex in the "woman-above" position. New slimming guide just published tells women this position tends to firm up backside, keeps it from getting flabby . . .

THOSE ORGANIZED SWAP CLUBS NOW PUBLISH A MOTEL BLACKLIST OF ROADSIDE ESTABLISHMENTS THAT ARE TOO NOSEY ABOUT WHAT'S UP, GIVE GROUP SWINGERS A HARD TIME . . .

One Hollywood actress who made headlines recently attacking sex and nudity in films, just made a "private" movie that's the talk of Hollywood . . .

TAMER SORT OF GROUP SEX CATCHING ON IN SUBURBS. SEVERAL COUPLES SIT AROUND TABLE, MATES WELL SEPARATED. ANY KIND OF FOOLING AROUND MAY TAKE PLACE UNDER THE TABLE, BUT THERE IS NO GOING ALL THE WAY. PARTICIPANTS CLAIM THIS "FOREPLAY" PERMITS A COUPLE TO BECOME WILDLY AROUSED BY THE TIME THEY GET HOME TO BED . . .

Next Social Security breakthrough may come in the form of "Divorce Insurance" to protect men who can't support two families. Plan would be compulsory with

insurance payments taking care of the first family while the husband supports the second. No benefits would be paid unless the man remarried . . .

SCARY SEX SURVEY: QUESTIONNAIRE TO 1141 MARRIED WOMEN FOUND THAT OVER 35 PERCENT SAID THEY WERE SURE THAT THEY COULD TELL WHEN THEIR HUSBANDS HAD BEEN WITH ANOTHER WOMAN. MOST SAID IT WAS A "CHEMICAL COMPONENT" WITHIN THEMSELVES. ONE TYPICAL SUSPICION: WHEN A HUSBAND COMES HOME AND BREAKS HIS USUAL PATTERN AND IMMEDIATELY TAKES A SHOWER . . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

WHEN GOING AWAY FROM HOME IT'S WISE TO LET NEIGHBORS KNOW SO THEY CAN MAKE PERIODIC CHECKS ON THE HOUSE—PROVIDED YOU'RE SURE THEY AREN'T CROOKS THEMSELVES. POLICE REPORT RASH OF ROBBERIES BEING COMMITTED BY "HELPFUL" NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS . . .

Big city detectives talk about their relationship with many criminals as a "marriage." They catch the guy,



Marriage on the rocks

bust him, wait till he gets out, then bust him again. The cop knows the hood's special habits and techniques and the hood knows the cop pretty well, too . . .

A TEA COMPANY'S BANKROLLING RESEARCH ON A NEW DRUG THAT TAKES ADDICTS OFF DOPE—BUT GIVES THEM AN UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE TO DRINK AT LEAST 15 CUPS OF TEA A DAY . . .

An expert car thief needs only 17 seconds to remove the ignition lock in a car, substitute his own lock and

(Continued on page 42)

TRUE BOOK BONUS

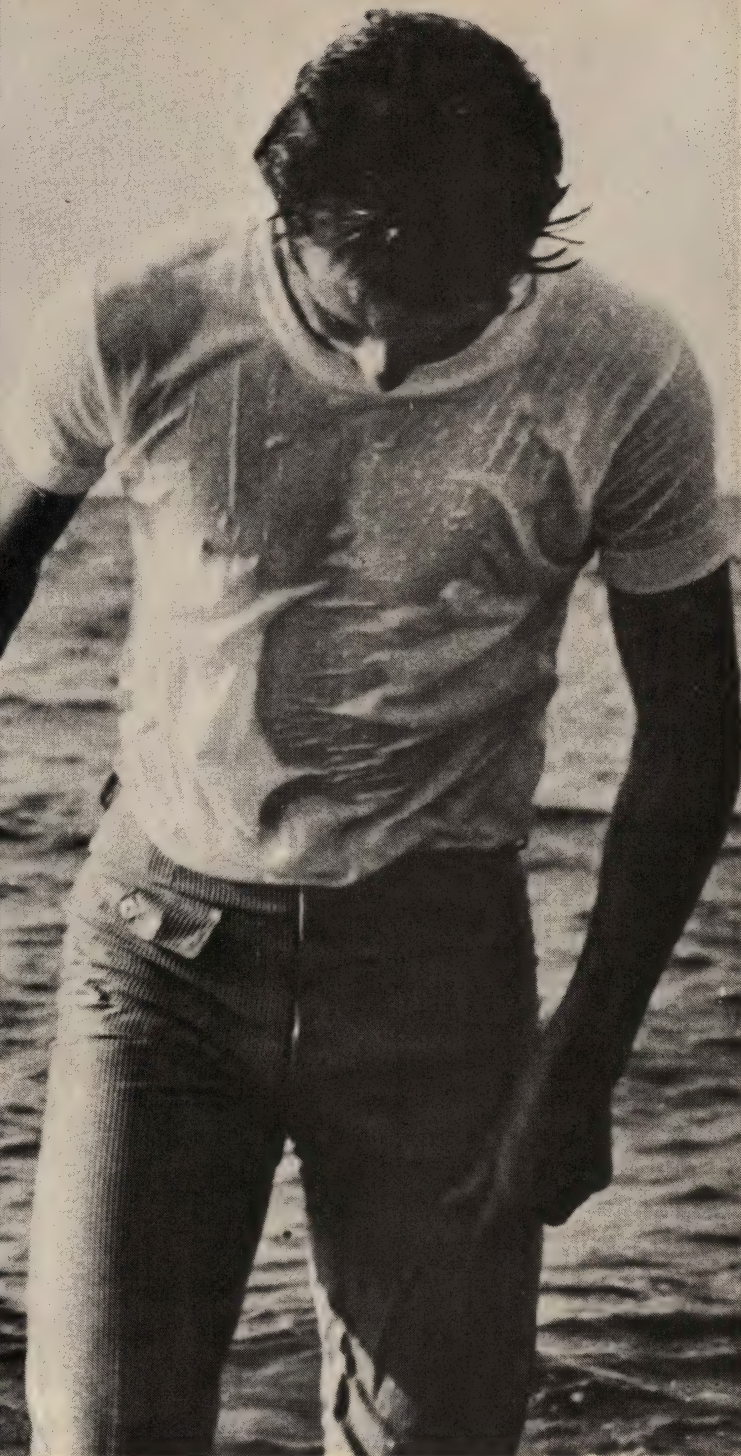
By LOGAN & HARRIET MARSH

Intimate Experiences
of 22 Couples on a
Deserted Caribbean Isle

REPORT FROM SWAPPER'S ISLAND

THE NEWEST PLAYGROUND FOR SWINGERS





THE SIX saw the island they knew only as Gut Cay for the first time on February 1, 1972. A hundred yards off her shore they dropped one by one over the side of the power boat rented that morning in St. Thomas. Her name was *Typhoon*. They left her—secured by stern and bow anchors—and waded ashore, kicking shellfish and baby squid aside.

On the beach they gathered instinctively in their usual pairings. Carl and Maria Erdman. Patrick and Joan Kelly. George and Pauline Flotte. Three men and their wives. Or, to put it another way, three women and their husbands.

For three hours they prowled the rising and falling terrain of Gut Cay. They explored buildings. They followed maps. They photographed everything of interest to them. They said little, but each was making assessments.

Finally, back on the beach, they fell onto the sea-pulverized coral. Perspiration pasted clothing and hair to their skins. Patrick Kelly wished for a case of cold Heineken's beer.



Impromptu love-trysts on the beach, as depicted above, serve as catalysts for many new swinging relationships . . . Or, as with lucky husband below, wife can make new friend, bring her along, too.

It began as an experiment in free living by a group of Middle American couples two years ago. Now it has become a sexual paradise for people whose only aim is to "do their thing" away from prying outsiders, as long as nobody gets hurt by it. Logan and Harriet Marsh were one of those couples, and their book about their experiences covers every aspect of life on the island . . .



SWAPPER'S ISLAND



For those who haven't already got a good new thing going, the island sponsors "mixers," as above . . . or, to lure prospective partners, women can get together and sun.



What did everyone else think, someone finally asked.

Joan Kelly spoke first. She thought it was just a beautiful island, more beautiful than any of them had imagined. Were they really able to buy such a place for themselves at such a steal of a price? Just like that? Wow!

Her husband, Patrick, head pillowed on her bare middle, was grinning. He was pleased, really pleased. His wife was right—they could and would buy it. And he could just not get over the miracle of it all. He had been in business hustling and buying and selling things for eight years. Gut Cay was the finest real estate buy he had ever known. A steal.

George Flotte hooded his head with a towel and secured the cloth by pulling on an inverted U.S. Navy enlisted man's cap. He suffered a low grade allergy to harsh sun; an overdose literally sickened him to vomiting. He was looking over neat notes fastened to a clipboard.

He, too, marveled at Gut Cay, but from a technical viewpoint, none other. It was in-bleeding-credible, he said. Some planner,

in the U.S. military, just once, had taken ordinary ugly quonset huts and prefabricated construction and wedded them sensibly to the landscape. And this person or persons had had enough sense to leave the one pre-World War Two structure on the island alone. This was the old mansion falling in upon itself, the 15-room place which would have become a grand Caribbean island architectural freak, still lived-in, had the owner only understood that concrete mixed with salt sea water crumbles

in a short time. The Navy had neither demolished it nor painted it and tried to use it. The Navy had left it alone, by itself on the bluff where it stood like the monument to foolishness it was, framed by weedy and very tree-choked swards which had once been nice gardens.

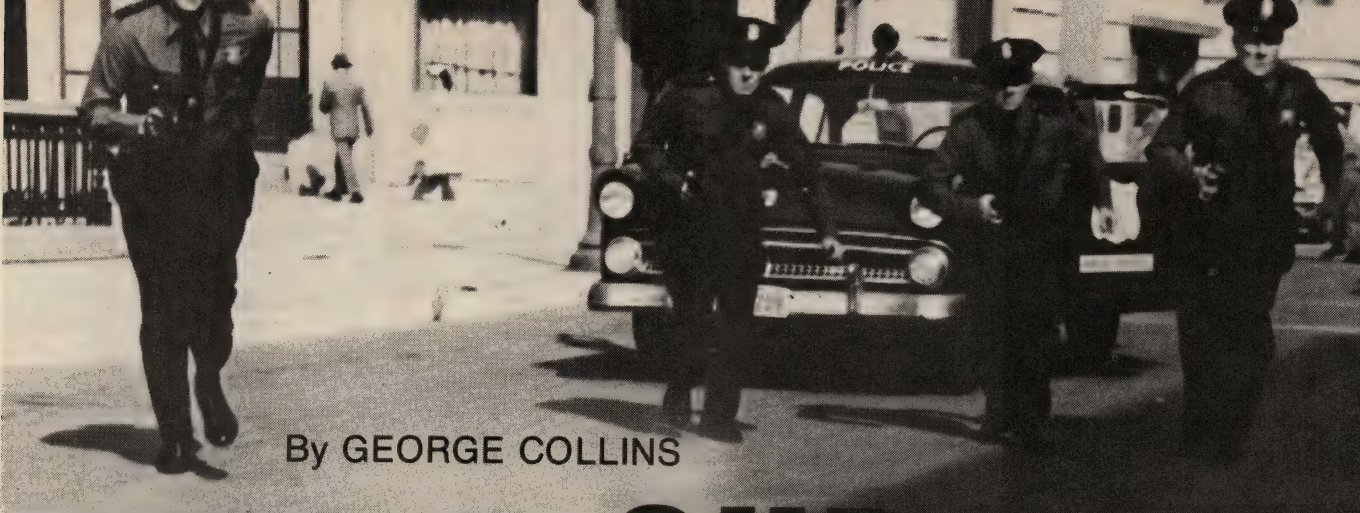
George Flotte marveled aloud again. The island was perfect to meet their wants, he

Technically, logistically, geographically, ecologically and strategically perfect.

"But wasn't it also beautiful," asked his wife, Pauline. She was undoing the line of buttons fastening her shirt, saying, nobody minded, did they, if she exposed her grey New York winter skin to some healthy sun. It was not, after all, as though no one there had ever seen her boobs before. . . .

Oh yes, it was beautiful too, George Flotte said. Or he supposed it was.

"MY HUSBAND, the boob lover," Pauline Flotte said, smiling and touching his cheek with genuine affection. She and George had once been in the Louvre in Paris, she said. Standing before the headless Winged Victory of Samothrace, Pauline had been excited by the line and form and the ways in which stone had been sculpted to look like wet cloth clinging to the woman's body. George saw it only as a miracle of cantilevering; wings and arms extended in balance to prevent (*Continued on page 89*)



By GEORGE COLLINS



OUR BIGGEST HEISTS-

By Five Top
Mobsters



TAPED IN THEIR OWN WORDS

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

FRANK INTERVIEWS THAT REVEAL WHAT IT'S

IT'S like having sex. "Pulling a stickup, I'm talking about, and getting away with it. Walking into a man's place of business and pushing a gun in his face and telling him I want his money, then streaking away through the night knowing I've made it clean and the cops aren't going to catch me.

"My pulse always leaps into doubletime. I look cool, sure, I talk soft when I tell a storekeeper or a service station operator to fork over. I think it's important for the guy you're robbing to believe you're calm and under control and thinking every minute, but to tell the truth, I'm as edgy as a cat on a hot tin roof.

"The first place I ever hit was a liquor store in east Philly seven years ago. I was 19 and I had a gun and a car and that was all it took. I was surprised at

how easy it was, like falling down. But I had a knot the size of

a baseball in my belly when I walked out of the store. Damn, I thought, I did it. That was one of the two or three most important things that ever happened to me. Whether it was a good or a bad thing is a matter of opinion, but it was sure as hell important in my life.

"My M.O. and my feelings are always the same. It goes like this: it's night and I drive around the block or park across the street from the store. I can see a man inside moving

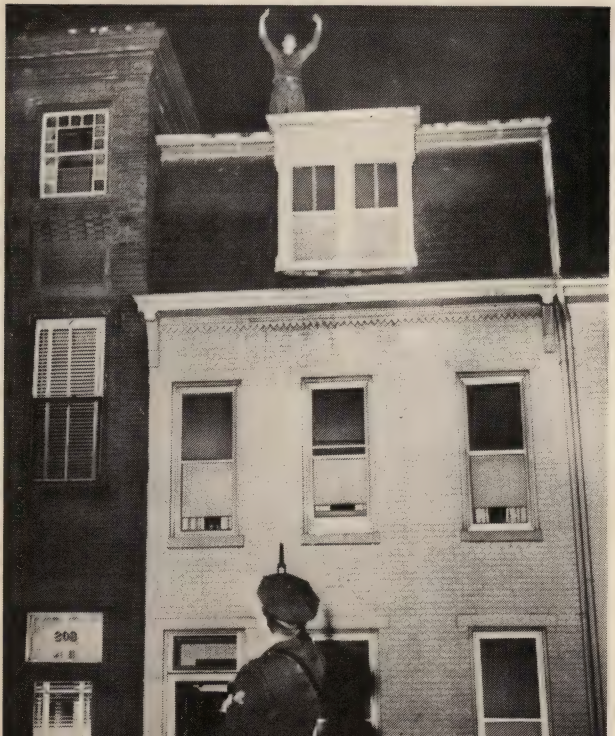
BIGGEST HEISTS-



A heist man's career can plummet from riches to a big fat zero in as many ways as there are heists. Or, as above, you can also pick the wrong pigeon.



Or you can pick the wrong partners, like man above, who got the loot OK, but didn't check his moll's purse. She got him as he started car. . . . Or, as on right, your buddy can lam without yelling "cheese it, the cops," leaving you alone, holding the bag.



LIKE TO RUN WITH THE UNDERWORLD

around and if he's alone, my pulse starts to go faster. At five of midnight, if things look right, I pull up to the curb in front. When I get out, I feel the adrenalin spurt.

"I don't wear a mask. That's a lot of crap. If someone else happens along, I can't pretend to be a customer if I'm wearing a God-damned stocking over my face. "Empty the register," I tell the man behind the counter. I say as little as possible and I permit him to say even less.

"When I have the money in my pocket, I order the man to stretch out on the floor behind the counter and out of sight. I gag him with his handkerchief, bind his feet with his belt and tie his hands behind him with sash cord or wire. Piano wire is good, but I can't always get hold of it. Sometimes I use a piece of clothesline.

"One night a woman came to the door of a liquor store I was robbing. I straightened up from behind the counter—I had just tied up the owner—and she was rattling the doorknob and trying to get in. I saw she was well-dressed and two men were waiting for her in a Cadillac parked ahead of my car. I pointed to the sign that said the store was closed and

she shook her head and kept banging on the glass and rattling the knob.

"Finally I let her in and sold her two fifths of Johnnie Walker black label. We were all lucky the guy hidden behind the counter didn't try thumping his feet on the floor or anything like that. If he had, I'd have started blasting.

"When I got five blocks away from the store, I began to breathe slower. I was sweating under my coat like I'd stepped out of a steam

bath. I felt relief and triumph and some other things I can't describe. That's why I say it's a lot like having sex . . .

Frank, the man who is telling me this, is a criminal whose specialty is

armed robbery. He is a short man with colorless eyes and he's as tight as a coiled spring. As he talks, he makes nervous gestures with his hands. Frank is one of a number of heist men I have interviewed, and one of the most willing to discuss his feelings, the practice of his trade, the reasons he is in it.

"I don't know why others get in this business. I never asked them, they never asked me, either. (Frank laughs.) When two heist men talk, they talk (Continued on page 82)

To get this MEN's exclusive scoop, criminal reporter George Collins risked his life to contact crooks on the lam. What came out of his efforts was this hard-hitting, raw look at the danger-filled day-to-day existence of a brotherhood of men and women who choose to do business outside the law.



An anonymous tipster, in stoolie service to the law, can pass the word to his godfather about where or when you're working—resulting in ambush, as above.



Some smart heist rings hole up out of town when the heat's on, and even when it's off. A place in the mountains, like a hunting lodge, can cool you off.

CHARLIE figured Mr. Barth must have screwed more beautiful women than any man he'd ever known. And in the three years Charlie had worked for him, Mr. Barth had kept up a steady flow of wild tales about each and every one of these women.

Mr. Barth would come out on the loading platform where Charlie supervised getting the crates of machine parts on the right trucks, and to the right customers. When Charlie wasn't busy, Mr. Barth would sit with him on a crate and start in with the stories.

Charlie couldn't figure out why Mr. Barth had chosen him for the stories instead of any of the other men who worked for him. The only reason Charlie could come up with was that maybe he was a better listener and storytellers probably preferred someone who didn't talk back too much.

Mr. Barth would always preface a story with something like, "Hey, Charlie, have I ever told you about the redhead in New Orleans who wanted me to ball her on the balcony while the Mardi Gras crowd marched by?" Charlie would say, "No," and Mr. Barth would go into a detailed description of that wild evening.

Mr. Barth was 33 years old, six years older than Charlie. He was a tall, good-looking man who could have been an ex-wide receiver for any pro team in the business. He didn't walk—he strutted. Every word he said—except when he was telling Charlie stories—could be heard a block away. He wore tailored suits and shirts, shoes from England, ties from Italy, drove a Jaguar XKE and kept his beautiful wife decked in furs and jewels. And was also the mayor of the town.

Charlie had a slight build and was almost good-looking and he could have been an ex-wide receiver in college who hadn't been tall enough or heavy enough to make a pro team.

Charlie enjoyed his boss' stories all right. What he didn't enjoy was the riding Mr. Barth would give him after he'd finished a story.

"I guess a quiet guy like you wouldn't know about stuff like that," Mr. Barth would say.

"Well, I've never screwed a stewardess in a jet john. I'll admit that," Charlie would say.

"That little girl knew how to work the muscles inside her like you'd open and close your fist. Oh, Charlie—that was one hell of a plane ride, I'll tell you."

Then he'd add sometimes, "Listen, Charlie—you want the best ass in this world, you've got to go out and get it. Nice, polite guys like you spend their lives watching the stuff-parade march right by them. Take my advice. You go and get what you want."

CHARLIE might never have screwed a stewardess in a jet john, but he had his women and his good times. He didn't screw and then move on the way Mr. Barth did—at least, from what Charlie could tell from the stories.

Charlie liked to get to know a woman well because the better he knew her, the better time he would have with her in bed.

Like Angie. He had been sleeping three or four nights a week with her for over six months now.

FICTION
FOR
MEN

The Office Party Nude

By ALEX AUSTIN

Angie was certainly no great beauty like Mr. Barth's wife and all the other women, but Angie was good to be with. They had a lot of laughs together, both in and out of bed. And they seemed to do most of the positions Mr. Barth talked about doing. Only last Saturday he had come to her place a little early. They were going out to dinner and to see a movie.

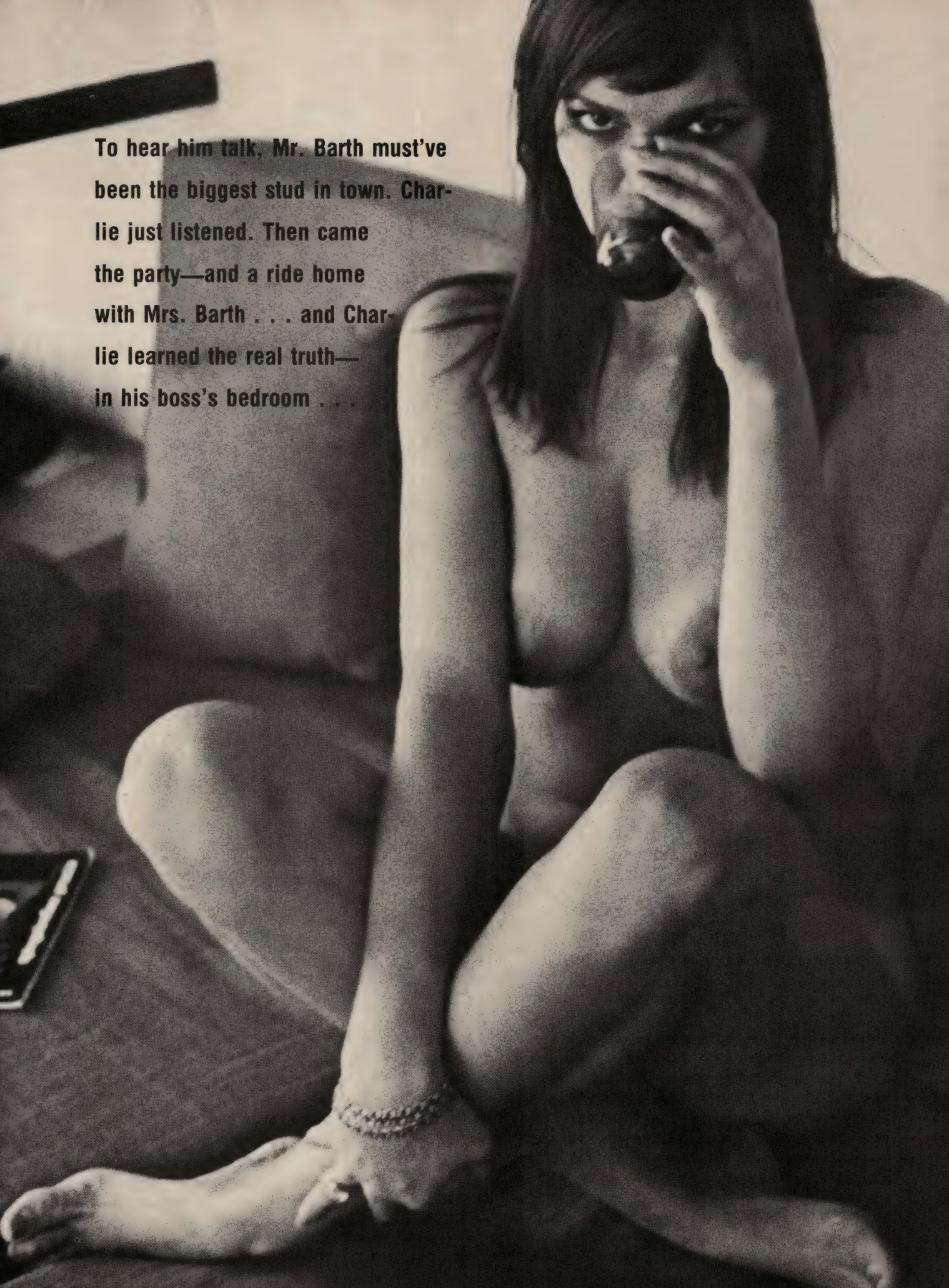
When he rang the bell, Angie called out, "I'm in the bathtub. The door's open."

Charlie walked into her living room.

"Fix a drink for yourself, honey," she called out. "I'll be

(Continued on page 58)

To hear him talk, Mr. Barth must've been the biggest stud in town. Charlie just listened. Then came the party—and a ride home with Mrs. Barth . . . and Charlie learned the real truth—in his boss's bedroom . . .



World War II Japanese Slain

Manila, Oct. 20 (AP)—Japanese soldiers holed up on a Philippine island since World War II was killed and another wounded in a gun battle with national police troops, authorities reported today.

The clash took place yesterday in a forest on Lubang Island, 75 miles southwest of Manila, and the wounded man escaped with his comrade's rifle, a police spokesman said.

The Philippine government planned today to send a light plane in crisscross patterns over the mountainous island of Lubang of broadcast appeals to the wounded man.

Japan's Kyodo news service identified the dead man as Kinishichi Kozuka and the wounded man as Shiro Onoda. Official Japanese records

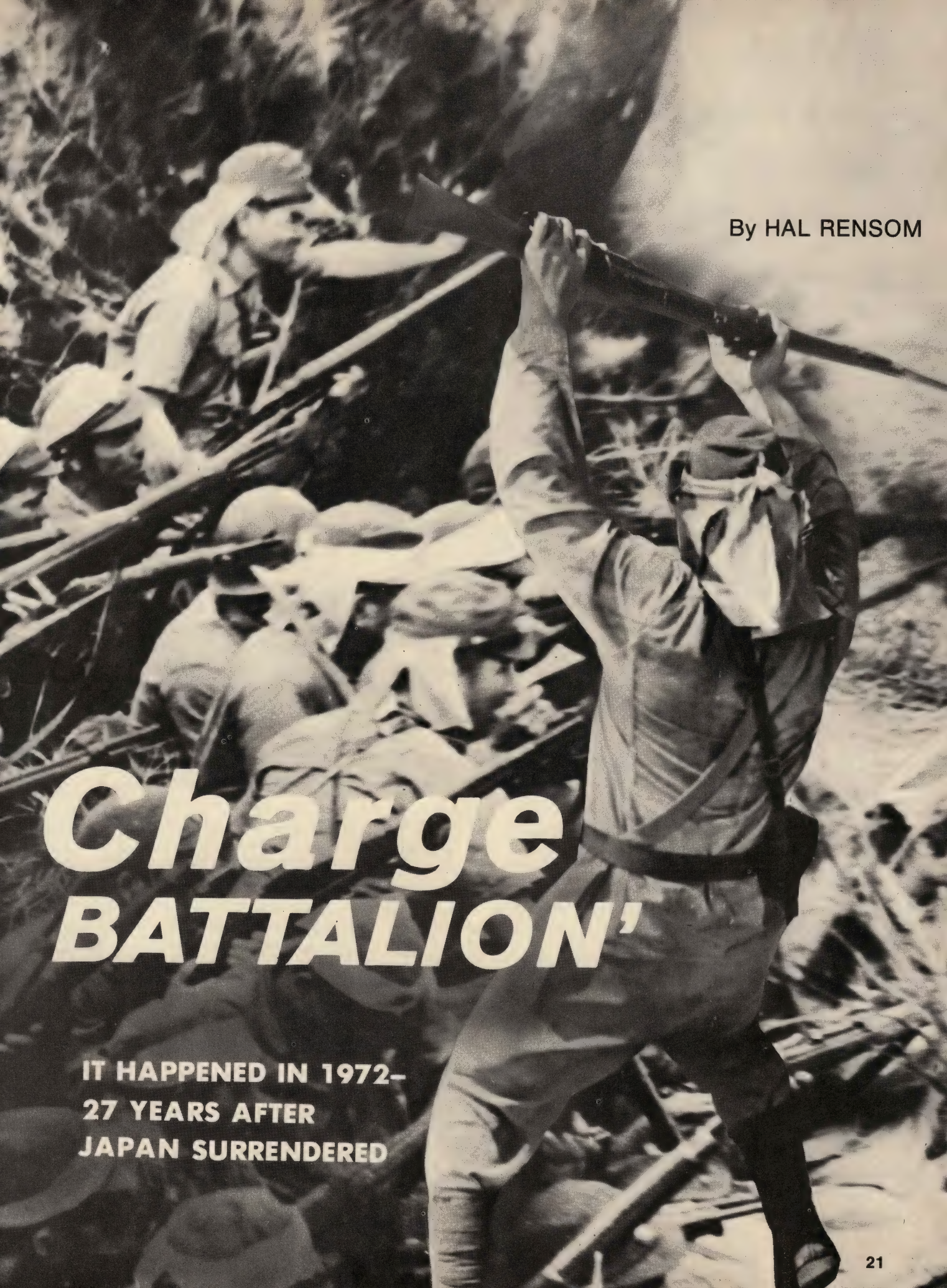
THE mountain trail was so narrow and well hidden that a stranger could stand practically on top of it and still not know it was there. And since it was the only easily accessible way from the vulnerable Kadjan village on the coast of Lubang Island to the relative safety of the interior, the tribesmen who guided Mickey Blackstone along the path took every precaution to insure that it remained concealed. He noticed that the men in front of him made certain not to brush against the trees and bushes which lined both sides of the track.



During the daring suicide attack, Mickey Blackstone killed Roxas, leader of the cutthroats, in a fight like scene above.

**AN AMERICAN LEADS
W.W. II'S LAST HOLDOUTS IN
A WAR TO SAVE
THE PHILLIPINES' STONE-
AGE MOUNTAIN
TRIBESMEN**

Last Banzai of JAPAN'S 'LOST



By HAL RENSOM

Charge **BATTALION'**

IT HAPPENED IN 1972—
27 YEARS AFTER
JAPAN SURRENDERED



Japanese holdouts prepare feast of fish and game caught in forest, in this photo taken by Mickey Blackstone during his stay.



Holdouts are seen here planning their last charge, in photo taken by Blackstone as they sat around campfire the night before.

Mickey tried to follow their example, but every so often his arm would scrape along a tree trunk, or bend a twig. Each time this happened, the native following him would rub mud against the bark or bend the twig back to its original shape, thereby obliterating any traces of their passage. Another precaution they took was to walk dead center in the middle of the trail, each man stepping in the footprints of the one before him so as not to widen the lane even a millimeter. This, Mickey found easier to do.

The natives, dressed only in loincloths and barefooted, loped along at an easy gait. Though they had been trekking for nearly five hours, none of them showed even the slightest trace of tiring. But Mickey Blackstone was a different story. Every muscle in his legs screamed from agony, his chest heaved with every breath he took, and perspiration drenched his brush jacket. Just when he thought he couldn't go an inch further, the leader of the Kadjans mercifully called a halt. Mickey started to sink to his haunches, but was stopped by Daet, the only English-speaking member of the tribe.

"No sit," he shook his head from side to side, hauling Mickey up by his armpits. "Muscles get too tight. Not able to move them later."

He offered Mickey a water-filled coconut



Heidiko Haichioji, leader of the Japanese, as he looked in an official Japanese Army photo in 1940.

LOST BATTALION

rigors of the march, he found himself conscious of the throbbing ache in his shoulder. He put his hand to the bloodcaked bandage—where, a week before, the Kadjans had dug out a gun shell—and winced. Noticing the American's pain, Daet slit the bandage with a W.W.II U.S. Army bayonet and uncovered the wound. The area around the entry hole was flaming red, not from infection but from the white-hot iron poker the Kadjans had applied to the hole to cauterize it. From another empty coconut, Daet poured *damar*, the fiery Kadjan liquor, directly on the opening. For two minutes the pain was excruciating—so much so that tears came to Mickey's eyes. He bit his lower lip to keep from crying out. The natives, for whom a sobbing man was a weak man, were aware of this, and nodded to each other approvingly. Then the pain (Continued on page 74)

NO-LEAD GASOLINES -- THE LIES THEY TELL YOU

Low Mileage . . . Poor Performance . . . Gummed-Up Valves . . . More Pollution

By LARRY KENT

PICKING the right gasoline for a car has never been easy. With the recent addition of all the new no-lead and low-lead gasolines, the growing confusion has become worse than ever. For example, why have they been taking the lead out? Does the removal of the lead deliver better mileage? Are the no-leads and low-leads better for your car's engine? Can they damage it? Do they lower air pollution? Do they raise it?

Obviously there is no shortage of questions, or answers for that matter, but to know the whole truth about these new gasolines—so you can make an intelligent choice as to whether you should switch to the no-leads or low-leads, or stick with what you've been using all along—it's important to know why they began taking the lead out in the first place.

To begin with, lead is not a natural component of gasoline. It's an additive used to raise a gasoline's vital octane rating (thereby eliminating knock and delivering a smoother, livelier ride) but it's also a deadly poison. According to Donald F. Adams, head of the air pollution section of the Washington State University's College of Engineering, "American cars are spewing some 100,000 tons of exhaust lead into the air each year."

But the growing case against leaded gas involves more than just air pollution alone. With the government's Environmental Protection Agency putting pressure on Detroit to cleanse the atmosphere of all automotive

pollutants, the industry's engineers were quick to say that the lead in gasoline was the prime stumbling block in producing an efficient emission-control system.

To support their argument, the auto makers were able to point to the promising catalytic converter, a mufflerlike cannister that, when perfected, would just about

Do you want to cut down the cost of running your car? Or extend the life of your car for two, three, even four years? Or do something about the foul air you and your family are breathing? If you do, the most important decision you can make is the type of fuel you choose. The trouble is, most Americans are buying the wrong kind of gas. But you won't after reading the advice of this nationally known automotive expert ●●●

remove all the poisonous fumes presently pouring out of the nation's tailpipes. The catch, though, is that a costly catalytic converter (approximately \$200) can become fouled up by leaded gas in less than 10,000 miles. Unleaded gas, however, would give the converter a lifespan of 50,000 miles, possibly even longer once all the bugs are worked out.

As the government authorities saw it, the problem wasn't that complicated. Since lead was a poison, and (Continued on page 54)

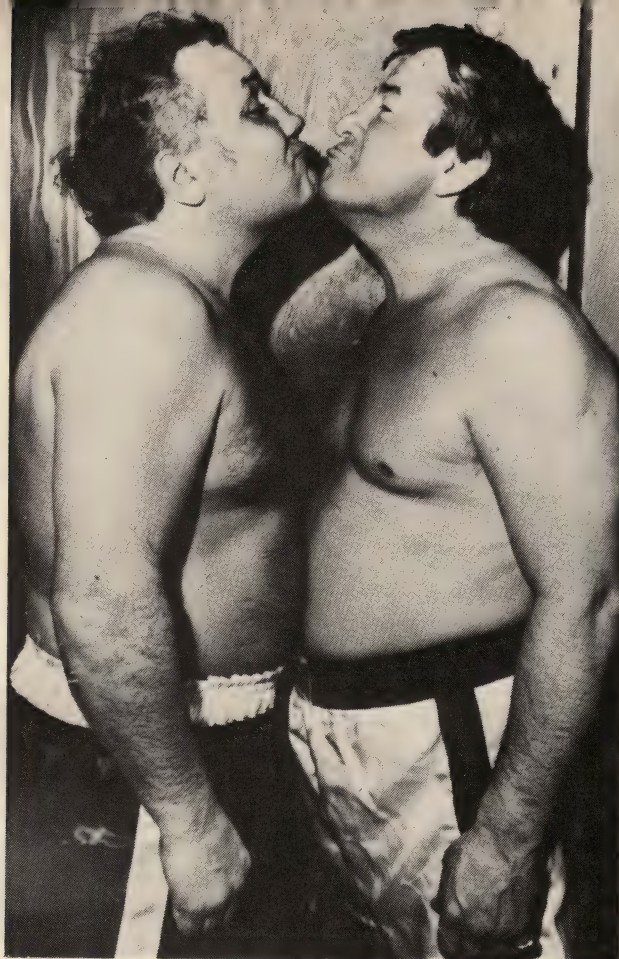


A SLEEPER! The show *Pyjama Tops* with Fiona Richards should be. Here the British star displays some of her talents outside of a London theatre.

PHOTO STOPPERS



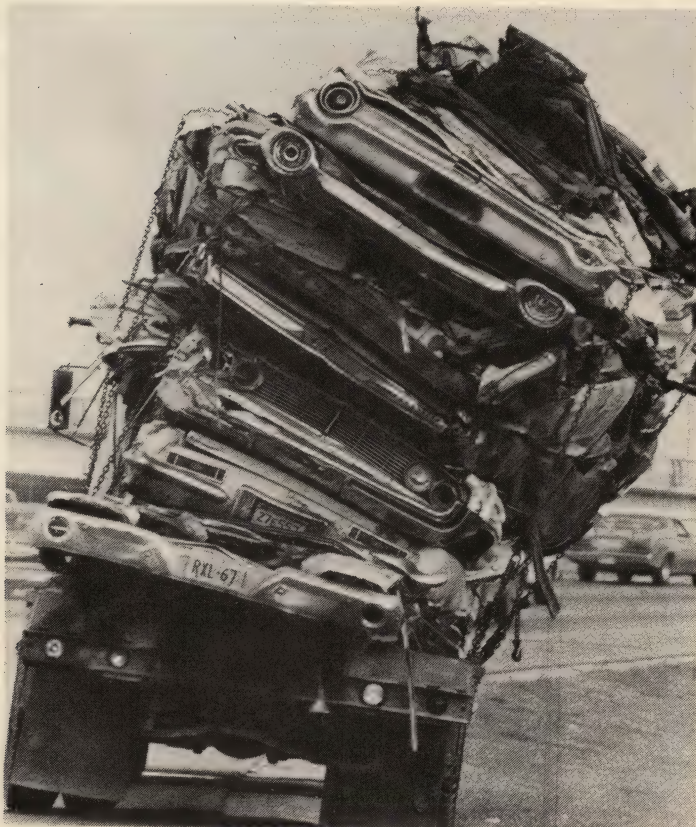
A GOOD FRIEND IS HARD TO LET GO: He's a faithful old friend, and even though you've got a car and he's all ready for the glue factory, why not bring him along.



CHIN TO CHIN: Once-great boxing pros Jake LaMotta and Rocky Graziano clown it up in weighing contest. Which one is the fattest? Only the scales know.



CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND: Police and would-be rescuers failed in a last minute attempt to save a man, Herbert Sanford, 20, as he fell from a cathedral.



BEARING DOWN HARD: This TAP Auto Crushers truck loaded to the limit with 12 mashed cars, almost loses its grip on route 1-10 near downtown Houston.



BUBBLE, BUBBLE: Firemen are almost inundated by chemical foam used to douse fire near the Harbor Tunnel Thruway on May 3. The flames rose 100 feet.



Talon was a Peregrine Falcon, descendant of a vanishing breed of winged royalty. And Talon was my buddy. But it took a rogue bear to show me how good a buddy I had.

**A CALIFORNIA
FOREST RANGER'S
CHILLING BRUSH
WITH DEATH**

Cody Branch grimaced and froze as the hawk's bolt found its mark in the eye of the rogue.

SKREEAK!
An unearthly, desperate shriek pierced the forest night.
Skreeak! . . .

Again. I'd heard that sound only once before, as a kid, out hunting with my father in this same northern California forest preserve and wildlife sanctuary. It had been the

war cry of a peregrine falcon, suspended in the air, just before plummeting down 200 MPH onto its prey . . .

But this time the shriek was one of terror. The prey, this time, was not a mouse.

I pushed a shell into my shotgun and headed through some underbrush to where the sound had come from. The moon was



The KILLER FALCON THAT SAVED a U.S. FOREST RANGER

By THOM MANN

ART By KEN BARR



RANGER

CODY BRANCH

almost full, and I was used to these woods. More sounds came, the thrashing of a large beast and a frantic flutter of wings.

It was a bear, a huge twelve-foot reddish-brown grizzly, and the hawk was in its mouth. Blood gushed onto feathers from the bear's right eye. I fired a shot into the air, hoping to scare the animal off, not wanting to chance

combat at this time of night. It was my job to protect these creatures, not kill them.

The bear bolted at the shot, disappearing into a thickly wooded ravine, dropping the once-mighty raptor from its bloodied muzzle. I walked over to the broken bird corpse. Yep. A peregrine falcon—*vanishing species*. I hadn't thought there (Continued on page 78)



GEORGIA GIRL



Deep in the Georgia foothills, about two hours from Savannah, as the crow flies, lies peaceful Snoqualomy Valley. And smack in the midst of this fertile terrain is Silas McDowell's Purity Peach Orchard. For most of her life, Linda McDowell was just Silas' succulent little girl—and Lord help the guy that messed with her. But times have changed. Now she's a model in Los Angeles. "I really loved it back home," she says, her throaty voice almost a whisper. "The sunshine, my Dad's values, all those yummy peaches. But I like it here, too. And I'm a big girl now. I dig the guys here—especially the big, hairy-chested fellows." Lovely Linda also likes Chinese cookery, swimming, and is a chess Master.

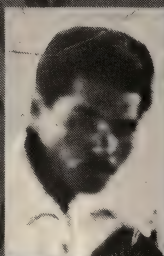




His wife and sons were trapped in a cave behind a wall of mud—and only a day's supply of air. His only chance to save them was to blast them free. He took explosives at gunpoint and raced at breakneck speed down the road they called "Suicide Alley"—with a fanatic beside him.



William
Benedict



Emil
Rilke

An American And
A "Yanqui" Hater In A
Death Duel On The
"Rooftop Of The World"

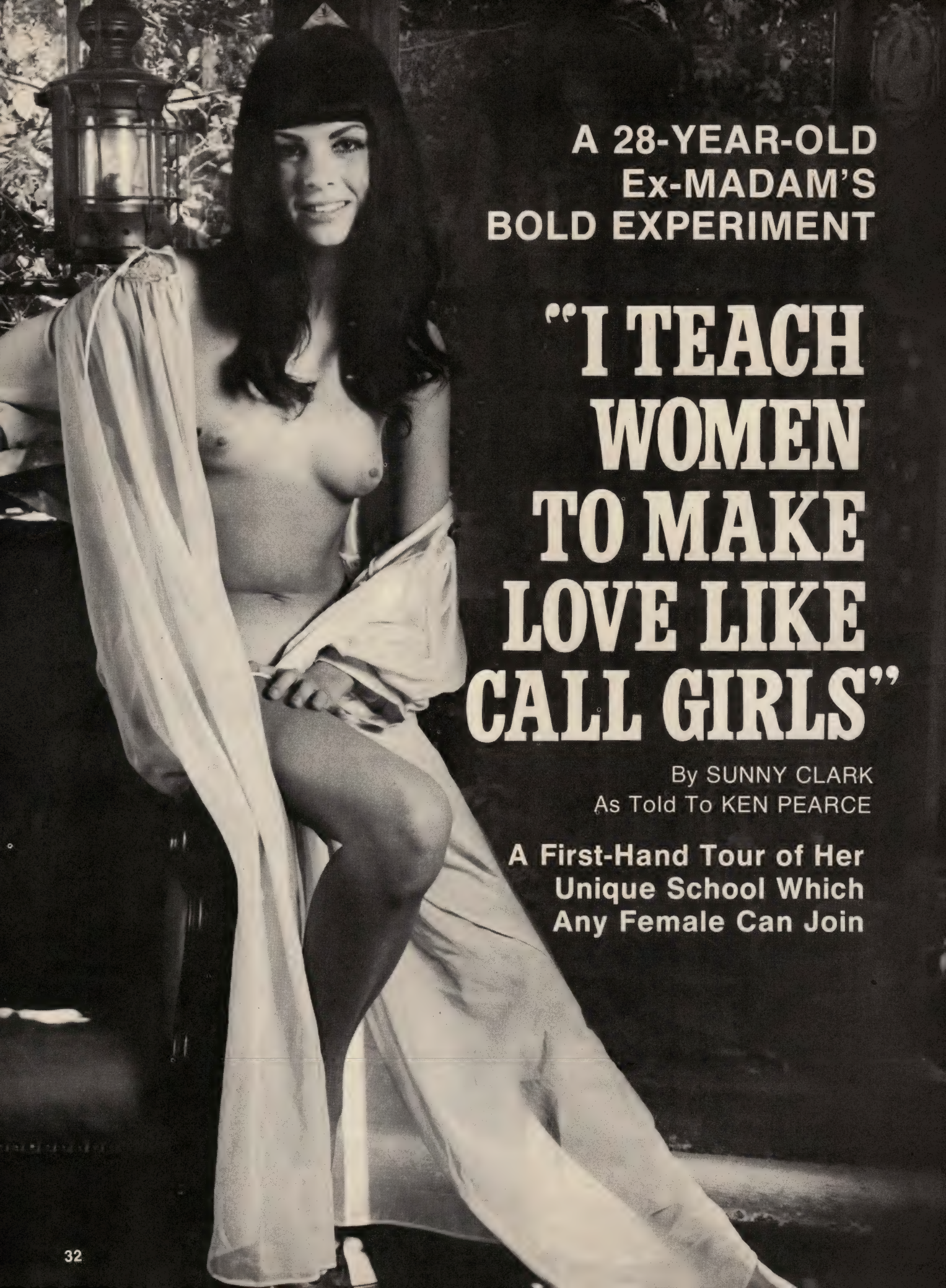
"I RODE THE ANDES 'LANDSLIDE HIGHWAY' IN A NITRO TRUCK"

BY TOM CLINTON / BY HAMMOND POLLEN

BILL! Oh, my God——"
"Dad! Help——"
"Dad——"

The screams of terror—my wife and two sons—were cut off abruptly by the wall of sliding mud which separated me from them. I raced forward, watching the horror—a torrent of mud, silt and rocks cascading down the face of the cliff, forming a solid, impenetrable wall over the opening to the cave where my family huddled together. . . .

I had only left them for a moment to go outside, through pouring rain, to the Jeep parked a few yards away, (Continued on page 68)



**A 28-YEAR-OLD
Ex-MADAM'S
BOLD EXPERIMENT**

**"I TEACH
WOMEN
TO MAKE
LOVE LIKE
CALL GIRLS"**

By **SUNNY CLARK**
As Told To **KEN PEARCE**

**A First-Hand Tour of Her
Unique School Which
Any Female Can Join**



The girls learn it is just as important to dress seductively (like above) as it is to undress a man erotically (like picture at the right).

A school for call girls! You mean you actually want me to open a school for call girls?" Joey Savino looked at me, laughed and said: "Yes. What do you think of that, little lady?"

I didn't know what to think of it, so Joey revealed his plan to me. He'd been mulling over it for more than a year. He wanted to start a school where girls could learn the tricks of the trade—a sure-fire money winner, because it followed the rule of supply and demand. There was a demand for experienced, beautiful call girls in every large city in America. And in each city there was an unlimited supply of lovely women who had heard of the kind of money top-notch call girls make, and would jump at the chance of becoming one. Their only trouble was they didn't know how to go about entering the field. Nor did they know the "business side" of the profession. And finally they did not know the "secret" techniques that big-timers use to make them worth up to \$200 a night.

Joey proposed that we open a school to teach all these things: I,

They come from all walks of life and every part of the country, all with one aim in mind—to join the ranks of the elite, high-priced call-girl set. And in Sunny Clark's special school, they learn everything—from the art of sex, to the "business" side of the trade—that will put them at the top, and keep them there.



One thing the girls learn is to make sex fun. They try to "enjoy" as couple above is doing.

I TEACH WOMEN TO MAKE LOVE...

and other top "pros" would do the tutoring, and Joey would put up the bankroll to start things going.

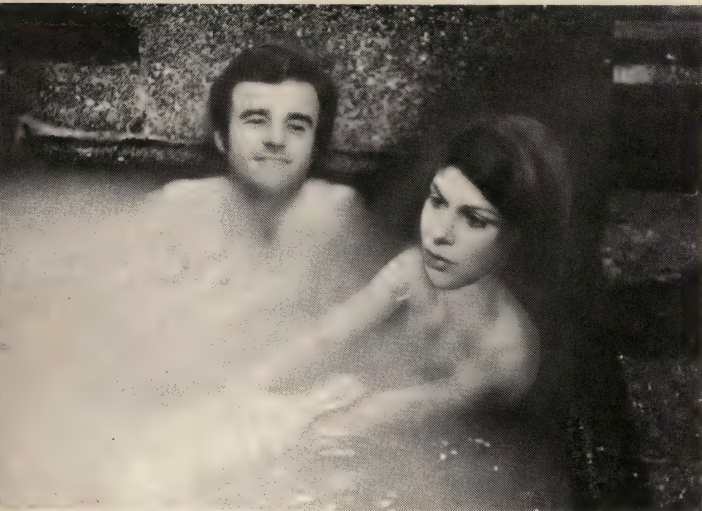
Why did Joey pick me? The answer is simple: I was New York's highest-paid hooker—and the madam of the most expensive house in town. I didn't get to be that way through sheer luck. I knew the business inside and out, and I had lovemaking techniques that kept my customers coming back for more. Any girl who wanted to get started in the racket would gladly pay \$150

a week just to learn half of what I—and others like me—knew.

After he finished explaining his idea to me, he asked, "Well, what do you say?"

I jumped out of my chair and gave him a kiss. "Joey, you're a genius!" I shrieked. "It's the best idea I ever heard! It can't help but make money."

Joey smiled confidently. He knew it was a great idea, but then, great money-making ideas come natural to Joey. He was what you call a "wheeler dealer"—an idea man. And his ideas had made him a millionaire by the time he was 35.



The bathtub provides a perfect place for couples to have new sexual fun. Students experiment with techniques for sex-in-the-water, like couple here.

I'd known Joey, both as a friend and as a customer, for about five years, since that night five years ago when he walked into the Club Royale in Greenwich Village. I was having a drink. I guess he noticed me the minute he walked in. I was alone.

Joey didn't waste any time. Just walked over and asked if he could buy me a drink. I said "sure." I liked his style. And he was one hell of a good-looking guy.

The drink didn't last too long but the night seemed to go on forever. I didn't tell him I was a Madam—tonight was on the house. He seemed

(Continued on page 44)



Experienced call girls never know when they'll meet prospective clients. Be prepared is their goal—always on top of any opportunity that might come up.



The best call girls are also good listeners. Clients come back for more when there's as willing an ear—and body—as the girl shown in this photograph.

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

WALL SCRAWLS

A lot of the prose and art work on men's lavatory walls is high-grade stuff. But it's even better in the ladies', says a recent report by the people who should know.

The Council of British Ceramic and Sanitaryware Manufacturers said: "Much of the written matter must have taken some time to execute" and "some drawings are done with draftman's skill."

The council report quotes the Duke of Bedford as saying: "It is peculiar that as soon as women get into loos"—toilets—"they all go berserk. Men are not half so bad."

The remarks on graffiti were part of a survey of vandalism in public lavatories. The report provided no examples of the restroom writings.

Think about it.

EYE OPENER

People waiting at a street corner for the light to change will move faster if you stare at them, two Stanford University psychologists have concluded after an experiment.

The professors organized a team of students recently to stare at auto drivers and pedestrians waiting at a four-lane intersection and gauge their reactions. One student riding a motor scooter pulled up alongside 77 different drivers to stare in through their front windows, while another student standing on a street corner subjected 88 pedestrians to an intense gaze.

"Staring reduced the amount of time taken to cross the intersection in every case," concluded the report by Drs. Phoebe C. Ellsworth and J. Merrill Carismith.

SPIDER SAGA

For a time John Webster Brown thought he would have to give up his part-time business of making cross-hair sights for surveying instruments. His business partner, a poisonous black widow spider, had been devoured by a cricket and replacements seemed impossible to find.

Now, as a result of news stories about the incident, Brown says he has received phone calls from

more than 50 persons who have offered spiders or eggs, or both.

The dead spider, named Mac, had supplied the delicate web needed for crosshairs in surveying instruments, and was killed by a cricket that had been dropped into her glass container as dinner.

"Crickets are a spider's favorite food, but this one wasn't the common-type cricket—it was a tough one," Brown reported. "It tore her to shreds." Then, Brown said, he found that all his old spider sources had "dried up."

The morning after the first newspaper story appeared, he said, he began receiving calls. Some of the leads didn't work out, but he said he has made arrangements to obtain a replacement for Mac.

Too bad crickets don't spin webs.

RAM BAN BLUES

The 400,000 Moslems—mostly Turks—who live and work in West Germany are having to face up to a food and sex catastrophe. The meal which all Moslems insist can turn any man into a super lover has been banned there, after being used for centuries in Turkish harems.

The dish, says the West German government, is based on the sexual organs of rams and is "unsuitable for human consumption."

The Turks don't think so. Wails 39-year-old Ali Goelgenli, who owns a Turkish restaurant in Frankfurt: "The dish is the best guarantee there is of a super performance when making love. It was always the first choice of potentates who had to satisfy harems full of beautiful girls. The dish makes any man able to make love like a young and passionate god."

Oysters, anyone?

HAMBURGER HELPER

Marushin Company, a Tokyo hamburger maker, has developed what it terms "the world's first hamburger vending machine, the Macburger."

The Macburger stocks 90 packaged hamburgers in its refrigerator. When a coin (the equivalent of 33 cents) is inserted, a packaged hamburger is ejected after being automatically heated for one minute in an electronic oven inside the machine.

Plan of Labor Department Faces Union Challenge

By **FELIX BELAIR Jr.**
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2—The Labor Department disclosed today a new plan to permit a "great majority" of the states to operate their own occupational safety and health programs.

would be challenged in the courts as "a usurpation of Congressional prerogative by the executive branch."

In prepared remarks to the Safety Congress, made available here, Mr. Guenther said that 19 states had submitted plans now being reviewed by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and that 15 to 20 more would be submitted before the end of the year.

"While it now only a few plans proved before the majority of

major reorganization to "enable us to deal better with the expanding role of the states and their relationship to the Federal effort."

Labor leaders are concerned that a premature return to state plans for occupational safety and health would mean a return to the same inadequate standards that gave rise to the demand for Federal action.

Officials of the An
tion of

on notice that the Federal Government would pre-empt enforcement unless a state plan was approved by Dec. 28.

"Now you wish to temporarily substitute this approval—a performance which if allowed to prevail could be repeatedly

the

BUILDING a tunnel sounds like dangerous work, but with some minimal safety precautions, it shouldn't be that bad. Certainly, 22 guys shouldn't get killed at it in one swoop. Not these days, anyway.

But it happened. And for a reason you should know about.

The tunnel was being dug under Lake Huron. Work on it had progressed without major incident for some time. Then came the gas explosion.

The explosion did what all such explosions do underground. It caved in the walls in part of the tunnel and burned out all the available oxygen in another part. As a result, 22 guys died.

What caused the explosion?

According to Roger Roubaud, who had been a safety inspector employed by the tunnel construction firm, the Lake Huron blast apparently was caused by debris that was allowed to clog the tunnel. The debris apparently shorted out a wire, and sparks from that wire touched off the gas.

Why was the debris allowed to pile up?

Well, Roubaud said, to have removed it would have taken time and might have delayed the project. As safety inspector, Roubaud said, he complained to the construction company boss. The boss told him "We're in a big rush to get the job finished on time," and not to press the issue.

When Roubaud did, (Continued on page 64)



SAFETY

For years, labor pushed to get job safety out of the hands of "don't-give-a-hoot" State bureaucrats, and into the hands of the Federal government. Now that they've succeeded, the violators are on the verge of returning those powers back to the same bureaucrats . . .

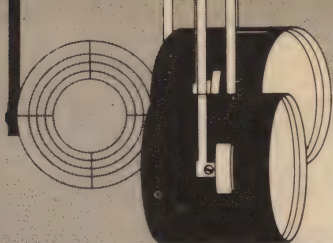
By JOHN LONNEGAN



This man was injured in an industrial accident as you can see. Chances are this wouldn't have happened if the precautions noted in the regulations had been enforced by the Federal government.



In scenes like this, telephone linemen are daily rescued from near-fatal falls—situations that occur all too frequently because workers are exposed to hazards.



In the

Special Features of Extraordinary Interest

LIVING TO BE 100—science is unravelling the secrets of longevity

At age 100-plus, Joseph DeMuth has outlived three doctors, two attorneys and his dentist. He has a Medicare card, but hasn't used it yet.

Born in Liberia July 4, 1842, Charlie Smith was sold at age 12 at a slave auction to a Texas rancher. He was 21 when the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, and 113 when he retired from work in a Florida citrus grove. His employer thought Charlie was "getting too old" to climb trees.

Today, at age 130, the oldest living American, Charlie runs a small candy shop in Bartow, Florida. "I just try to keep busy, stay healthy and do what the Lord wants me to," he says.

These folks are typical of an unusual group of people—the nation's centenarians. Nearly 7000 of these men and women who have passed age 100 are currently on the rolls of the Social Security Administration. And their numbers are growing. Last year there were only 5200.

How do you get to be 100? Many old-timers will probably agree with Augustus Grant, a farmer until he retired at 97. "I never used alcoholic beverages, tobacco or carbonated drinks," he says. "I've always eaten regular meals and gotten plenty of sleep. And it doesn't hurt to go to church and have good clean habits."

But, says Lee Greer, one man's poison can be another man's paradise: "I violated every rule of health I know and conformed to none." Mr. Greer starts his day with a cholesterol breakfast including three eggs, several slices of bacon and a lot of buttered toast.

Even life-long health isn't a necessary requirement. Thomas Harker says he weighed 2 pounds when he was born and was never strong or healthy. John Parrish weighed 14 pounds at birth, and attributes his longevity to living in California.

Mrs. Ida Stillwell, who remembers General Grant well, reports that she was in poor health until she reached 90. Since then she's been fine, she says.

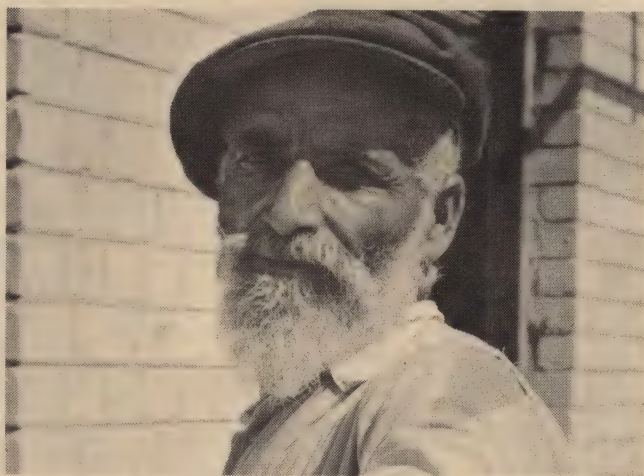
On the other hand, Alexis Ferm says he owes his long life to the fact that he has never taken drugs of any kind, not even aspirin.

Construction man Swan Johnson attributes

his age to hard work, sleep, a sense of humor, and moderation in eating and drinking. He gave up smoking at 97 to protect his health.

Chief William Red Fox, a Souix, smokes 18 cigars a day—but doesn't inhale. Though he's employed by the public relations department of a meat-packing firm, he doesn't eat much meat, preferring to stick with seafood and vegetables.

Mrs. Elizabeth Randall doesn't get around by herself anymore, she likes to be driven to town for a hot dog. Her doctor advised her not to salt her food so heavily. She replied: "You won't live as long as I have, kiddo, so don't try to tell me how to eat."



100 year olds are very common in primitive countries and reasons for their lengthy lives are being discovered.

Leslie Carpenter attributes his long life to eating fat pork—"I love fat pork." And Mrs. Adelheid Schnuhnecht recalls that "we ate good—a bag of potatoes a week."

"I'll tell you one thing," says Burrell Falkner. "I always tried to go with the prettiest girls I could find."

Longevity also seems to run in certain families. Mrs. Jennie Schultz has five living sisters—the *youngest* of whom is 88 years old.

Is there really a secret to attaining long life? Most 100-year-olds seem to have these traits in common: an easy-going disposition, a quick sense of humor and a desire to keep as busy—physically and mentally—as circumstances permit. And a clear majority claimed to have been lifelong church-goers.

SPOTLIGHT

MUTUAL CLIMAX— how important is it?

All too many married couples suffer from a belief in the myth of mutual climax: That it is essential to sexual satisfaction. In fact, many couples actually end up sacrificing the happiness that can be brought about by natural, unself-conscious sexual activity because they insist upon pursuing this goal. The ideal of mutual climax is based on a myth—misunderstanding of male/female sexual timing and the real causes of sexual pleasure.

First of all, it is important to remember that the female orgasm differs considerably from that of the male. Although it may be slower to build, the experience of orgasm in women can recur many times in a given night—women can have multiple orgasms. Men, on the other hand, have a more limited potentiality for number of orgasms, because a man is capable only of a certain number of ejaculations. Women do not ejaculate, so that the female orgasm as a response to physical stimulation of erogenous zones—the genital area, breasts, mouth, etc.—is the ultimate sexual response without the evidence of ejaculation. This lack of 'evidence' causes the uncertainty men sometimes have as to whether they are satisfying their mates, or if their wives are having, in orgasm, an experience of sexual intensity akin to their own. But this uncertainty is not a problem without resolution.

A husband truly concerned with satisfying his wife sexually should concentrate on becoming good in the "art" of foreplay, so that when sexual intercourse does occur his wife will be near the threshold of orgasm. Oral and manual stimulation of all erogenous zones, but especially the clitoris in the vagina, is the way to induce readiness for orgasm. With stroking of the clitoris and the genital area, the internal and external organs become engorged with blood; the clitoris becomes erect and swollen, and there should be inner secretions to lubricate the vagina for intercourse. Then, upon entry, if the woman is properly prepared, the man will be able to bring the woman to orgasm shortly

before he ejaculates. Following ejaculation, he should continue sexual activity (intromission) as long as possible to bring his wife to a climax, should he have failed to do so before.

Therapists have stated that there is no known proof that mutual climax is the most thrilling and the fact that some couples are so terribly insistent on achieving sexual joy according to someone else's recipe for a good time, is a real deterrent to their happiness as individuals.

It is very important to remember also that orgasms are not always felt with the same degree of intensity. There are so many variables of mood, environment, time and place, that to



Mutual climax is a myth that's limited the sex lives of many couples. This article shows it to be unnecessary.

impose the worry of simultaneous sexual intensity or mutual climax on sexual relations is unwise. Sexual appetite and pleasure is only hampered by anxiety. If a man and wife are able to experience a mutual climax, it's a wonderful feeling. But if this does not occur, they should maintain an easy-going attitude towards sex and realize that the sharing of each other's physical and emotional presence is the most important thing.

10 Ways To Overcome A WOMAN'S BEDROOM

FOUR "SEXUALLY LIBERATED"
WOMEN IN A ROUNDTABLE
MODERATED BY

Dr. JANE CALDER

IN this age of so-called women's liberation, we still don't have very many genuinely liberated women. For example, in a recent study, more than two out of three women said that there were certain sex acts they were not comfortable about performing. These were normal sex acts, not the sort of thing which would be classified as perversion. These were not old biddies who were carrying over sexual hangups from two generations ago. They were all women under 30, and all had had sex with a minimum of five different partners. So no one would be justified in dismissing them as "squares."

Now, the significant question is, if these women have hang-ups—these women who are supposed to be the modern age's swingers—who is free of hangups!? And the follow-up question is, how did they get free? Are there special techniques *(Continued on page 48)*



LORI LARSEN:
Oral Sex



BETTY TOLLER:
Foreplay



SHANNON O'NEILL:
Different positions

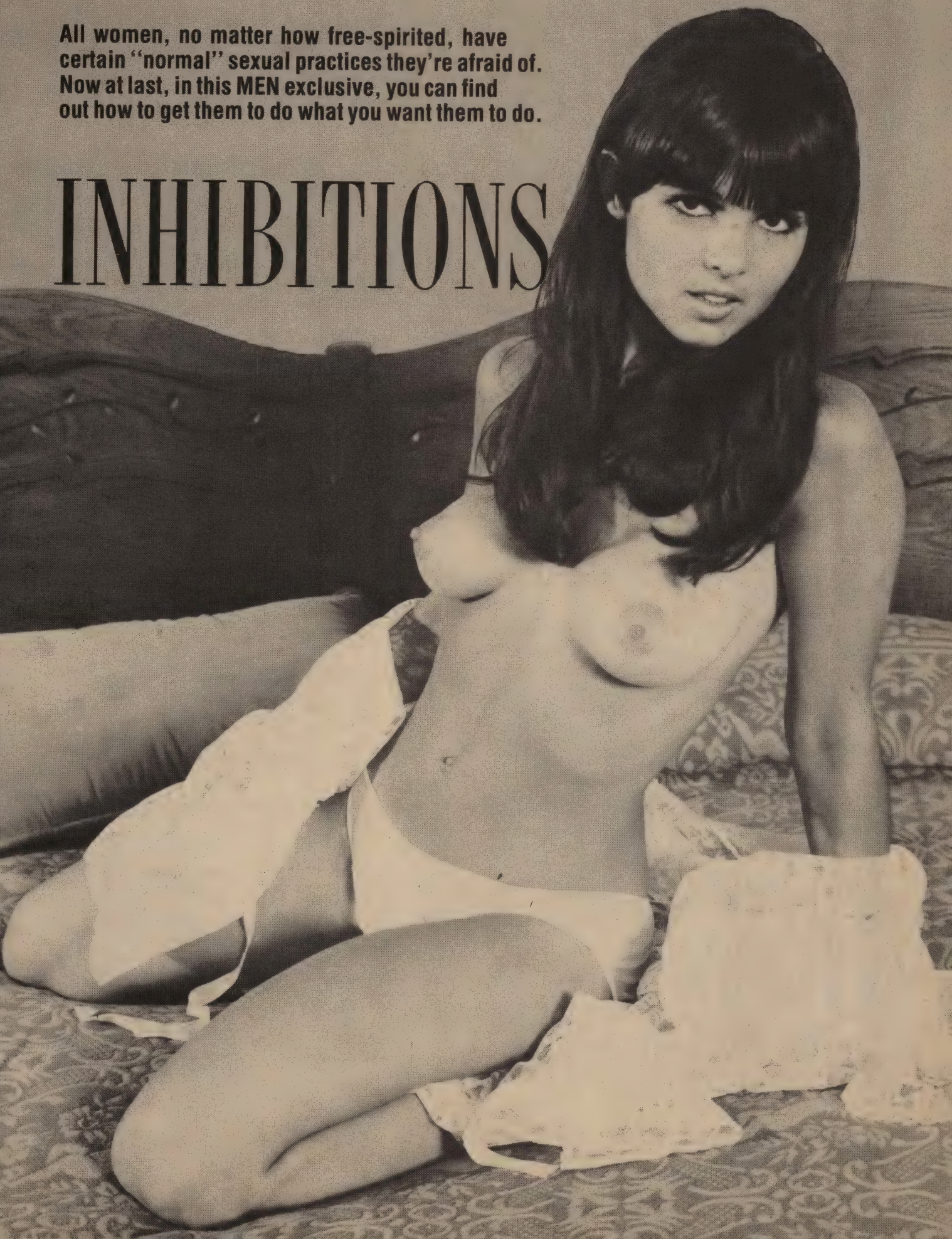
**THE
PARTICIPANTS
AND THEIR
PREVIOUS
INHIBITIONS**



ANDREA SIMONCELLI:
First-date sex

All women, no matter how free-spirited, have certain "normal" sexual practices they're afraid of. Now at last, in this MEN exclusive, you can find out how to get them to do what you want them to do.

INHIBITIONS



MEN'S NEWSLETTER

drive off. A guy who is good at this earns anywhere from 50 grand up a year . . .

BAD NEWS FOR BANK ROBBERS: SOME BANKS NOW GIMMICKED UP SO THAT WHEN A TELLER RAISES HIS HANDS TO OBEY THE STICK-EM-UP ORDER, HE BREAKS AN INVISIBLE BEAM AND TRIGGERS AN ALARM TO POLICE . . .

UNDER THE HOOD

PRETTY DUMB THING TO HANG LITTLE SOUVENIR DOLLS BY WINDSHIELD. IN SOME COLLISIONS THE DOLLS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO END UP JAMMED DOWN A MOTORIST'S WINDPIPE . . .

If you're troubled with extremely slow cranking that causes hard hot restarts on a low-mileage V8 after prolonged idling or high-speed driving, try changing to a lower viscosity SE oil. Check with your dealer to see how low you can go . . .

CHALK UP THIS CREDIT TO RALPH NADER. A RECORD-SHATTERING 9 MILLION CARS AND TRUCKS WERE RECALLED BY AUTO MANUFACTURERS IN 1971 . . .

All-out-for-safety seats will be the next big move in auto driver safety—seats that really wrap around you like a suit, solidly connected to the floor with built-in bets and built-in whiplash pads . . .



Safety seat test

THE SUCCESS OF THE MERCEDES HAS FINALLY LED CADILLAC TO TRY OUT A SMALL LUXURY MODEL. IT'S BEING TEST-

ED SECRETLY SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-WEST . . .

Incidentally, a comprehensive study of new car buyers shows that up to 14 percent of owners regard their product as "poor." Most satisfied car owners are Ford buyers, with GM and Chrysler owners the least happy. Ironically, the most satisfied U.S. owners are foreign auto buyers. Most satisfied buyers are owners of Mercedes (miles ahead of all others), Volkswagen and Volvo . . .

UP AT THE FRONT

REAL SCANDAL BUILDING UP ON RAW DEAL RETURNING SERVICEMEN ARE GETTING ON AUTO INSURANCE. MANY CAN'T GET LOW-RATE INSURANCE, EVEN WITH SPOTLESS DRIVING RECORDS. THEIR YOUTHFUL AGE AND FACT THEY MAY HAVE LED A "WILD LIFE" IN THE SERVICE MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO WIN ACCEPTANCE AS CAREFUL DRIVERS . . .

Few sailors know it, but the "skivi" in "shivvy shirt" actually is the Japanese word for "oversexed." Dates back to 19th Century when Admiral Perry gave his men short leave in the Orient. They literally gave the shirts off their backs for shoreside entertainment . . .

AIR FORCE CONVINCED IT'LL SOON HAVE NEW SYSTEM THAT'LL COMPLETELY END ANY THREAT OF AIRCRAFT SA-



Invisible shield

BOTAGE OR HIJACKING. INVISIBLE ELECTRONIC SHIELD AROUND PLANE WILL TRIGGER ALARMS WHEN MOVING OBJECT ENTERS THE FIELD. SYSTEM WILL NOT RESPOND TO WIND, LIGHTNING, RAIN OR VEHICULAR TRAFFIC OUTSIDE THE ELECTRONIC SHIELD . . .

Boozing and the Fighting Man: Marshall Petain explained France's quick kayo in WW II by saying, "Our men drank and could not fight." Same thing probably happened to Custer. Been said that 7th Cavalry never went into action without one-third of the men passing the bottle. Habit caught up to them at Little Big Horn . . .

IT'S SAD HOW WE DO SO LITTLE FOR OUR MEDAL OF HONOR WINNERS. COL. JOHN L. SMITH RECENTLY KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD HIRE HIM AT AGE 57 . . .

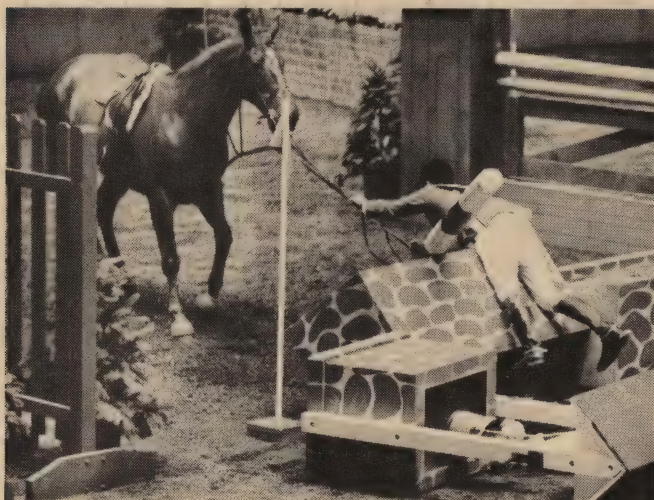
One reason we've had a tough time in Viet Nam is that our officers never knew who the opposing commanders were. In conventional warfare, a general knows who his opponent is and has studied his per-

sonality and knows how he'll probably act. Patton, for instance, could handle Rommell because he'd read everything the German military genius had ever written and could figure out what he'd do in a given situation. We just never knew our Vietnamese enemy that well . . .

GOOD LIFE

THE MAN WHO'S LOADED HIMSELF WITH VITAMIN B CAN DRINK ALMOST ANYONE UNDER THE TABLE. TEST SHOW HE'LL FEEL LESS DRUNK AND HAVE BETTER COORDINATION . . .

There's big money to be made in the breeding not of race horses, but of just any old horses for use of suburban families. American families have suddenly gone horse-crazy. There are well over a million



Horsing around

horses being used for recreation by just plain old families and their children . . .

IF YOU ARE EVER STOPPED WHILE LEAVING A DEPARTMENT STORE ON SUSPICION OF SHOPLIFTING AND ARE PROVED INNOCENT, DON'T ACCEPT AN APOLOGY. A LAWSUIT WILL SURELY BRING IN A MINT AS JURIES JUST LOVE MAKING BIG AWARDS ON SUCH GROUNDS. REASON IS EVERYBODY'S WALKED OUT OF STORES INADVERTANTLY WITHOUT PAYING AND BECOME TERRIFIED WHEN THEY REALIZED IT. SO WHEN SOMEONE IS WRONGLY ACCUSED, HE GETS EVERYBODY'S SYMPATHY—AND ESPECIALLY JURORS . . .

Maybe the dollar isn't worth what it once was, but if you had a million dollars, the fact remains that living on the interest alone, you'd have to suffer through on a piddling \$1200 a week . . .

MAGAZINE FOR THE RESTAURANT TRADE JUST MOANED ABOUT THE FACT THAT THERE ISN'T A CASE ON RECORD OF A FIRE BREAKING OUT IN A RESTAURANT AND A CUSTOMER COMING BACK LATER TO PAY THE CHECK . . .

Human heart transplants may go out the window if current research holds up on the possibility of treating the hearts of unborn calves so that organs can be grafted into humans. In Israel, the valve from a calf's

heart has been used successfully to replace a human heart valve . . .

THE U.S. IS THE ONLY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD THAT HAS NEVER RENEGED ON AN ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY . . .

Good News Dept.: Radioactive contamination in man has declined since the 1963 test ban treaty, according to just completed study at Brookhaven National Laboratory . . .

THERE'S A MOUNTAINOUS AREA IN SOUTHWEST IRELAND WHERE MEN SHOULD BE HEADING. IT'S CALLED SLIEVE LOUGHER AND IT'S THE ONLY AREA ON EARTH WHERE MEN OUTLIVE WOMEN—BY AN AVERAGE OF 2½ YEARS . . .

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

More factories are piping in music to the assembly lines to increase efficiency. Shift starts off with soft music which turns peppier as the work day wears on and workers start getting a little weary . . .

CHIEF REASON PHOTOGRAPHS ARE PROHIBITED IN MOST OF THE LARGE GAMBLING CASINOS: PLENTY OF PLAYERS ARE THERE WITH NICE YOUNG THINGS "OTHER THAN THEIR WIVES" . . .

A really good customer at one of the Las Vegas gambling hotels can often stay in the place "on the house" for weeks and even months. Management knows he'll drop plenty to the crap tables . . .

SPRAIN THAT BEDS THE AVERAGE MAN



Brain sprain

FOR 6 WEEKS DOESN'T BOTHER THE DANCER FOR MORE THAN 2-3 DAYS. FITNESS IS THE ANSWER . . .

The guy who gets his rifle rechambered, rebarreled and generally fitted is always getting a bad deal, no matter how good a job is done, since it's going to be so expensive he's better off with a new one . . .

SCHOOL FOR CALL GIRLS

(Continued from page 34)

inexhaustible, but when finally it was over, he said to me:

"You're some woman, Sunny. You're beautiful and you love sex. There's too few in this world with what you got. You should share yourself and get the financial rewards you deserve..."

That's when I told him that I'd been a Madam for six years or so. I'd played it pretty passive that night while we were making love, but now that he knew, I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't give him a taste of my specialties. As Joey lay prone I mounted him. I had developed superb control over my internal muscles. I gave him the "love ride" of his life. And I gave him a sample of some oral sex techniques.

"You are amazing, baby! Just amazing!"

"I should be. Never underestimate a pro."

"I just can't believe I've never run into you before, Sunny," Joey said. "I've been to every house in New York—except yours, it seems."

I laughed at his formality, and blushed. I liked Joey. As for the next five years he was one of my steadiest customers. He sent many friends over to my house. So when he offered me a school, I knew he meant it. . . .

The next day, Joey, his lawyer Mike Riley and I began to sort out the complexities of running the school. Joey and I thought we should keep it small so that instruction would be top-notch and personalized—we wanted satisfied customers. We decided to run it for nine months a year with each group of "students" attending for two weeks. We figured that \$300 tuition per session would cover the cost for each student, bring in a nice profit for the school.

That afternoon we got into Joey's royal blue Continental and headed upstate to check out some of the properties for Joey's "weekend residence"—as we called it. The leaves were changing and it was a nice day. We sped along the highway, and about forty miles outside of New York, Joey pulled off onto a dirt road that led up into some hills. We drove up a winding road. Then we turned into a long driveway, and suddenly we were there. The house for sale was mammoth, about thirty rooms with enormous picture windows.

One look at Joey's face told me that this was the place that he was going to buy.

"Like it?" he asked me, a glimmer of laughter in his eyes.

"Yes, Joey, it's great," I said, hoping to help him decide to buy it. But he didn't need any help, because he said that this was it—the school—and that all we had to do now was sign the deed and redecorate.

True, the house did need fixing up. It was just a plain old rambling country mansion. Joey said he'd rely on my judgment in choosing new furnishings and decorations. I scouted around Manhattan and bought beige, deep-pile rugs, furniture with chrome, glass and leather. And some fixtures for indirect lighting. All this filled the down-

stairs rooms, which I had painted with cream-colored paint and hung with long mirrors with gold-leaf frames. Upstairs was another matter. These were the real classrooms," so I wanted the look of high-style erotica. The floors had rugs with three inch pile, and I made sure there were plenty of mirrors—some on the ceiling, over the beds. Each room had a private bathroom. I had decided that part of my "course of instruction", would involve proper erotic use of bathroom facilities.

Fixing up the school got me thinking about the girls who'd be coming there. I remembered so well that lost look I'd seen on the faces of newcomers to the big city. The school would act as both a center for recruitment and training, and a liaison to put a girl in touch with her first clients. Joey was a businessman of many talents, involved in many enterprises. He had friends and contacts in the big-time of almost every profession. These were men with a lot of money, hungry for a good time.

Some of these men were real characters with expensive tastes and driving energy. Any girl who spent her evenings with them had to be smart enough to hold her own, both conversationally and as a sexual partner. These men were savvy and wouldn't tolerate an amateur. So Joey and I figured it would be worth it to pay \$300 for two weeks of learning the "tricks of the trade" from the pros. I'd seen these girls—girls with great potential—walking around town on their lunch hours from jobs as clerks and secretaries. They were good-looking girls who simply needed to get the know-how to overcome their few inhibitions.

I remember the time I entertained one of Joey's friends, Big Max Gordon, president of an airline company. He was a typical tycoon—a big ego with plenty of personal quirks to go along with it. I had been warned that the only time Big Max was rough to handle was after he'd had too much booze, and then he could be positively evil. But I was told it could be worth my while to take him on, because he would be outrageously generous with his money and introduce me to his many friends, if I treated him right.

I was ready for Big Max when he arrived; I had a black satin dress on, clinging like a second skin. I could tell he was impressed as I opened the door and let him in. He was carrying a fifth of scotch, but didn't get a chance to drink much of it. . . .

As he sat in my big armchair, sipping the scotch I'd served him, I sat on the arm of the chair and started nibbling the back of his neck. My breasts were swelling out just about at his eye level and the cut of my gown didn't leave much to the imagination. Big Max was getting distracted from his liquor. Then I started biting his ear, sticking my tongue inside, kissing his face. Big Max put his hand in my dress and cupped my breast.

He pulled me down into the chair on top of him. Then he was all over me. That night I felt like the queen of the courtesans.

When he carried me to the bed, I lay there naked. He stripped off his expensive clothes

and came down on me. When he finished I slept for ten hours. In the morning I said:

"Big Max, I think I should be paying you. That was one fine time last night."

"Well, Sunny," he said. "You did it. You brought out the beast in me—you're some amazing woman."

Well, that one night brought in a lot of business for me and my girls.

And thinking back on that time, I decided that was one of the first lessons I was going to teach my girls—bring out the passion in a man and you've done your job. He'll reward you in a lot of ways with good loving and money. Of course, there are some women with a natural talent for getting a man turned on, and I was hoping to help all my pupils discover their natural talents as well as learning some new skills.

The way I ran the school didn't get worked out overnight, but eventually I had a system that seemed to get good results: girls who knew their business and could enjoy it, too. We covered three areas we considered the most important:

1. The whole range of sexual techniques to satisfy anything a client could possibly want. (I didn't know how much I actually knew until I had to teach it to someone—it turned out to be quite a lot).

2. Procuring and keeping good clients. There's an art to finding the right type of client: rich, civilized and discreet. I taught my students how to decipher any social scene they might come across in order to find the best clients and solicit their business.

3. Pricing—or how to know who to charge how much for what, and what is worth most to clients in their repertoire of sex techniques. I pointed out that sometimes it's not *what* you do that raises your market value, but *how* you do it. In other words, tender loving care can be worth a lot to a tired, misunderstood businessman out for a nice relaxing time.

Becoming a pro doesn't happen overnight. I'd had to weather some jolts—but learned a thing or two. One thing I learned was never to fall in love with a client; another was never to undersell yourself. I always charged the maximum and the men usually paid up. They thought I was worth it, too.

The pattern of the school developed into a routine, easy to follow. We'd pick up the "students" in Manhattan, and drive them in a large van up to the school. Our first goal was to put them all at ease, so they were shown to their rooms and given time to freshen up. Of course, one look at their rooms gave them a feeling of what was in store. Then we all had dinner. After everyone felt completely at ease, we'd get down to business. I always made it a policy not to overwhelm the newcomers at first. They felt green and I didn't want them to be intimidated right at the beginning of the session.

I'd just usually give an informal little speech and have all the girls stand up and introduce themselves. Then we'd all get a good night's sleep. In the morning, we'd exercise and have a light breakfast. I pointed out the importance of body care for maintaining a satisfied clientele.

Then we'd all gather in the living room and I'd outline the two weeks ahead. I always felt that it was important to have a "bull" session first off—to find out just how much they knew or thought they knew about the

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art of loving.

The following excerpts are from a transcript of a tape I made of a typical session:

Sylvie: "I've been working as an executive secretary here for about three years, a job I got through the secretarial school I went to in Boston. Well, as soon as I arrived here and started working, I got into a disastrous affair with my boss. It didn't end well for me. He didn't get divorced. So I left my job. I found another. It paid well, but all working in New York seemed to offer was men on the make, one night stands with pick-ups from singles bars—and no end in sight. And in a funny way, it was all because I'm a pretty good-looking woman. Then Joey, who I knew only slightly, told me about this place. I figured, why not? Why not combine business and sex? That's what was almost happening anyway..."

Tess: "Yes, that sounds pretty familiar. But my reasons are a little different. I guess you might say that for the last few years, wherever I've worked, I've sort of been the office nymphomaniac. I've always been discreet, but I just can't get enough sex. So it just seemed silly not to come up here and try out the school—it fits in so well with my recreational interests. Why not make sex a vocation?"

Maira: "I've always been told how beautiful I am and that led me to theatre and movies. Well, just about all I got out of that was constant auditions on the "casting couch" and no parts. After spending a horrible year in Hollywood, I gave up and came back to New York. I've actually been doing some hooking on a part-time basis—doing all right. But this opportunity I simply couldn't pass up."

Judy: "My Mother was a prostitute in Los Angeles—that's where I'm from. It's funny, but I left there to get away from her lifestyle, but now I find myself drifting back to the old ways. I'm just not really cut out for regular old middle-class society. I know the rewards can be great for a high-priced call girl and I'm willing to work to get them."

This tape conveys the range of the girls' attitudes. The "bull session" was also a great way to air ideas. Like most amateurs, the girls' knowledge was either sketchy or muddled. Most had tried a pretty wide variety of sexual techniques, but did not see sex as a repertoire of stimulation to bring about predictable results. A top hooker has to know how to bring every client satisfaction; she must know all sorts of techniques, so if one approach doesn't work, another will. That's why the system I was using at the school was such a good one: The girls had real, paying "johns" to practice on. Joey and his friends kept a steady supply of men coming up from New York, and it gave the school an authentic atmosphere. Of course I didn't charge these customers the maximum. More like \$20 a session. But the girls were earning their keep. This helped them pay the tuition. If a girl couldn't afford to pay in advance, I helped her out by taking a larger percentage of her fees.

In the first sessions, I had the girls discuss what they knew about foreplay techniques—every bit as important as the sex act itself—and pointed out that they should become experienced in all sorts of pre-coital techniques, such as:

1. Manual arousal and erotic massage—how the hands can stroke, and stimulate erogenous and non-erogenous areas of the body; very important is learning the proper way to bring about an erection by lightly stroking the testicles and the shaft of the penis.

2. Oral arousal—use of the mouth to explore and stimulate the body by licking, sucking and biting actions.

3. Erototalia—The use of suggestive or obscene language to psychologically prepare a man for sex.

4. The use of the body to do a kind of erotic wrestling; development of the internal muscles (thighs, vagina) for super sexual performance.

5. Techniques of seduction employing various devices such as sexy sleepwear, lighting, music, etc.

It's so important for a girl to put a man at his ease. Some prostitutes just take off their clothes and lie down, without any preliminaries. I believe that for any sexual encounter, business or pleasure, it's very important to set the right mood. I always like to chat a bit with a client, offer him a drink, and then slowly work into foreplay before getting down to actual intercourse. Of course, only when you are in the upper echelons of the trade can you afford to take this kind of time. But when you are getting a minimum of \$100 to \$200 a night, and often more, it's definitely a necessary part of the art. After general discussions about the techniques of foreplay, we talked about various techniques of intercourse—positions, rhythmic motions, preferred positions for different combinations of body types. I even suggested that when they had time they should read the famed ancient indian guide to love: the *Kama Sutra* which outlines love-making of many different sorts.

I didn't believe in waiting around: after five days we'd start getting some johns up from the city. These were men of wealth and influence—the sort of johns call girls would want as steady customers, rich, considerate and discreet. I figured that starting them off with the best would give them the feel of the best, and they'd continue to shoot for it upon "graduation."

Naturally, the girls were usually nervous about their first test. Before the men arrived I helped them get ready; they bathed and perfumed themselves in luxurious bath oils and colognes. They dolled themselves up in sexy evening wear, which I loaned them if they didn't have it. When the men arrived, they were expecting a fine time. I made sure they had it. We had a gourmet meal ready with cocktails before, sort of a get-acquainted period. After dinner, the girls retired to their rooms and the men told me which of the girls they were interested in. Usually there was no problem in getting everyone paired off because all the girls were top-notch. But if two men were after the same girl I simply had them switch partners later in the evening. In this first session, the men did not stay all night with the girls unless they were willing to pay higher prices. I wanted to simulate the real thing from the start.

In the morning, we would get together and discuss what happened and I would give the girls a cut of the tips that the johns had left with me. After the first session, I would concentrate on the girls' reactions to their

experience. But later on, we would include the johns in our group discussions—if they felt like it.

Diane: "It did seem kind of strange at first. I mean, there I was with a virtual stranger, expecting to have sexual intercourse. Of course, I'd had a chance to converse with him beforehand—and I found him attractive. But I kept reminding myself that I was learning to be a professional, which meant keeping my feelings out of it. He was very considerate and I couldn't help feeling genuinely aroused and tender towards him; but I guess that's okay, for a beginner. Anyhow, he was so experienced that I hardly had to do a thing. But I realized suddenly as he started to perform oral sex on me that I was supposed to be charging him for all these different things I was letting him do to me! So I kept thinking how am I going to keep track of all this? Maybe I should keep a scorecard under my pillow and check off ten dollars for this, ten dollars for that..."

Anna: "Well, Diane, you were pretty cool! I felt strange at first. I suddenly felt as if this whole thing was crazy—what am I doing, I kept thinking. But I didn't let my feeling show. I made up my mind as strongly as I could that I was a professional prostitute and I was going to give my john a good time. So I guess I must've been a little awkward. But I tried to use all the techniques we've been talking about and tried to arouse him as much as possible. It worked, too—he came right away as I was using oral and manual techniques. So I kept right on stroking him. Pretty soon he got excited again, and this time he grabbed me, shoved himself inside me and made love to me. Even though I felt emotionally detached from him, I had an orgasm, too. Not bad for a first time."

Linda: "I really liked the guy I had. And he really liked me! He came in that crazy red satin room, leaped on the bed. It was wonderful, but I didn't have any time to think about pricing or not—which is highly unprofessional, I know—but the guy said I was a natural, and that he'll be seeing me when I hit town. So I got my first client. But I know that I need to get more professional because I know I'm not enough of a 'natural' to hit it off big with every guy, you know? But I guess experience will wise me up..."

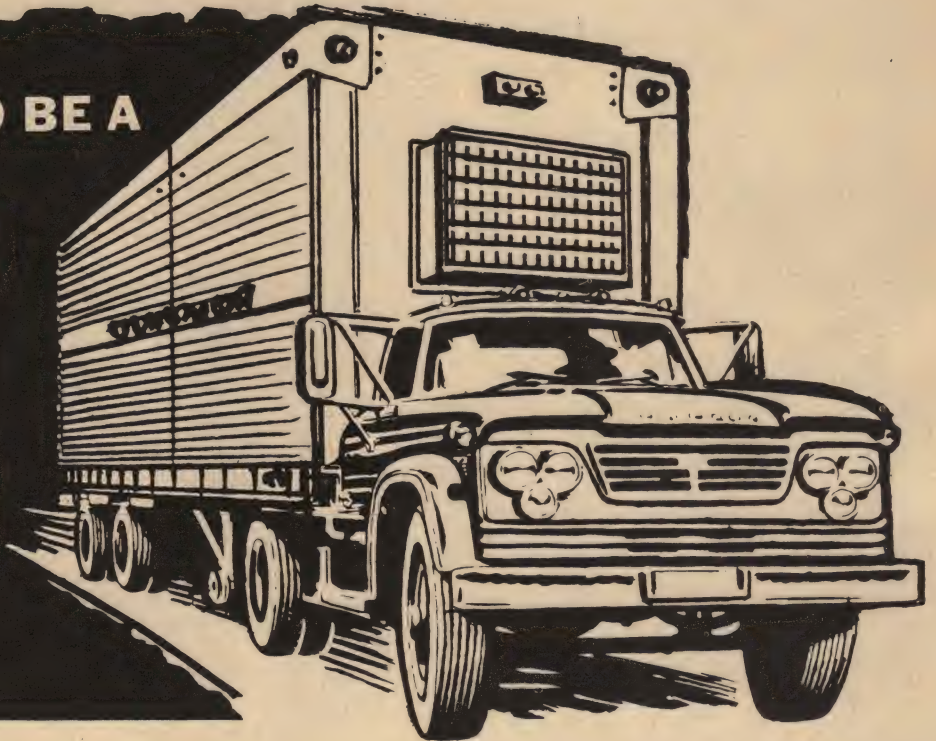
The school has worked out so well since its beginning three years ago, that in the past six months we have been accepting housewives as students. These are women who simply feel inadequate as lovers and would like to service their husbands as well as the "pros." I usually don't mix the groups, because they don't usually interact well. The girls seem a little jealous of the middle-class security of the housewives, and the housewives tend to be inhibited by the openness of the girls. But I am considering mixing them up, hoping that they'll learn from each other and overcome their differences.

Joey still manages some of the business side of the school and just the other day he asked me if I might be interested in a similar venture in the Caribbean or the Mediterranean. I told him that sure, I was interested. It gets cold up here in the winter—even with the heated indoor swimming pool we had installed. I'd like to go do some gambling down where the sun is shining and the rum flows—and I can have a nice tan on my back all year round! ●●●

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SEX SHY GIRLS

(Continued from page 41)

men can use to make women shed their inhibitions—special tricks that can induce normally shy girls to overcome their hesitancy about oral sex, mutual masturbation, experimentation with different coital positions, and other slightly off-beat acts?

To find out, MEN commissioned Dr. Jane Calder, 29-year-old psychologist, to conduct a round-table discussion with four American women.

The women are not psychotherapy patients, but normal, healthy, average people whom Dr. Calder met during the course of her sexual research.

To qualify for the round-table, women needed to have only two characteristics: (1) At one time in their lives, they were sexually inhibited; (2) Their inhibitions have since been overcome.

After screening dozens of women, Dr. Calder selected these four, who, at our expense, were flown to New York, where the discussion was held in the offices of MEN.

The women are:

ANDREA SIMONCELLI, 28, a legal secretary in Texas. First married at 17, Andrea, who was born in Indiana, was divorced four years later. She married again last year. She has two children by her first husband.

LORI LARSON, 21, a cocktail waitress in Kentucky. She has never married.

BETTY TOLLER, 26, a school teacher in Oregon. She was married last year for the first time. She has one child.

SHANNON O'NEILL, 23, a nurse in Florida. She has never married.

The following is a transcript of the discussion, edited only to eliminate repetitious material. However, the women's true identities have been disguised to protect their privacy.

DR. CALDER: Well, as the four of you know, I selected you because in our earlier interviews you all revealed that you had been sexually inhibited but had overcome it thanks to the influence of certain men in your life. I'd like to begin today's discussion by asking what some of your hang-ups were and how you went about combatting them.

LORI LARSON: My big one was oral sex.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: I guess we've all had that at one time or another.

BETTY TOLLER: I didn't.

LORI LARSON: Really? What were you hung up about?

BETTY TOLLER: Touching a man's penis.

SHANNON O'NEILL: You've got to be kidding! How could you *not* be hung up about taking it in your mouth but *be* hung up about taking it in your hand?

BETTY TOLLER: (Giggles) Well, I never got that far! (Giggles) What I mean is, I was so hung up about touching it that I froze right there. I'd let a guy make love to me, if I cared for him, and we'd do other things—like he'd play with my breasts or vagina. But I'd never do anything to him except move while we made love.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: How would the man get turned on if you didn't play with him?

BETTY TOLLER: Well, some of them didn't get turned on—especially if they were older and had quite a bit of experience. They needed more than just to *be* with me. But I couldn't give them any more. I was too uptight about it. Needless to say, I frustrated a lot of men. I frustrated myself, too, of course.

DR. CALDER: How did you finally overcome this inhibition, Betty?

BETTY TOLLER: Well, it happened gradually, really. The guy I overcame it with was very patient. He just kept on gently getting me closer and closer to touching him, until finally I was there—and then it didn't bother me anymore.

DR. CALDER: Did he say or do anything in particular to get you closer to it?

BETTY TOLLER: Well, it was like this: We met for the first time when I moved to Portland to take a job as a teacher. In college I had been almost promiscuous for a while, making it with about 30 guys by the time I graduated. But I never let myself touch any of them. I think maybe I was overcompensating for my feeling that the sex act was something dirty I shouldn't be doing and that I ought to be punished for it.

Anyway, in college it was a different guy every few dates, whereas, once I settled in Portland, I met this one guy and I got really wrapped up in him. After we had been seeing each other for about a month, I noticed that he wasn't able to get erect as easily as before. I knew what it was connected to—not getting the proper stimulation from me. And I felt bad about it. I felt I had to tell him what my problem was.

I told him, and he just nodded very patiently and said he understood. I think that in itself took the biggest burden off my mind—just to know that secretly, inside himself, he wasn't hating me for it. Then I told him that I had tried with other men and hadn't been able to do it, and that I wanted to try with him but was afraid I still wouldn't be able to do it.

He said, "Well, don't worry about it for now. I enjoy being with you, no matter what we do. It doesn't even matter if we don't have sex every time. So let's just keep on doing what we've been doing, and keep on enjoying ourselves, because that's all that really matters."

Well, I can't tell you that a weight that took off my shoulders—knowing that he still wanted to be with me. I kept dating him, and now I felt more relaxed about it. One night, about a week later, I decided to try to touch him. I put my hand on his stomach and moved it close to his penis. But I couldn't go all the way.

The next night I did go all the way—I touched it, but only letting my fingers brush against it lightly. Then the next night, I finally managed to bring myself to take it in my hand.

I wasn't cured of my hang-up immediately: it took five or six nights of touching and holding and fondling for me to get over the

problem. But then, once I did, I lost my inhibitions completely. I used to want to touch him all the time. I'd even grab it through his pants when we were in the movies, or sometimes even on a bus or in an elevator.

And I didn't have any qualms about other sexual acts I'd known about before but never dreamed of doing—for example, oral sex. After I got comfortable about touching his penis, I got really excited about taking it in my mouth. Sometimes I would think about it during the day, when I was at school, and I'd get so excited I almost would climax right in the classroom!

When I finally went home and got together with him that night and went down on him, I was like a kid with a lollipop—I didn't want to let it go!

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: That's the wildest story I've ever heard.

LORI LARSON: Me, too.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Well, I can understand it. I never had any hangups about touching a guy—no major hangups, anyway—but I was pretty uptight about different positions . . .

DR. CALDER: Before you tell us about that, Shannon, I'd like to briefly discuss Betty's experience. It seems to me, Betty, that you're saying the man's patience was the most important thing to you; in other words, you responded to the fact that you didn't feel challenged and that demands weren't being made on you.

BETTY TOLLER: Exactly.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: But didn't any previous guys treat you with patience? I mean, what did they all do—just grab your hand and put it on their joints?

BETTY TOLLER: Exactly.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Oh, for heaven's sake—and I was just kidding!

LORI LARSON: Wow, Betty, you've dated a lot of creeps.

BETTY TOLLER: Well, most of them were college guys, and I guess they're not quite as considerate of a girl as more mature guys are—mature either because of age or because they've been out in the real world for a few years working at a job while the college guys were living off their mom and dad.

DR. CALDER: Did your comfort with this lover carry over to future lovers?

BETTY TOLLER: Yes. I never had any problem with touching a man again.

DR. CALDER: Now, Shannon, what was the experience you were going to tell us about?

SHANNON O'NEILL: Before I do, I want to say something regarding what Betty and Andrea just said. You know, girls, you talked about a guy putting your hand on his penis as if this was an awful thing to do. I just want to say that I think some girls need this, because they have a different kind of hang-up.

LORI LARSON: I know what you mean. I haven't been hung-up about touching a guy lately, but when I first started dating I was slightly hung-up. Now that I think of it, I remember that I was hesitant to touch the guy's penis because I was afraid he'd think I was a slut. So I'd just wait until he took my hand and brought it there. Then I'd feel free to touch him all I wanted.

SHANNON O'NEILL: That's exactly the kind of thing I was talking about.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Well, I think the important thing here is the *way* the guy does it. I mean, if you're together and he

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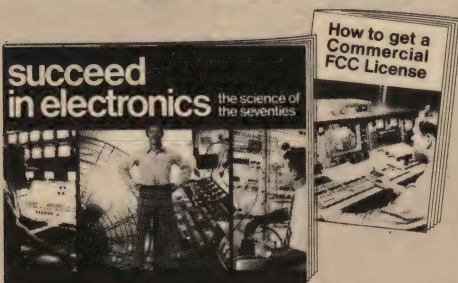
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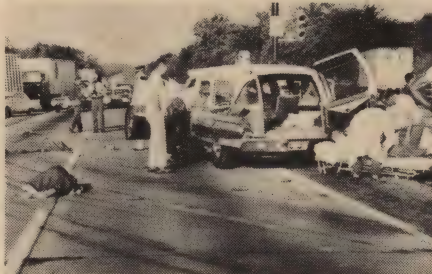
Inside Tips For Smart Buyers

LISTEN BEFORE YOU RENT—If you don't want to be bugged by noises in the night—and day, for that matter—don't sign a lease on an apartment before checking it out for the following: 1. While you sit in the living room, have a buddy turn on the kitchen gadgets—dishwasher, refrigerator, etc.—and see how they sound in your “relaxing room.” 2. Try the same thing with the bathroom—have your friend turn on the water taps, flush the toilet, run the shower. 3. Let your buddy go out into the hall, walk around, talk at normal conversational levels, run the elevator, open and close the garbage chute. 4. Make a return trip to the apartment at night and on weekends and listen for sounds of other people who live in the building. If you can hear and be disturbed by them, walk away and try a more sound-proof building.

CAR-BUYING TIPS FROM USED-CAR GYP ARTISTS—Take it from a guy whose business is hustling suckers into buying autos from his used-car lot, you can protect yourself by a few simple rules: 1. If you're really hot to buy a car, try holding off visiting a used car lot for a while. A good salesman can smell your eagerness a mile away and will have you hogtied before you know what hit you. 2. Set your top price for a car, and don't let anything the salesman says push you up one penny higher. 3. If you have a mechanic friend, let him come along and look your car over, including a test drive, before making a decision. 4. Rain can cover up a lousy paint job and out-of-shape

fenders, and you sure won't want to get under the car for a look-see in all that dampness. 5. Once you've bought, don't ever leave the car on the lot overnight. You'll never know what parts, tires or accessories will be switched under cover of darkness.

HIGH COST OF CAR SAFETY—This is what required safety features cost in 1973-model cars: \$95.40 at manufacturers' prices, \$128.80 at retail. Features covered by the hike in price include im-



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proved exhaust emission systems; quality improvements in engines, chassis and bodies; better identification and illumination of panel controls; strengthening of side doors and exterior protection.

DIET PILLS DON'T SWING MUCH WEIGHT—With very few exceptions, almost all diet pills are of “clinically trivial” value according to the results of an in-depth study by a panel of government investigators. In recommending that all diet pills should be tightly controlled, the review board made these observations: “the total impact of induced weight loss by the pills over that of diet alone must be

considered trivial;” “diet pills, in general, cause the loss of only a fraction of a pound a week when used over short-term periods;” “it is necessary to get the pills—with their stimulant side-effects—out of the hands of youths, truck drivers and other people seeking a boost.”

DON'T BE AFRAID TO SPEAK UP TO THE AIRLINES—Anytime you're held up for long periods of time on an airline flight, don't be shy about asking the company—or its representatives—what “complimentary services” you're entitled to. According to the Civil Aeronautics Board, few airlines will volunteer the information. However, this is what you usually have coming to you: Meals during normal meal hours; Hotel accommodations if the delay occurs during normal sleeping hours; Transportation to the hotel. If you get any backtalk or reluctance on the part of the airline, report the incident to the CAB.

DO YOUR SHOPPING BEFORE YOU HIT THE AIRPORT—Unless you like being taken, make all souvenir, food, tobacco and reading material purchases at your local stores—rather than a last-minute buying rush at the airport. On the average, airport prices are upped a good 10%.

LIGHT UP SAFELY—Big push is now on to develop a better matchbook and cigarette lighter. Too many match boxes get in the hands of kids who manage to figure out a way to open them—and ignite them, and themselves. As far as lighters go, the big problem is coming up with a goodlooking one that can't ignite while still in your pocket. (CT, 10/72)

MORTGAGES THAT DON'T CHOKE—Look for a new approach to tying yourself up to a home mortgage. Idea is that your interest rate will rise and fall depending on what the money situation is at the moment. In other words, if money is tight your interest rates will automatically go up, then when the money market loosens, your rates will dip to reflect that, too.



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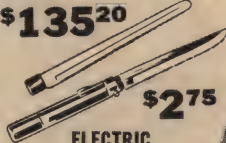
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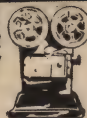
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just comes out of the blue and grabs your hand and slaps it to his penis, that's pretty offensive. But if you're together, and he's been playing with you for a while, and you sort of let him know by your moans and groans that you're digging it, I think it's very reasonable for a guy to sort of slide your hand toward his penis if he wants you to play with him, because, after all, you may be bashful about it.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Right.

BETTY TOLLER: I guess I agree. I guess it's all in the way the guy approaches it.

DR. CALDER: Yes. A man has to play it by ear, judge your reaction, and base his own reaction on yours. Now, Shannon...

SHANNON O'NEILL: Yes. Well, my experience was something so ridiculous it's hard to believe it's true. I've been dating since I was in junior high. I made love for the first time in high school, but I never really made love in a bedroom or someplace else comfortable like that until I was 19 and went out with this older guy who rented a room in a motel.

After we had made love in bed, we sort of snuggled against each other for a while, then he began touching me and turning me on again. I started playing with his penis, and, when he got erect, I lay back and waited for him to get on top of me. But instead, he wanted me to get on top of him.

Well, I'd never done that before. I never did it in any way except with me on the bottom.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Did you usually keep your eyes closed, too?

SHANNON O'NEILL: Why yes! How did you know?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: It all fits. I had a very similar thing myself once.

DR. CALDER: Many women do before they have lost their inhibitions.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Well, I guess we all have been through more or less the same thing. Anyway, the thought of getting on top of him really shook me up. I can't say I was *upset* about it—and I certainly didn't feel it was *wrong*—it just struck me as *silly*.

BETTY TOLLER: What did you do?

SHANNON O'NEILL: Well, I was too embarrassed to admit that I felt silly about it. I mean, here I was a big girl in a motel room with a man, and I had just made love to him, and now I was going to tell him that I couldn't do it again with me on top.

LORI LARSON: So what'd you do?

SHANNON O'NEILL: I got on top of him, and I felt just *awful*! I mean, I could picture myself sitting upright on his body, with my whole self *exposed*—I mean, he could see my breasts and my belly and everything!

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Wow, that's a very Puritanical attitude. Were you brought up in a strict family?

SHANNON O'NEILL: Yes, my parents were very religious.

DR. CALDER: It's quite common for women, even after considerable sexual experience, to be hung up about things like this. What I would like to know, Shannon, is how you overcame this hangup.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Well, feeling silly the way I did, I guess I just got all wound up and had to stop making love to him. And he figured out what was up, so he asked me if the position was bothering me, and I told him yes. And he just smiled and said lots of girls were bothered by it and not to worry, we'd do it in another position if I preferred.

Well, for the next five to ten times I dated

him, we always did it with me on the bottom, and there were no problems at all. He never even referred again to that previous time.

But then it started to bother *me*. I mean, it really bugged me that I was being so illogical about it. I felt like a fool, getting hung up in one position and not another. So I asked him if we could do it with me on top again. And he said yes, and we did.

LORI LARSON: Did you still feel silly?

SHANNON O'NEILL: The first time, yes. But I kept on forcing myself to do it, and gradually I didn't feel silly any more. Now I do it in any position—positions just don't bother me.

BETTY TOLLER: Your problem was very similar to the one I had. I mean, in both cases, we just kept on doing what bugged us until we overcame our resistance to it.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Right. But the main thing is, our men were understanding about it—they didn't push us, or try to force us to do anything against our will.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: I think that's the only way you can get a girl out of a hangup, really.

DR. CALDEN: Essentially, yes. And many men fail to realize this. But the fact is, whatever hang-up a girl has, she did not develop it just five minutes ago. It's the result of years of conditioning experiences, and it can't be overcome simply by an act of will. In other words, she can't wish it out of existence.

Whereas, if a man is patient and understanding, and just lets her work her way out of it gradually—helping wherever he can, of course—quite often this will be the very thing she needs.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: But it sometimes happens the other way, too. I mean, I remember how I overcame my hangup about oral sex. It happened during my first marriage. My husband wasn't the first man I'd made love to, but he was the first one I'd been really intimate with, spending a whole night together in bed, caressing and fondling, and so on.

But I never had gone down on him. And I could tell that it was bothering him, because a couple of times he hinted about it without coming out and saying it directly. Then one afternoon, at supper, he laid his cards on the table.

He said, "You know, Andrea, something's been really bothering me, and I'd like to talk to you about it."

He asked me why I didn't want to perform oral sex, and I answered vaguely—you know, something about just never thinking about it. And then he said, "Well, now that we've talked about it, do you think you'd want to do it tonight?" And I said, "Well, gee—" I mean, both he and I could see that I was copping out.

So we talked about it more in the future. And we talked about what my objections were, and I said it always seemed so dirty to me. And he showed me a book where a doctor said there are more germs in the mouth than on the genitals. So one by one he destroyed all my arguments against it, and that was the reason I first did it.

SHANNON O'NEILL: But previously what did you do while he was going down on you?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: He never went down on me.

LORI LARSON: Why, that male chauvinist pig! And he expected you to go

down on him! You should've told him to—

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Wait; before you start getting too down on me over this, let me remind you that I was married very young. I wasn't exactly the squarest chick in the world, but, quite frankly, I didn't know that guys went down on girls.

SHANNON O'NEILL: You never heard of it?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: That's right. Of course, I was only eighteen—

BETTY TOLLER: I knew about it at twelve. I didn't *do* it. But I *knew* about it.

DR. CALDER: It's a well-known fact that some men and women discover different sexual enterprises at different ages, and I don't think it's at all extraordinary that Andrea didn't know about *cunnilingus*—as this particular act is called—previously.

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Well, whatever the case, the point is that my husband's talking to me in a logical way made me overcome that particular inhibition.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Did you have others that you overcame differently?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Yeah. My big one was being free to make love to a man on the first night. For all my life I'd been hung up about it. The men I'd made love to before my first marriage, then my husband, then the men who came afterwards—all told, there were about 40 by the time I was 23 or 24, and I guess that's quite a lot—but I never made it with one of them on the first night. I always made them stop short of actually doing it, no matter how much I wanted him.

LORI LARSON: Why do you suppose that was?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: I guess it must be tied into the strict upbringing we were talking about earlier. My father was a real tyrant who felt that his daughter should be kept under lock and key constantly. I rebelled by going out and balling lots of guys. Still, I never felt exactly right about it.

BETTY TOLLER: I don't doubt there were other times involved, too. Like the way some guys treat a girl when she balls them the first night. They act as though she were a tramp!

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Right. And that's related to what I was about to tell you regarding the way I overcame this hangup.

I was dating this guy, Paul, fairly steadily. He was older than me—maybe 27 or 28 at the time—and drove a bus for one of the big companies. Whenever he came back from a trip, we would spend all our time together. But when he was away, of course, I had a wandering eye—as most girls would under the circumstances, particularly if they're used to dating guys who expect sex of them.

Anyway, I played around while Paul was away, but I never told him about it. I guess I assumed that *he* assumed I was being faithful. And I wasn't liberated enough to tell him otherwise, even though I was sure he was playing around also.

Now, at this time, I had already gotten out of my first marriage, so I had lots of sexual experience. But still I was hung up about doing it on the first night. And about others things too. I wasn't fully relaxed sexually—wasn't able to give myself over to it completely. That's why, I suspect, I never had orgasm in all this time.

SHANNON O'NEILL: Never—not even once?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: Right. Any-



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way, one day, Paul came home from a trip a day earlier than usual. I guess he called my apartment, found I wasn't there, and went out to have a beer. Anyway, he just happened to go to a cocktail lounge where I was sitting with another guy. And this guy and I were snuggling and cuddling and doing practically everything to each other that you could do in public.

I figured Paul would come charging over and punch the guy out or something like that. But he didn't. He just waved "Hello," went to the bar, had his beer, sat there a while with some other guys, then left.

As soon as I got rid of the other guy, I telephoned Paul at home. I expected a big scene, but I got none. He said, "I don't have any strings on you. In fact, I'd rather you saw other guys when I'm away. It makes me realize what a desirable thing I have with you."

Well, right then I was really turned on to him—more turned on than I can ever remember being toward anyone. I rushed over to his apartment, and we made love right on the living room floor—we had never done it on a floor before. Then we went to bed and did it again.

I couldn't believe how excited I was. We made love five times that night. It was one of the most sensational nights in my life.

DR. CALDER: How do you interpret your reaction?

ANDREA SIMONCELLI: I think it was a sort of declaration of freedom. When Paul showed me that he welcomed my sexual freedom—that he didn't want me to be sexually enslaved—he made it possible for me to feel free and to really act free.

LORI LARSON: I can go along with that, because it ties in with something that happened to me.

Remember how I mentioned earlier about being hung up about oral sex. Well, the way I overcame my inhibition was, one night, with this guy I'd only dated a few times, we began kissing and then got undressed and got into bed. Now previously we had made love, but never had tried oral sex. But we had done a lot of extensive foreplay with our hands, and he had always kissed and licked my breasts a lot, and I really dug that, and he knew it.

Anyway, as we started making out in bed, he began kissing my breasts and licking them, then licked his way down my belly and started licking the areas around my hip bones and around my pubic hair. And this got me really excited—no guy had ever done it to me before—but still I didn't think about going down on him.

But then he turned his body around, so that his penis was up by my face. Then he knelt over my face and put his face between my legs and thrust his tongue deep inside me. There I was, with his penis right in front of my mouth, so I did the only natural thing.

BETTY TOLLER: In other words, your lover knew how to set the example.

LORI LARSON: Exactly.

DR. CALDER: Well, ladies, it seems as though you've all had some lovers who knew what they were doing and how to help you overcome your inhibitions. I'm sorry that limitations on our time don't permit us to explore some of these experiences in greater detail. However, I'm sure that the discussion has been both interesting and informative for our readers, and, on behalf of them and the editors of MEN, I thank you very much.

"NO LEAD" GASOLINES

(Continued from page 23)

since it also stood in the way of the promising catalytic converter, then the simplest approach was to get the lead out of gasoline—the sooner the better. Accordingly, the word was passed on to the nation's major oil producers: "Get the lead out. Start converting to no-leads with all possible haste."

At first the oil companies let out some good squawks. Conversion would run into the billions. Who would foot the bill? There were other problems too; technical ones. If the lead was taken out, the oil people countered, there would have to be a drop in the gasoline's octane rating as well. Would Detroit's high compression engines perform decently on a no-lead, modest 91 octane gas? It was a valid question, and the Environmental Protection Agency promptly tossed it into the laps of Detroit's Big Three.

The initial response came from GM in the summer of 1970. With everyone eager to get on the environmental bandwagon, GM's president Edward Cole announced that just about all of his company's '71 cars would be able to run on the no-lead, lower octane fuel. Cole used the word 'run', but he didn't specify how well they'd run. Ford and Chrysler made somewhat less positive statements, but they said most of their new cars, other than the muscle types, would operate on no lead or low lead gas too. Accordingly, things were set.

Or were they?

Meanwhile, the oil companies were standing pat. If they had been pressured to turn out a no-lead, high octane gas on such short notice, they wouldn't have had a bad case of the shakes. But a no-lead or low-lead gas, with a low octane rating, would be a cinch. They'd simply drop the lead content either partially or all the way—then, by advertising the new gasolines as a boon in cleaning up the environment, they'd be able to peddle it at a higher price. Which of course they did.

But not everyone had been conned into believing that everything was under control. Independent automotive engineers were openly skeptical. "It's an established fact," one of them stated at the time, "that the lead in gasoline acts as a lubricant for an engine's exhaust valves and valve seats. Take it out, without adding some equally effective lubricant, and valve damage will have to take place. In time, the exhaust valves will pound their way into their seats and burn out. It's as simple as one-and-one makes two."

Admittedly, the auto industry's engineers had considered this possibility, and had taken certain steps to prevent excessive valve damage from taking place. Besides lowering the compression on most of the '71 models, they also hardened the valves and in certain cases they used harder valve seats to offset the pounding that was bound to take place.

But these adjustments were scarcely adequate. In fact, while GM stuck to their original claim—that their '71 models would run effectively on a no-lead—Ford was no

longer endorsing the no-lead as it had at the beginning. Meanwhile Chrysler was taking a middle stance, insisting that some of the lead be left in, or at least be replaced with some equivalent lubricant. Accordingly, as the debate mounted, the water became muddier.

The proof of a car's performance can only be measured once it is on the road and meeting the pressures of day-to-day driving under all sorts of highway and in-town traffic conditions. Admittedly as the '71s came off the factory assembly lines, spot-checks showed that they could operate effectively on a no-lead gas with an octane rating of only 88. With the incoming no-leads pegged at 91-octane, the auto makers could indulge in the feeling of "a job well done." With a spread of three points in their favor, Detroit was reasonably calm as the shiny new cars were piggybacked to showrooms across the nation.

The problems, of course, surfaced all too quickly. As their newness wore off, the '71s were in trouble. Disgruntled drivers soon discovered that their cars' antipollution devices and low compression engines were delivering lousy mileage on both the no-lead as well as low lead gases. So, because of their increased fuel consumption, the '71s, which were supposed to lower automotive exhaust pollutants, were now contaminating the atmosphere at an even faster rate!

At this point, the drivers naturally placed the blame on the new no-lead gas. Accustomed as they were to better mileage performance on leaded high-octane gas, it was a natural enough conclusion for them to draw. Worse yet, the predicted valve damage on the no-lead gas began to show. Repair costs ranged from \$60 to \$120, depending on engine type and extent of damage.

What followed was unprecedented. For the first time in automotive history, the auto makers and the oil companies were engaged in a name calling contest, each of them trying to fix blame on the other. Actually, the oil companies were coming out ahead despite the slight tarnishing of their corporate image. With the new cars gulping down gasoline faster than ever, gas sales in 1971 were running seven percent above the preceding year.

But what did all of this mean to you, the driver?

"It was the old shell game for the little guy," is the way one consumer expert summed it up. "One, he was promised a car that could decrease the contamination of the atmosphere—only he didn't get it. Two, he was promised a gasoline that would be designed for this kind of car, but he wasn't getting this either. In effect, he had been shafted twice—once by the car makers, and again by the oil industry."

But the important question now is: Where does the no-lead, low-lead boondoggle go from here? Actually there is little guesswork on this point. Despite the usual bitching by both the oil and auto industry, the government has decreed that all leaded gas, even the low-leads, will have to go. Accord-

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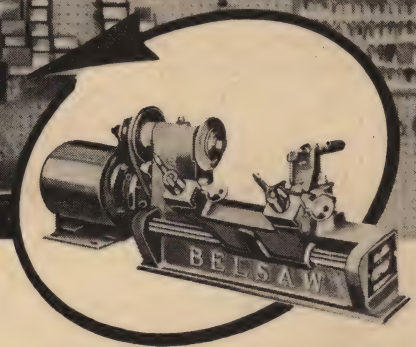
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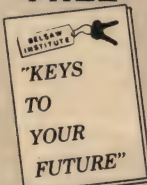
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ingly, most of the major oil companies are now completing new refining facilities that will produce a 93 octane unleaded gas to meet the government's anticipated 1974 requirements.

"The decision to get rid of all the lead within the next two years," says one Environmental spokesman, "came about only after long and thoughtful study. And though we were concerned as to what the lack of lead would do to a car in terms of engine valve damage, we did place more consideration on what effect automotive exhaust lead may be having on our lungs and blood.

"Some 50 years ago, when tetraethyl lead was first added to gasolines, it represented a chemical breakthrough. It afforded a quick easy way of raising a gasoline's octane rating, which in turn improved the performance of car engines. It was fine then when a relatively small number of cars were on the road; but with the passing decades, and the growth of the automobile, the balance began to tip the other way.

"How long could we tolerate the tons of automotive exhaust lead being spewed into the atmosphere each day and still remain a healthy people? The arguments flow back and forth, and though lead may not be the only villain, or even less of a villain than some of the other automotive pollutants, it remains a poison. As such, we don't need it. It has done its job well enough over the years, but it is time we put it to rest, found other substitutes that could do its work equally well and without lead's potential risk to both human and animal life."

But does giving up the lead in gas mean that we also have to give up the spunky performance that American drivers have come to expect from their cars? Quite simply, the answer is no. Not only is it possible to produce a lead-free high octane gas, but American Oil Company is presently marketing a completely leadless premium fuel that has been available for more than 40 years in some 25 Eastern and Southern states. Even more important is that this leadless premium sells for only a penny or two more than the other leaded premiums sold by the major oil companies.

But the pollutant factor of lead is not the only reason why many people would like to see it go. For example, Chrysler engineers insist that the minute deposits of lead from leaded gas are responsible for the five to seven percent power loss most engines suffer during their first 20,000 miles of operation. These lead deposits, according to the engineers, not only interfere with efficient combustion, but by preheating the air-fuel mixture a lot of the zip is taken out of the engine's power stroke.

Leaded gas also fouls the oil a lot more quickly. According to GM's E. E. Nelson—the staff engineer who heads up the company's emission-control division—a good lead-free gas would not only double the interval between oil changes, but leadless gas could double the life of present mufflers and spark-plugs as well.

Hopefully, a new and superior no-lead gasoline will be on the scene within the next two years, but until then what do you do when you pull up to the pumps? Do you fill it up with one of the no-leads, a low-lead, regular, super-regular, premium or super-premium?

According to the experts, this is the way things stack up at the present: If you're driv-

ing a pre-1971 car you should rule the no-leads out since your higher compression-ratio engine would not tolerate a no-lead gas. But if your pre-'71 car was designed to run on regular, leaded gas (your owner's manual should tell you this) and if you want to do your bit to reduce the lead concentration in the atmosphere, there's a 50-50 chance that you could get along with one of the low-leads. Here is the way you find out:

First, run your car until the fuel tank is nearly empty; then try a half-tankful of one of the low-leads. If you get any knock or ping, particularly when going uphill or accelerating, it's an indication that your car requires a higher octane, leaded gas. You've got no choice but to switch back to the gas you've been using, regular or premium.

For the man who owns a 1971 or later model car, the autoexperts advise the following:

GM: The nation's largest auto manufacturer says that all of its '71 and '72 cars have been engineered to run on either no-lead, low-lead or regular leaded gas with an octane rating of 91 or higher. This is a very wide spread, with the truth lying somewhere in between. Service station operators say that owners of Cadillacs and the bigger Buicks and Olds have swung away from the no-leads and low-leads and have gone back to the leaded premiums to improve their car's performance.

But if you're driving a standard GM car of average size, the experts advise that you play it by ear. First start out with a tankful of no-lead and listen for knocks. If you do get some knock, make your next tankful one of the low-leads. If the knock persists, you'll have to go on to one of the regular leaded gasolines. If the knock stops, there is no need to go on to a premium. In fact, according to J. H. MacPherson, vice-president of Chevron Research Co., "you should use gasoline having the lowest octane rating that doesn't produce knock in your car."

CHRYSLER: This auto maker cautions against continuous use of no-lead gasolines in both their '71 and '72 cars. "Fuels lacking suitable lubricating additives such as lead or phosphorus," says Chrysler's engineers, "could cause valve seat damage and possible engine failure."

So if you're driving a '71 or '72 Plymouth, Dodge or Chrysler, your best bet would be to stay away from the no-leads entirely. But the low leads should provide the necessary valve protection. Still, if you get knock or ping on the low-lead, you'd be wise to move up to a higher leaded gas to prevent possible engine damage.

FORD: The engineers at Ford have managed to side-step the no-lead, low-lead issue. They're saying that all of their '71 and '72 models—except those equipped with 429 and 460-cubic-inch engines—will operate without knock on any 91-octane fuel. This gives you the option of trying either a low-lead or the regular leaded. Either should work, but remain alert for knock all the same.

AMERICAN MOTORS: The number four car maker says that all of their '71 and '72 engines, other than their high performance 401 V-8, can run on low-lead gas providing detonation or knock doesn't show up. If there is knocking, they suggest retarding the timing not more than three degrees, or to switch over to a regular leaded gas. Like Chrysler, AMC doesn't advise the *continuous* use of any leadless gas presently available. But if a driver wants to use a no-lead for environ-

mental reasons, AMC says alternate tankfuls of a regular leaded gas should be used.

Meanwhile, what about the new '73s? Will you be doing better at the pumps? Although it's still too early to know the full picture of gas mileage and performance, the new exhaust gas recirculation systems employed in most of the '72s will have you back at the pumps more often than you'll like.

With the car makers required by federal regulations to control nitrous oxide emissions in the '72s, most of the current models are using systems that recirculate up to 12 percent of the engine's exhaust back into the intake manifold. One of the side effects is dampened acceleration, with fuel economy suffering as well. In fact, most of the '72s are coming equipped with a 10 percent larger fuel tank to compensate for this increased gas consumption.

"But it would be unfair to lay this one on Detroit," says one impartial automotive authority. "With the feds calling the shots, some side effects were bound to develop. A lowering in fuel economy was expected. This is the way it had to go."

But as to which gas would be best for your '73, no-lead, low-lead or regular, the same guidelines that apply to the '71s and '72s should also apply here. Check with your owner's manual as to type and octane rating, but the knock factor is the thing to go with. If the no-lead or low-lead gives a smooth ride, with no detonation, fine. But if you're getting ping, or the car is properly tuned, move up to one of the regular leaded fuels.

And what comes after '73? Hopefully, within the next two years there should be an end to the present confusion. Right now, as directed by the government, the oil companies are converting over and building new refineries to produce the gas of the future. This will be a lead-free 93-octane gas, a premium fuel that will permit the auto makers to restore car engines to their pre-'71 compression levels. And to insure against valve damage the new gas will contain new lubricating additives.

And what about price? The new gas will cost from two to three cents more per gallon, since conversion costs to produce the new fuel will probably come to a steep \$4-billion or higher.

Will this new, higher priced gas pay off in terms of performance? Most of the experts are saying "yes." "Over the years," says one of these authorities, "the driver can't help but gain. Although he'll be paying a few cents more a gallon for the new lead-free, high octane gas, the trade-offs will more than make up for it. Not only will the new gas insure a long useful life for the incoming catalytic converters, but by reducing engine wear in general they will provide a longer car life."

Accordingly, by 1974 or early '75, the guessing game at the nation's gas pumps should come to an end. By then we should have a fuel that will not only be better for our cars, but one that will be gentler on the air we breathe. Of course, we've been given promises before that were never kept. This time, let's hope they keep it. •••

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by Gordon King

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SEX FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

out in a minute."

Charlie went into the kitchen where the liquor was, took a glass, then two ice cubes and he poured some bourbon into the stubby glass.

He took one swallow in the kitchen, then started to smile.

He put the glass down on the drainboard and quickly undressed.

When he appeared naked in the bathroom doorway, Angie began laughing and said, "Oh dear! Another sex maniac on the loose."

He climbed into the tub with her.

"Wait," she said. "Just let me wash the soap off my breasts." She did, and then reached over and wrapped her arms around Charlie's neck and moved her body into position against him—

Finished, Angie said, "Let's put the movie off till Monday. O.K.? I'll fix us something. It'd be a shame to get dressed after that."

But Charlie would never in a hundred years have told anyone about that beautiful night with Angie. That belonged to him and to her, certainly not to Mr. Barth.

There were times when Mr. Barth was riding him about being quiet and shy and missing a lot, that Charlie was tempted to at least say he too had some damn good times in bed. But he didn't.

Around a month before Christmas, Angie told Charlie she was leaving Topeka to go to New York to find a job there. A girl friend of hers from school had moved there a year ago and had a nice job as a secretary and a small apartment she offered to share with Angie.

Charlie wasn't happy about her leaving town. He wasn't in love with her, but they had always had good things to give each other and even the weekend before she left town was happy for both of them and they knew they would always be the best of friends.

"I'll miss you," Charlie told her.

"And I'll miss you too," she said. "I hope we can both always have good times like we've had."

After Angie was gone, Charlie felt lonely, but not desperate in any way. He was in no particular rush. He'd find a woman sooner or later.

As things turned out, it was not only sooner, it was very much of a surprise in the bargain.

ON December 9th, Mr. Barth gave a big, catered office party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his founding the company.

There were three huge turkeys, two crown roasts, all sorts of cold cuts and appetizers. And, of course, plenty of booze.

"I don't want to see anybody leave this party sober," Mr. Barth had announced loudly. "The first wise guy who passes out gets a raise! So hop to it!"

Charlie was sitting on top of one of the desks eating turkey and mashed sweet potatoes when Mr. Barth came up to him with his wife on his arm.

"Kate, I want you to meet my right hand," Mr. Barth said. "This here's Charlie. He's a little quiet, but he's my man. You two get acquainted. I've got to make sure the booze is flowing." And off he went into the crowd.

Kate Barth smiled and said, "My husband didn't quite give me time to say I'm happy to meet you."

Charlie put his plate down and stood up. He said, "Likewise." Then, "Can I get you anything to eat?"

"I'd love a drink," she said.

"What can I get you?"

"Scotch and just a little water," she said.

He went to the bar, had to wait a few minutes before the bartender finished with other orders and took his.

"Here you are," Charlie said, handing Kate her drink.

He had caught quick glimpses of her before as she walked through the office or drove by the loading platform with her husband. He knew from those glimpses that she was beautiful. But not nearly as beautiful as she was standing next to him.

She was a tall, statuesque kind of woman with a perfect body and face you see usually only in magazines or movies—high cheekbones, a full mouth, deep blue eyes and light-blond hair that hung down over her shoulders.

She was wearing a simple black dress with one string of pearls and there wasn't one woman in the place who didn't envy the hell out of her or one man who did not want to get her into a bed.

CHARLIE wanted, like the others, to make love to Kate Barth. A man couldn't look at her without wanting her.

"My husband just loves wild parties," Kate said. "I think if we ever had a party and the guests got so wild they'd burn the house, he'd actually be pleased as all punch—as soon as the insurance check arrived!"

Charlie laughed, sipped at his own drink. Her cleavage was a dream. Suddenly Charlie realized he'd been staring at it so intently, she was smiling at him.

His face turned red and he managed to say, "Sure I can't get you something to eat?"

"How about another one of these?" She held up her empty glass.

"Fine."

Charlie was relieved to be able to walk away to the bar.

When he made his way through the loud and laughing crowd back to her, she smiled at him.

They both finished this drink with hardly any talking. They watched the party together. Mr. Barth was everywhere and his voice could constantly be heard even above all the others. He was kissing the girls on the cheek and patting the men on the back.

He came over to Charlie and his wife once and asked, "Well, how are you two getting on?" Before either of them could answer, he winked at them and added, "Making plans to screw my little darling, Charlie?" He turned and went off laughing into another

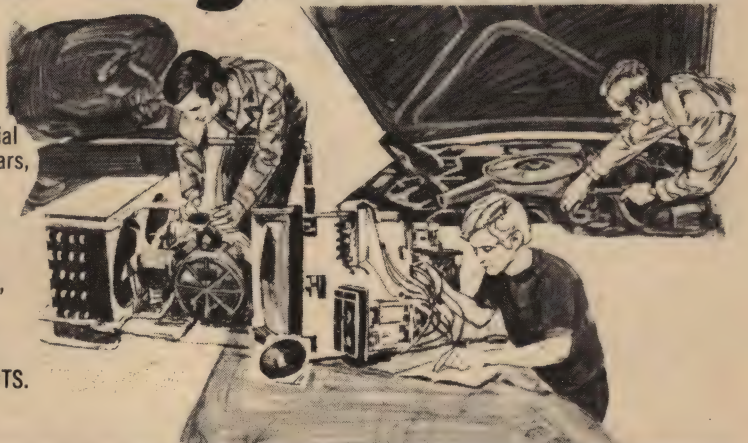
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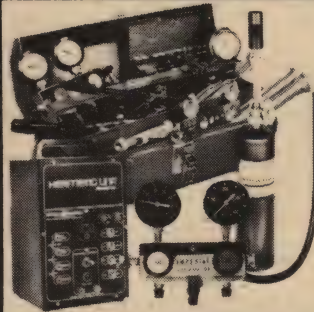
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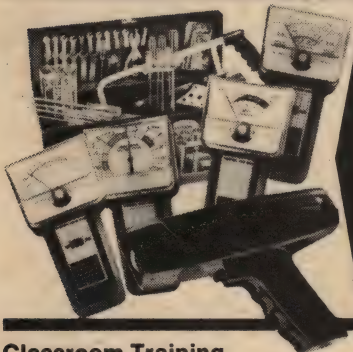
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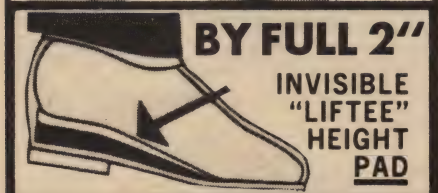
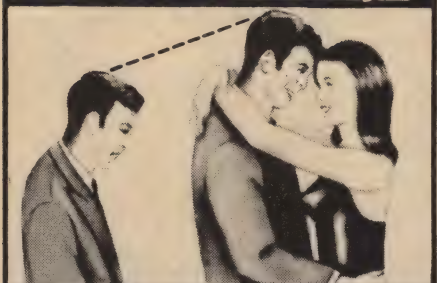
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group where he made the rounds of kisses and pats on the back.

"Don't worry," Kate said as soon as he was gone. "I'm used to it. He's got a big mouth, but he's not as much of a bastard as you'd think from listening to him."

Charlie remembered Mr. Barth's words, "Take my advice. You go and get what you want."

He looked at Kate Barth and knew goddam well he wanted her, but he couldn't—

He stopped himself and thought: *Why not?* "Would you like to get a little air?" he asked her.

Kate finished what was left in her glass. She was just barely high. She smiled at him and said, "I'd like that very much. My car's at the loading platform. I'll get my coat and I'll meet you there."

She turned and headed towards Mr. Barth's office.

Charlie got his coat, went down to the loading platform and started immediately to tell himself *she certainly isn't going to show up, so cool it down please, mister, cool it down—*

AND there she was!

All wrapped up in \$10,000 worth of mink! She took Charlie's hand. They walked past the trucks to where her silver Mercedes was parked.

Charlie opened the door for her, then got in on the other side.

"Well," she said, smiling over at him, "where to, Charlie?"

He was about to say, "I don't care," but caught himself in time. He said, "I live less than a mile from here. We could have a drink there if you like." He was happily amazed at himself and even more amazed when Kate Barth started the car and said, "That sounds fine. You tell me how we go."

Charlie gave her the directions as she drove out onto the street, taking a left at the corner as he told her to do.

She handled a car with the same grace she did everything else.

Her coat was opened, her skirt hiked far up her thighs and Charlie kept lowering his eyes to see her fine long legs that looked especially exciting in the sheer black silk.

When they stopped at a red light on the corner of Elm Street, Kate turned to Charlie and said, "I'm glad you asked me to come out with you."

"I'm glad you came," said Charlie. "You want to know something funny?" she asked.

He nodded. She said, "This may sound a little nutty—but I like the sound of your voice, Charlie. I truly do."

"Well, thanks," he said.

She drove on and they were silent a while, with Charlie looking out the window, then down at her legs and he began wondering what was going to come of all this. Maybe she just wanted to get away from a loud party for a while. Maybe she wanted to get a little fresh air. Maybe she—

Charlie stopped.

He then did one of the most daring things he'd ever done in his life—he thought, *maybe she just likes me!*

She pulled up in front of the four-story building in which Charlie had a two-and-a-half room apartment on the third floor.

"This is it," he said as he opened the apart-

ment door for her.

"Here—sit down," he said, taking a shirt off the sofa.

She sat down, crossing her magnificent legs so her skirt hiked up again and Charlie's insides were getting more uncomfortable by the minute.

"Scotch and a little water, right?" he asked her.

"Please," she said.

He went into the cupboard-kitchen, emptied an ice-tray and fixed drinks for them both.

"Do you like plants?" she asked him when he handed her the drink and sat a couple of feet from her on the sofa.

"Plants?"

She nodded, sipped at her drink.

"I guess so," he said.

"It would make the room warmer," she said.

"I'd be too lazy to water them every day," he told her.

"Oh, they don't take that much caring," she said. "Rubber trees, for example, they go for a long time after a good watering."

THIS was a hell of a conversation to be having, Charlie thought. Legs like that, a beauty like her, and they were talking about plants for his living room.

Charlie finished his drink, put the glass on a small end table.

"Is this your own furniture?" she asked him. "Or is it furnished?"

"It's my stuff," he said. "I got a lot of it from my own house, I mean where I was brought up."

"Here in Topeka?" she asked.

Charlie nodded. He remembered Mr. Barth's words again. "You go and get what you want."

All he had to lose was his job. It was well worth the gamble, he figured.

Charlie moved over, put an arm around Kate's shoulder and kissed her gently on the mouth.

She said a funny thing Charlie had never heard a woman say after a kiss. She said, "Thank you." And she kissed him back, placing her own glass down on the other end table so she could wrap both her arms around his neck. Charlie pulled her body in against him. He could feel the softness of her breasts and then her legs moving against his legs.

Charlie took her face between his hands and kissed her for a long time, slowly moving his tongue into her mouth.

When he stopped, he saw her smiling brightly as if that kiss had opened a door in her where all the joy was.

"Oh, I'm glad I'm here with you, Charlie," she said. "So very glad—"

He undid the two buttons on the front of her dress. She stood up so he could remove it, stepping out of it when it fell down around her ankles.

She undid her bra, tossed it away.

They were both smiling in the happiest and slightly surprised way.

"Beautiful," Charlie said quietly.

He watched her remove the rest of her clothes.

When she stood naked before him, Charlie said, "You've got the most beautiful body I've ever seen."

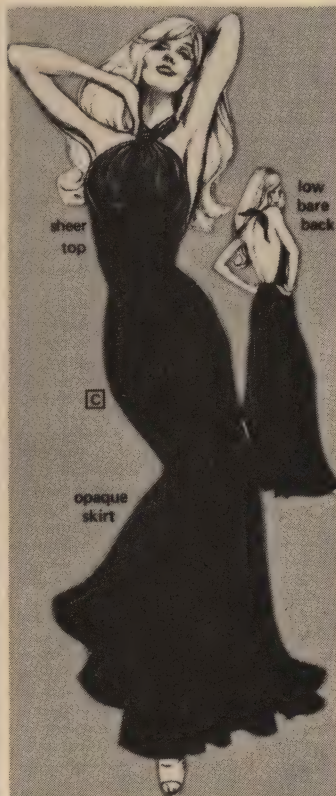
"That's a nice thing to say."

"Not nice. True," he said.



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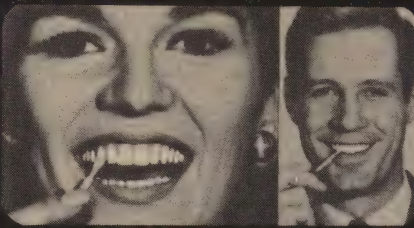
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"It's my turn to undress you," Kate said. She undid the first three buttons of his shirt and kissed his bare chest. She looked up at him and smiled at him without saying anything.

Charlie was feeling as good as he had ever felt in his life, and could hardly believe what was happening.

When she finally got him undressed, Charlie led her into the small bedroom and again she said something that surprised the hell out of him.

KATE looked around a few moments, pressed his hand and said, "I'm going to love this room, Charlie. I'm sure of it."

Everything she said or did gave Charlie more confidence.

She sat down on the bed, then stretched out slowly on it.

She beckoned to him with the tips of her fingers, her arms outstretched to receive him, and they wrapped around his body when he placed himself over her and in the easiest way in the world. They began to make love as if they'd been lovers for years, Charlie was that comfortable with her, and when she cried out happily beneath him, thrusting herself up at him.

"I haven't felt like this for years," she said after they'd finished and were silent for a while in each other's arms. "I don't think I believed there were still feelings like this left in the world." She took one of his hands, kissed the palm. "Oh, thank you, dear Charlie," she said. She laughed, shook her head. "I hereby declare this a holiday for just you and me, Charlie, because I'm a woman again. Can this be our holiday? Can it?"

"I'll set out the flags," he said.

"We don't need flags," Kate said. "That's why it's so wonderful."

"Can I see you again?" Charlie asked.

"I would have hit you over the head with a chair if you hadn't asked me that," she said.

"When?"

She thought for a moment.

"Mark has poker games every Tuesday and Thursday nights," she said. She laughed. It wasn't the happy kind of laughter now. Charlie could see the glad eyes turn sad now as she spoke.

"I'm sure every card in the deck has a skirt on," she said. "Poor Mark. He has to prove himself over and over and he always ends up proving nothing."

She sat up and said, "We'd better get back to that party."

THEY both dressed quickly.

At the door, she put her arms around Charlie's neck and said, "I'm so happy you don't have to prove anything at all."

They didn't talk much on the way back.

Charlie did tell her he liked her legs and he liked them especially in black the way they were now.

She smiled.

She said, "Then I'll just always keep them in black for you. O.K.?"

"Very O.K.," said Charlie.

When they pulled in behind the trucks and the loading platform, Kate turned off the ignition and the lights and said, "Tuesday night O.K.?"

"Best night in the week," said Charlie.

"Good." Then: "One more."

He kissed her again.

The party had thinned out, but was still going strong.

Practically everyone was very high or completely drunk. They did not see Mr. Barth anywhere.

Charlie got drinks for them. They sat down at a desk in the corner, drank and talked and touched.

Then Mr. Barth made his appearance. His tie was hanging out of his pocket. His hair was slightly mussed. He came over to where Charlie and his wife were seated.

"Well, I'm glad Charlie here kept you entertained, dear," he said to his wife. To Charlie he winked and said, "A hell of a party!"

"Goodnight, Charlie," Kate said. She pressed his hand hard.

Charlie watched her walk out with her husband.

The following day, Mr. Barth came out on the loading platform, took Charlie by the arm, led him off into a corner and they both sat down on crates.

"Charlie—what a hell of a time I had last night at the party," Mr. Barth said. He laughed, shook his head, placed both hands on his knees, leaning forward.

"You know that little redhead I hired a couple of months ago to help Linda with the books? You know—the one with the big breasts—"

"I know who you mean," Charlie said.

Mr. Barth lowered his voice and said, "Last night at the party, I got her off into my office and, Charlie, that little girl has a body that knows more tricks than a barrel of monkeys. Man! I could hardly believe some of the stuff she did. We were in there for practically the whole party. Just *fantastic!* You ought to make a play for her. She'll give you one hell of a time, Charlie, believe a man who knows!"

The following Tuesday, Kate Barth brought three huge plants to Charlie's apartment.

And in a month's time, his apartment started to look like a jungle.

Kate not only brought the plants and small trees—she also took care of them.

SHE brought Charlie little things for the house that didn't look like much. But all put together, they made the apartment a much warmer place to be in than it had ever been and Charlie thanked her many times both in and out of bed.

Their times together became better and better.

"Promise," he said.

He didn't ask her why and he didn't know why either. All he did know was that their times together were happier than anything he'd ever known with a woman.

Mr. Barth continued to tell Charlie his stories. He also continued to ride him about being as quiet as he was and telling him he wouldn't know about this or that.

A couple of times Charlie was tempted to say, "Maybe you wouldn't know about this or that..." But he didn't say it.

It was funny, but Mr. Barth with all his kidding and riding, had taught Charlie one of the most important things a man could know: that you should never think you can't get the best woman in town.

Charlie had her. •••

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BIG BUSINESS! LATEST 'BLITZ' TO WRECK

(Continued from page 37)

he had to leave his job.

Now the interesting thing about this case isn't the behavior of the construction company. No business really gives a damn about the safety of its working men—not if it's going to cost money. What's really significant about the Lake Huron case is that the offense—the debris—was so apparent. It was there for anyone to see.

Certainly it should have been by the state safety inspectors. And those inspectors should have forced the company to clean up. But nothing happened. "The whole project was full of negligence," Roubaud said. "I am just amazed that the horrible working conditions did not cause something like this a long time ago."

If anyone was to blame for the 22 deaths, therefore, it was as much if not more the fault of the state. The state inspectors, what there were of them, didn't do the job.

The question now is how would you feel if your life or safety was in the hands of those inspectors? Or in the hands of states that let businesses get away with fragrant safety and health violations?

Well, if the federal government and its big business buddies have their way, it's about to happen. In defiance of Congress, the labor unions—and decency—the Administration is about to turn over the responsibility for overseeing your job safety and health to the states. And this only two years after Congress took that responsibility away from the states because they were doing such an abominable job.

THE move is almost certain to get people killed or injured, perhaps even you. In the two years that the federal government has had responsibility for safety, it hasn't exactly built a record that is a shining monument to good government. But at least it has helped check the fantastic increase in the death and injury rate that the states had chalked up before Congress ordered the federal government to step in.

In the ten years before the Occupational Health and Safety Act went into effect in April 1971, the death rate rose from 13,500 a year to 14,500 a year. The injury rate went from 11.4 disabling injuries per million man-hours to 14.6 per million man-hours.

That means that seven men were dying each working hour of the eight-hour work day. Or 56 men a day. Another 20 million workers were injured on the job each year, with more than 2.2 million of them suffering temporary disabling injuries while 250,000 were permanently disabled.

The federal government didn't lower that figure, but it managed to halt the annual increase. Pressure from labor unions had a lot to do with this (about which more later), but even so it was clear that though acting under pressure, the federal government was in fact doing a better job than the states.

But now the Administration is going to cave into another kind of pressure—from the Big Business moguls who bankrolled the election campaign.

A few days before election day—a significant date—the man who heads the federal safety agency, assistant Labor Secretary George C. Guenther, revealed that the Administration had a new plan to permit the "great majority" of the states to operate their own job safety and health programs without the government first certifying that those programs were "at least as effective" as the federal program.

Those are the key words—"at least as effective." Under the 1971 law, Congress permitted the government to turn over safety enforcement to the states only if they met that standard. But in an apparent direction violation of that Congressional edict, the Administration decided it was going to turn over enforcement to the states anyway.

You probably didn't hear about that when it was revealed. But you can bet your life—and you may have to—that the Big Business moguls got the message. They should have because it was clearly intended for them.

"This was the break we've been waiting for," one businessman confided at the time. "The unions had the Labor Department [which administers the federal safety program] under the gun on this. If enforcement is now diffused throughout the states, it'll be much more difficult for the unions to scrutinize. There won't be just one agency they can pressure. There'll be 50 agencies they'll have to deal with."

Obviously, the new policy is a major setback for working men. Anything the business moguls push for so hard can't be any help at all to the workers who really keep those businesses going. But considering the success the corporate fat-cats have had in pressuring the Administration—and most previous administrations—the setback shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone.

If you doubt it, just look at some recent history.

ONE of the first major acts of the Administration after President Nixon took office in 1969 was to postpone enforcement of new safety and health regulations the previous administration had proposed just before leaving office. In those days, under the old Walsh-Healy Act (which had been passed in the 1930's) the federal government was responsible for safety standards only in firms it did business with. The new regulations would have tightened up on what was fast becoming a national scandal—the soaring accident rate.

The new rules themselves dealt with only the most obvious hazards—fire, deadly air contaminants, radiation, gas fumes, exposed machinery and the like. For years the rules had been commonplace in all the other major industrial nations—everywhere but in the U.S. Nevertheless, when the National Assn. of Manufacturers bitched about them, the new men in Washington immediately set the pattern for what would prove to be its standard practice on worker safety.

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Over the next year-and-a-half, the labor movement mounted its greatest Congressional drive in more than 30 years for a new safety and health law. In fact, the outcry was so great that it became apparent Congress would definitely take some action. "The industrial safety problem is far more serious than crime in the streets," Ralph Nader observed at the time. "In some blue-collar neighborhoods you find people without arms, fingers or legs. It's like Dusseldorf after the war."

Recognizing that it couldn't entirely smother the outcry for reform, the administration shrewdly decided to get behind a compromise bill being pushed by Big Business. The fat cats knew that some new law was inevitable, but they were fighting as hard as they could to water down that new law as much as possible, to turn it into nothing but a public relations stunt that would allow Congressmen to seem to vote for safety reform while in reality they would be voting for a toothless bill.

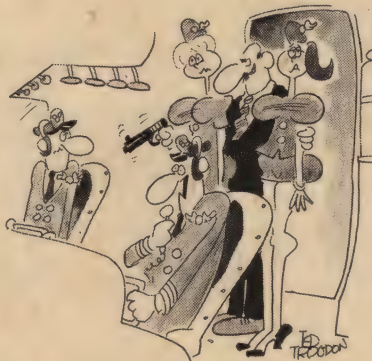
The toothless bill the administration recommended—and fought for—would have allowed it to create a five-man board that would have been appointed by the President.

The unions instantly recognized this for what it was—an incredible sham. They knew that an such board would easily be dominated by industry and would be no more effective in enforcing a new law than the government had been in enforcing the old Walsh-Healy law.

Under that law, for example, federal inspectors had found that 90 percent of the 75,000 federal contractors had serious safety and health violations in their plants. Yet Labor Dept. records showed that between

1963 and 1968, only 154 complaints had been brought against these 75,000 firms, and of these, only 15 firms had been penalized in any way. The Nixon administration's record in its first year was no better, so obviously the unions weren't going to entrust enforcement to any group appointed by the administration. Not so long as the fat-cats control who gets appointed to federal regulatory agencies.

THE unions were lucky. It proved to be a good time to fight for safety reform. The unions found Congress receptive to its argu-



"He's demanding 3 parachutes, an air drop over the isle of Boola-Boola and three years' supply of birth-control pills."

ment that working men were literally being slaughtered on their jobs, and a tough law was passed giving the power of enforcement to the Labor Dept., where the unions wanted it. They wanted it there because they knew that no matter how pro-business any administration might be, the Labor Dept. was likely to remain the one union bastion in Washington.

What the unions didn't figure on was how clever the administration would prove to be.

The administration's first response to the new law was to ignore it. It simply decided not to enforce it—at least not for a while. And for a while, it got away with this.

As columnist Jack Anderson pointed out, six months after the law went into effect its provisions still hadn't been acted on. In that time period, the government was supposed to have created a National Institute for Occupational Health and Safety to develop safety and health standards. But the effective date for its creation (as ordered by Congress) came and went with nothing being done.

In that time period, an estimated 6000 workers died in industrial accidents, 900,000 were disabled and 160,000 were stricken with occupational diseases. Some 1700 persons died from these diseases.

The stalling tactic wasn't new to the administration. It had successfully done the same thing with the Coal Mining Safety Act passed a year earlier. In fact, several Congressmen had to go to court to get the administration to publish standards setting the permissible levels of methane gas and coal dust in the mines. Under the law, the Administration was supposed to publish such information almost immediately. It took a law suit,



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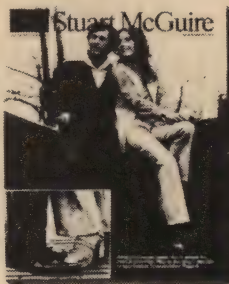


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however, to get the data.

In the first year of the coal mining law, inspectors issued 2,300 citations for mine safety violations. The administration's response was to stall on these also. Although each violation was punishable by fines of up to \$10,000, not one fine was levied.

Another tactic the administration used to impede enforcement of both new laws was to stall on the hiring of inspectors. Under Walsh-Healy, the government had fielded a force of 400 inspectors to check out those 75,000 government contractors. The new Occupational Health and Safety Law gave the Labor Dept. responsibility for safety and health in 3,960,000 places of business employing 57 million workers. Yet in the first year of the new law, fewer than 100 men were added to the inspection force. That gave each inspector—or "compliance officer" as they're called—a mere 7200 places of business to regulate each year.

"With one inspector for every 7200 work places, a lot of inspection is never going to take place," Sen. Harrison Williams (D-N.J.) said at the time, in one of the cleverer understatement.

"The jet set has 1,200 sky marshals at work to keep expensive airlines from going to Cuba," added George Taylor, executive secretary of the AFL-CIO Health and Safety Committee. "But 57 million workers will have less than 500 inspectors."

THINGS were just as bad in the mines. The Bureau of Mines was supposed to have hired 1000 inspectors by the end of the first year of the law. It had only 251 inspectors in the field and 52 supervisors.

Congress was so outraged by the administration's non-enforcement of the law, that it ordered the General Accounting Office—its investigatory arm—to look into the matter. The GAO found that only 31 per cent of the required mining inspections had been made in the first year, and only one per cent of the health inspections.

The GAO also found that the Bureau had failed to use its power to close mines guilty of repeated violations, and that inspectors had been "at times extremely lenient, confusing, uncertain and inequitable" about safety enforcement. What's more, the Bureau had allowed mine owners to turn in erroneous data and hadn't made the owners begin taking required dust samplings. Finally, the GAO reported, the Bureau was ignoring provisions of the law that required mine operators to submit plans for ventilation, roof control and emergency procedures.

Given such a performance, it was no surprise that Ralph Nader concluded after the first year of the Occupational Health and Safety Law that despite "its rhetorical concern for the blue-collar voter," the administration was in reality a partner with industry in "massive destruction of workers' bodies."

A special study by Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law added new documentation about this partnership with human destruction. Among the study's findings were these:

- The first 5000 inspections made under the new law had turned up 19,000 violations. Yet the average fine per violation was only \$18.

- Although the law specifically prohibits giving business places advance warning of inspections the Labor Dept. nevertheless decreed "sweeping regulations" permitting

advance notice, thus mocking the intent of the law and the testimony of workers describing the abuses of advance notice. Hence in many instances companies will be able to mount a temporary clean-up before the inspector arrives.

- The White House had directly intervened in blocking enforcement of the law when the Office of Management and Budget asked to screen regulations "which would be expected to impose significant costs" on private industry.

- At the rate it was working, it would take the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health more than 1000 years to set standards on the basic list of 15,000 toxic substances used in industry.

- The Labor Dept. had issued guidelines undermining a key provision of the law—that a representative of the workers accompany any federal inspector around his working place. That provision had been intended to allow the representative to point out hazards the company might have been temporarily covering up, as well as to guarantee that the boss didn't slip the inspector enough "grease" so that he would deliberately ignore hazards.

AT about the same time the Nader report came out, a key union safety official, Peter Bommarito, head of the AFL-CIO's Health and Safety Committee, added still more evidence about the back-scratching going on between Big Business and the administration.

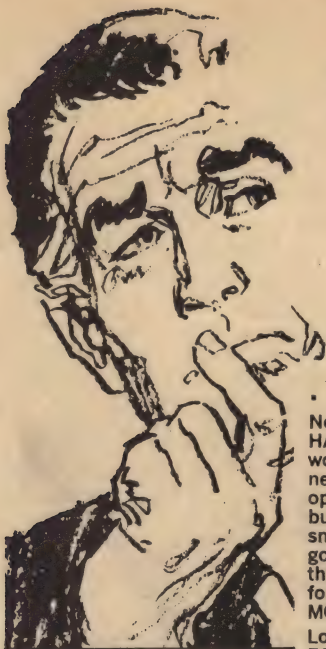
According to Bommarito, scientists had clearly identified nine industrial substances known to cause cancer. The Labor Dept. knew what these substances were, Bommarito said, and under the law were supposed to begin taking steps to eliminate them from factories and businesses. But instead of doing so, Bommarito said, federal health officials allowed production of those chemicals to continue, and in fact deliberately removed four of them from the list of hazardous substances the government was required to identify under the law.

Even where chemicals had been identified by the Labor Dept. as toxic, Bommarito went on, nothing had been done to enforce the department's own standards. As a typical consequence, workers at just one plant alone—the Manville building materials factory in New Jersey—had suffered 500 cases of lung cancer and 50 cases of mesothelioma, a particularly insidious body cancer. All this from inhaling asbestos.

Other labor officials did an update on Nader's study of penalties and found that the cost of violating the law had gone up for the corporate fat-cats. Instead of paying only \$18 per violation, the fat-cats were now having to pay a staggering \$23. Imagine that: a million-dollar company being fined 23 bucks for an offense that could cost a man his life. In fact, some companies were fined as little as six bucks for health and safety violations.

The Labor Dept. was so embarrassed when these figures were publicized that it immediately announced it was raising the minimum fine to a stupendous \$25. That'll really scare the Big Business fat-cats!

The ugly part of all this is that the safety standards decreed by the Labor Dept. are those industry itself has said should be put into effect. The department didn't take the suggestion of unions on what the standards



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should be, it went instead to various industry associations and said: "Listen, what are you advising your member companies to do?" Obviously, the industry associations weren't advising their members to spend a lot of money on health and safety improvements. Nevertheless, it was these standards that the Labor Dept. made mandatory under the law.

INCREDIBLY, despite this, and despite the limp enforcement of these standards, business moguls have mounted a massive campaign against the new law. They have done so for two reasons:

One—Even though the Labor Department hasn't hired anywhere near the number of inspectors it was supposed to, those inspectors have been hitting business places left and right with violations. The inspectors found, for example, a total of 19,578 violations, in the first 5000 plants they inspected. Even if the fines for those violations are small, the businesses usually find themselves under public and union pressure to correct the abuses once those abuses are publicized. Clearly, then, the corporate fat-cats would favor any policy that would cut down on the number of violations found. They know they're not going to get the inspectors to do this (amazingly, the inspectors have proved to be highly independent of their political bosses in Washington), so the fat-cats have been squeezing the administration to find another way to squelch enthusiastic inspectors and to take the heat off from the new law. The administration has responded by proposing a state takeover of safety enforcement.

Two—The corporate moguls are also fearful that the continual criticism of the Labor Dept. by the unions will have an effect. In the second year of the new law, the businessmen noticed that a few major decisions didn't go in their favor, primarily because the unions singled out those decisions to mobilize behind. The fat-cats therefore reasoned that the best bet for them is to return control over safety and health to the states. Traditionally, businessmen have been able to keep state legislators, and state regulators dancing like puppets, whereas unions have concentrated their fire in Washington. "If enforcement goes back to the states," one businessman predicted, "we'll save hundreds of millions."

He didn't mention how many lives would be lost.

ONE indication of just how many lives are at stake was given by a secret report on job facilities in New York State. The report disclosed that 343 workers had died on the job in the state in 1968. Of these, 58 died because of direct criminal violations of safety laws. Yet of these 58 cases, only six employers received any penalty at all. In each case the penalty was a small fine.

And New York is considered one of the better states when it comes to safety and health enforcement.

A group of 15 distinguished scientists summed up the problem with state enforcement very nicely a couple of years ago. The group knew that asbestos workers have a life-span one-third shorter than the rest of us; That tunnel workers and toll booth atten-

dants suffer from a respiratory disease rate that's ten times higher than the population average; That workers subject to loud noises suffer from twice the nervous disorders of other employees.

They also knew that more than 100,000 of the nation's one million textile workers suffer from byssinosis, a serious lung disorder commonly known as brown lung disease. They knew that coal miners died from black lung disease at an average age of 42. And they knew that the deaths of 55 workers every day from such safety lapses as no guard rails, shorted wires and the like was a truly staggering figure.

Most importantly, as they pointed out, the scientists knew that the states had more game wardens than safety inspectors. "Elk and deer are better protected than working men and women," the scientists said.

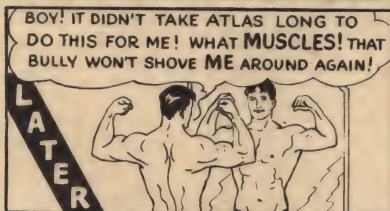
And so they pleaded with Congress not to allow the states to be left responsible for health and safety enforcement. For this they gave a very good reason.

"Eighty million working people," the scientists said, "spend an average of 40 hours a week in some of the most polluted, physically hazardous and physically devastating environments known anywhere." ...



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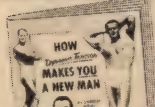
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NITRO TRUCK

(Continued from page 31)

when the mudslide had come. Now as I clawed helplessly at the mud wall with my bare hands, the screams seemed to come again and again: "Bill! Oh, my God—", "Dad! Help—", "Dad—! But of course the mud slide had silenced the voices of my wife and boys inside the cave. These screams were only echoes in my mind.

For several minutes I was possessed by a wild, feverish fury, scooping out great handfuls of mud and rock from the enormous mound. My fingernails were quickly torn and bloodied, my hands scraped raw. And as fast as I dug, more sliding mud and rock slithered down the cliff face, sealing the cave tight. I don't know how long I remained there helplessly trying to tunnel through—I had lost all sense of time—but eventually I collapsed from exhaustion.

It was only then, I think, that the full impact of it hit me: *My family had been buried alive in a remote cave in the Andes Mountains country of Peru!*

There was no way I could hope to free them by myself. I now realized it would take dynamite to blast through the mud wall—and the only place I could hope to find help was in a small village we had passed through earlier, some 25 miles back over treacherous, flooded dirt roads. I knew there was a chance, a slim chance, that my wife and sons were still alive in the cave. Massive as the mudslide had been, there were possibly minute porous spots through which air could pass into the cave. So, difficult as it would be to leave them, I knew I had to return to the village if they were to have any chance of being rescued.

Even knowing that, it took all the will power I could summon to walk away from the cave to the parked Jeep, wheel it around, and drive away. I had no fear that I would be unable to recognize the spot if and when I returned, because an uprooted tree that had forced us to stop and seek shelter during the sudden flash-flood rains that descended without warning, lay across the road in front of the cave.

The Jeep's headlights penetrated feebly into the solid, gusting sheets of rain as I headed back toward the distant village. I had my hands full guiding the vehicle through deep ruts and puddles. As the Jeep slowed around the curves, I couldn't help but think how much the way things were turning out differed from the expectations my family and I had when we left Shreveport, Louisiana for South America two weeks earlier. . . .

MY WIFE, Janet, the two boys—Will, 8 years old, and Jerry, 6—and I had lived in Shreveport for the past four years. We had moved there soon after I finished serving a hitch with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. I had found a job in Shreveport as a heavy crane operator on a road-building project. When the job was almost completed, I got a chance to go to work for a South American oil company which was putting up a headquarters camp in Peru—complete with landing strip for planes—in the area

of the Andes Mountains between Lima and Iquitos.

Janet had encouraged me to take the job. She thought it would be a good experience for the family to join me in Peru for the two years the job was to last. The oil company paid our way to Lima, and there had bought a Jeep for the trip out to the oil camp.

Normally, it wouldn't have been a particularly bad journey. Most of the trip would be over the paved Trans-Andean Highway which runs 526 miles from Lima inland to Pucallpa. Halfway, between the two points was a dirt road cutoff, which led to the oil camp some 75 miles away near the shadow of the towering Andes Mountains. As we had anticipated, we had no trouble on the highway itself. Even the dirt road we turned on to wasn't all that rough, and when we had covered approximately 25 miles we came to a small village, called Maranon—which means "maze" in Spanish.

THERE was a filling station in the village, a hotel and bar and a few wooden buildings. The area was mostly farming and cattle-raising country, and most of the people, some of them Europeans, lived on ranches and farms surrounding the village. On the main street of the village were many native Peruvian Indians, Achuals and Shipibos, wearing feathers and face paint, who were offering ornaments and small animals for sale.

Will and Jerry stared wide-eyed at the Indians and kept begging me to buy something from the natives.

"I think it will be all right," Janet said and we purchased a couple of armbands for each of the boys and a fiber necklace for her. After we had filled the Jeep's gas tanks, we headed on up the dirt road toward the oil camp which lay some fifty miles distant. It was late afternoon by then and sky was beginning to cloud over. I had still hoped to make the camp before full dark.

We were about 15 miles or so beyond the village when the first big drops of rain splattered against the windshield. I felt my first stirrings of anxiety at the thought of the road turning into a sea of mud. But I figured it was only a passing shower and we kept going.

That was a serious mistake. Within the next few minutes we were suddenly swamped by a deluge, and before we had covered another 10 miles I could scarcely see through the windshield.

I had slowed the jeep to a crawl. Which was lucky because less than a quarter of a mile further along the road we rolled right up to a giant mapacu tree that had been blown over in the storm, blocking our path. I killed the jeep's engine and we sat for a moment listening to the rain drumming on the roof.

"Are we lost, Dad?" Jerry asked in a frightened voice from the rear of the Jeep.

"Oh, no, Son," I said, "it's all right." I wanted to reassure him, and Janet and Will as well. But I didn't really feel all that confident.



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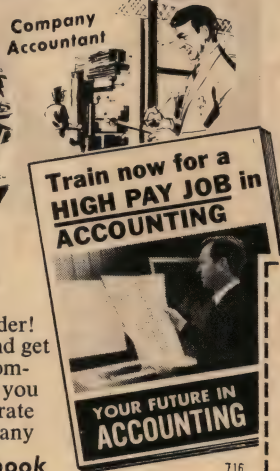
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I was just reaching to turn off the Jeep's headlights when I spotted an opening in the side of the cliff above us. I had been watching the water rising along the dirt road which formed a kind of gully between the cliffs. I was worried that if the rain kept up it would soon turn the road into a river and all four of us might be in danger of drowning. I had already considered pulling the Jeep off the road onto higher ground and taking the family part way up the cliff so we would be above the rising water. When I spotted the opening to what looked like a small cave in the cliff face, I decided it would be worth investigating. But I still didn't want to alarm Janet and the boys with thoughts of flood danger.

"I'm going to take a look at that opening up there," I told them, taking a flashlight. "Be careful, Bill," Janet said.

I nodded and crawled out of the Jeep. I was shocked to find the water was almost up to my knees. I waded across the road and climbed up to the dark opening, where I shone the flashlight's beam inside. The cave was small, an empty hollow in the side of the cliff. It was high enough up to be safe from the waters below and the interior was dry. I went back to the Jeep.

"I found a good place for us to camp," I told the family as I started the Jeep and drove onto higher ground opposite the cave. "We'll have dry shelter in there. We'll just wait until the rain ends."

The boys thought it was a lark, and helped me move some camping supplies from the Jeep to the cave. But I could see that Janet wasn't fooled by my words. She knew I was afraid we'd be caught in a flood and swept away.

It didn't take long to transfer our sleeping

bags, some food supplies we'd brought along and extra canteens of water to the cave. We'd camped together frequently in the past, so this didn't seem to be so unusual. We spread our sleeping bags around, and Janet opened a couple of cans of food. I remembered then that I had a large battery-operated lantern in the back of the Jeep, and went back to get it. Then, suddenly, the mud slide came. . . .

NOW, as I gunned the Jeep along the flooded road back to the village of Maranon, my thoughts were a gray blur. Most of the journey was a tortured trip through a darkened, rain-soaked nightmare. Several times along the way the Jeep got stuck in the mud and I had to put tree branches under the wheels and jockey the vehicle back and forth to get it going again. Dawn came before I finally reached the village.

No one was stirring in Maranon that early in the morning. I went to the hotel and had to keep banging on the door and shouting before I roused the proprietor, an elderly bearded South American named Hanchez, who spoke English with a heavy Spanish accent. As soon as I began trying to explain my problem to him, other people who worked at the hotel, including a couple of full-blooded Peruvian Indians, and Hanchez's wife, appeared. They seemed to be sympathetic but didn't quite comprehend what I wanted.

"Your wife and little ones," Hanchez said, "they are in this cave, no? And you cannot get them out, si?"

"That's right," I replied as patiently as I could. "I need dynamite, TNT, to blast

through. Is there anybody in town who can help me?"

I kept repeating the words, "dynamite" and "TNT" over and over again until Hanchez eventually nodded and said, "There is a man who has what you seek. Senor Rilke. He has a ranch not far from here."

Hanchez then told me that this man, Emil Rilke, had nitroglycerine on his place to keep his wells cleared out. But I sensed the hotel proprietor's reluctance to take me to the ranch. He kept shaking his head and muttering that Rilke wouldn't give me what I wanted. I kept pleading. Eventually Hanchez's wife nudged him and said something very fast in Spanish, and Hanchez sighed and nodded to me, "Amigo, I show you the way out to the ranch but you must not tell Senor Rilke I brought you."

I agreed, and Hanchez went out behind the hotel and got into a battered pickup truck. I followed him in the Jeep, out through the farms beyond the village until we reached a spacious pasture with cattle grazing near the road. There was a gravel drive, fenced-in, leading up to a large stone house—easily the most imposing-looking residence I had seen in these parts.

Hanchez, in the pickup, gave a toot of his horn when we reached the gate in the fence. He pointed to the house and quickly turned his truck, heading back toward the village. I drove the Jeep through the gate and up to the front of the stone house. Before I could get out, a pack of snarling dogs—mostly Doberman pinschers—surrounded the Jeep. There was no other sign of life around. I leaned forward and pressed down on the horn, keeping my hand there until a man came out of the house.

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EMIL Rilke was a huge blond giant of a man, German or Dutch I guessed. He was scowling as he stepped from the door and glared at me through the steadily falling rain.

"Senor Rilke," I shouted, rolling down a window, "may I talk to you please? There's been a serious accident. My family's in danger and I need your help."

"Who are you?" Rilke asked. "Why did you come here?"

"I'm an American, I said, "My name's Benedict, William Benedict. I just came here to South America to work at the oil camp in the interior. My wife and two boys are trapped in a cave about 25 miles from here. Will you help me?"

"I can't help you," Rilke said curtly.

"Please let me explain to you," I pleaded.

"I'll pay you, the company will pay you. Don't you understand? *My family will die!* At least let me talk to you."

Rilke shrugged and grunted, "Come in the house."

I waited until he had put leashes on the dogs and tied them up. Then I followed Rilke into the house.

Inside, we went to a large room hung with trophies and guns. There were mounted heads of animals on the wall along with a rack of rifles and shotguns; a pot of coffee and a bottle of brandy on a table next to the large leather chair in which Rilke sat down, motioning me to a chair across from him.

"That's quite a collection of weapons you have," I said, gazing at the wall.

"All loaded and ready to fire," Rilke said warily. "A place like this can be very tempting to those who become envious of success. It discourages intruders."

I quickly showed him my passport and other identification papers so he would listen to my story undistracted by thoughts that I was a thief. He appeared to be satisfied, and sat back in his chair, drinking coffee and brandy—neither of which he offered me—while I told him of my family trapped in the cave by the mud slide, and how I needed dynamite or some such device to blast through the wall of mud.

When I had finished, Rilke leaned forward. "I cannot help you," he said stubbornly. And his next words shocked me like a slap in the face: "You Americans are always making a mess of things, always blundering into

things you would do better to stay out of, always wanting your own way. I don't like you, Herr Benedict, nor any of your kind."

"Look," I said. "I'm not asking you to like me. I'll need dynamite or nitroglycerine. A place like this, you must have some around. I'll pay you, only please help me."

"Yes, I have some explosives out in the store house," he said and he seemed to relish telling me this, "but it takes an expert to handle it properly. You are no expert, I'd guess, and neither am I. The answer is no."

"What you really mean, *Herr Rilke*," I said slowly, "is that you don't want to help me."

Rilke shrugged and turned to pour himself more coffee and brandy. I moved with a speed and suddenness that surprised him—and me. Knocking my chair over backwards as I leaped forward, I snatched a shotgun from the wall rack and aimed it at his belly. I could see the flicker of fear in his eyes as he stared up the barrel.

"Get up," I said harshly. "Take me out to the store house and let's get that dynamite."

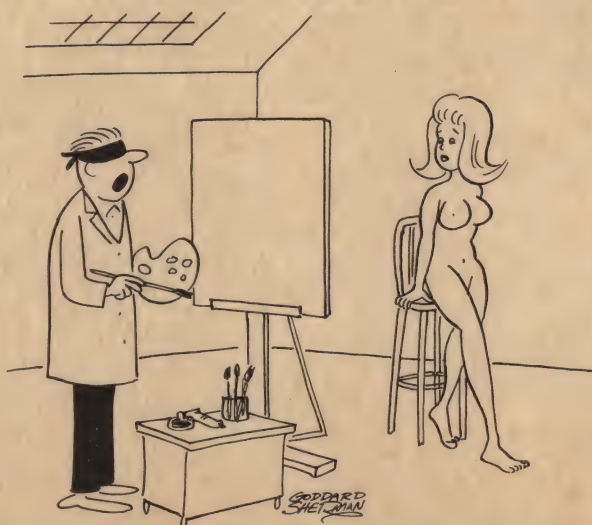
He didn't move. I fired the shotgun and blew away one arm of the leather chair inches from his shoulder, leaving the chair stuffing and springs exposed. Rilke's face turned dead white.

"Get up," I said, "now! Or the next blast goes into your gut."

He stood and I motioned him away from the chair and yanked open a drawer in the table. There was a loaded Luger in the drawer, several rounds of bullets and shotgun shells. I stuck the gun in my belt and shoved the extra bullets and shells into my pockets.

The sun was just coming up as Rilke led me across the grounds to the store house. The dogs continued the snarling and howling they'd started at the sound of the shotgun blast. There seemed to be no one else about on the ranch—what I'd expected of a man as distrustful as Rilke. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, though, because by that time I was desperate enough to kill anyone who tried to interfere with my efforts to free my family.

There was a supply of dynamite sticks and liquid nitroglycerine in the store house. I kept the shotgun on Rilke while I gathered up a dozen sticks of TNT, with fuses attached, and took two vials of the colorless explosive liquid. I also picked up several lengths of lead pipe I found there—which



"Don't you think you're carrying this modesty thing a little too far?"

I knew, from construction jobs I had worked on, could be used in pouring nitroglycerine. I also picked up several lengths of stout cord before we left the place. Then I marched Rilke out to the Jeep, past the frenzied dogs who strained at their leashes to get at me.

At the Jeep, still holding the shotgun on Rilke, I improvised a small sling to cradle the vials of highly explosive nitro from the vehicle's jolts and bumps. I wedged the sticks of TNT into the rear seat.

"You're a fool, Herr Benedict," Rilke said contemptuously when I had finished. "One wrong bump and, boom, the dynamite, the car and you are done for."

"You'd better hope not," I said. Grabbing him, I tied his hands and feet, and flung him into the Jeep. I got in and gunned the engine hard. I had the shot gun next to me, and the Luger where I could grab it. The dogs were still howling as we pulled away from the ranch.

Up until the moment I tied Rilke and shoved him into the Jeep, I don't think it ever occurred to him that I meant to take him with me. But it had been part of my plan all along because I suspected that, despite what he'd said, he knew a lot more about explosives than I did.

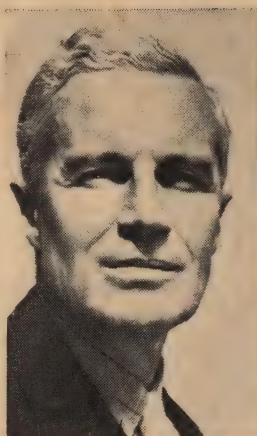
It was still pouring rain as we drove back through the village and got on the road toward the cave. We rode in silence but Rilke kept glancing nervously over his shoulder at the dynamite and nitro. We had gone less than a mile when I saw that the water had risen several inches on the road. There was real danger that the engine might flood and stall. And the rain continued to fall. I had to keep the car slowed to a snail's pace to avoid the washed-out holes in the road which, if hit going too fast, could set off the TNT. The hours passed with agonizing slowness.

Eventually the engine got hot and the radiator was close to boiling over. I stopped, got water from the road in an empty canteen and filled the radiator. Then we went on, this time faster, despite the danger. Rilke was sweating fear as the Jeep lurched in and out of deep potholes, stirring up the liquid nitro. I remembered this stretch—we were on the worst mile of the road to the cave.

"For God's sake!" Rilke finally shouted. "Stop! Stop! Before you blow us both to hell. This is a bad section. Let me out. I'll walk ahead of the car and try to show you the level ground."

I shrugged and nodded and untied his feet. He slid out the door and began walking ahead through the water and mud. I kept the shotgun trained on him from the Jeep window as I followed, turning the vehicle from one side to the other while he tried to find the most level ground. At the end of the mile the road smoothed out again. Rilke climbed back into the Jeep wordlessly. He was soaked.

I pushed the Jeep faster. I could feel the rear end skidding back and forth on the turns. I could imagine the nitro moving around in the vials. One skid too many, too much agitation of the liquid, and it would obliterate us. My arms and back ached from the tension. Rilke's face glistened with sweat. Neither of us spoke. We covered another couple of miles and then it came: an ear-splitting explosion—or at least it sounded like one—and I almost lost control of the Jeep. I tensed—waiting to feel my body blown apart. But when I turned, I saw the



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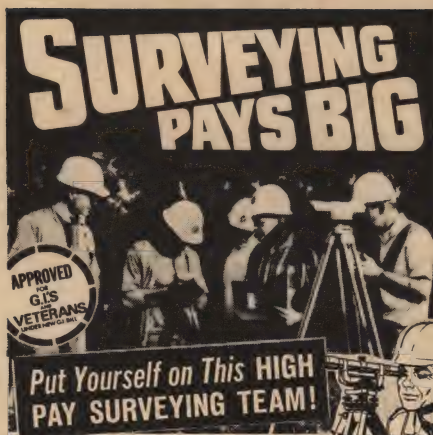
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nitro still secure in the seat, the dynamite sticks still resting where I'd placed them. I killed the engine.

Rilke began laughin hysterically, almost sobbing out: "It's a tire. We blew a tire."

And that was it. That was all it was.

I got out of the Jeep, pulled Rilke out, and began looking for something to support the jack under the rear axle so I could change the blown-out tire. It took a long time to find the large, flat stones on which I rested the jack, and I cursed my luck as I cranked the car up. I made Rilke steady the jack and finally I got the tire changed. Both of us were smeared with mud when we climbed back into the Jeep and started off again.

The further we went along the road the deeper the water got. It was almost like a small river in the center of the road where the dirt had washed away. I began driving farther and farther over toward the shoulder until the Jeep was moving at a very precarious angle. Once more Rilke protested.

"You are insane, Herr Benedict," he said through clenched teeth. "Mad. If you continue driving much longer this way, that nitro will blow."

I ground the Jeep to a stop. "You're right," I said. "I reached into the rear of the Jeep, lifted the nitro vials from their resting place and put them in Rilke's tied hands. "You hold them. Keep your eye on the nitro and make sure to keep it steady."

He looked down—horrified by the vials he was holding—and kept his eyes riveted on them. For the next several miles we drove on without speaking.

I had hardly noticed that it was beginning to get dark until suddenly I realized I was squinting at the road ahead. I flipped on the headlights. It was night again. A whole day had passed and we still hadn't covered 25 miles!

We drove on. It was still raining. My vision was blurred. I could hardly concentrate on the road ahead. I slowed the Jeep once more and it was shortly after that when we bumped gently into an obstacle in the road—the mapacu tree. I shut off the engine, and slumped at the steering wheel.

"Why are we stopping—" Rilke asked.

I pointed to the tree lying across the road. "We're here," I said wearily. "The cave's right there on the side of the cliff." I took the nitro from Rilke and put it back in the rear of the Jeep. His hands trembled vio-

ently. I left his hands tied and bound his feet again. Then I took several sticks of dynamite, and, prodding Rilke ahead of me, crossed to the face of the cliff. The Jeep's headlights provided plenty of light. I ran my hands over the mud wall which still sealed the entrance to the cave, and saw that it was just as solid as ever. There was no sign that my family, inside, was alive.

"Will you help me?" I asked Rilke.

He shook his head. "I told you, I know nothing of explosives." I didn't believe him but I decided I must try to set off a stick or two on my own. Keeping a watchful eye on Rilke, I placed two of the sticks of TNT in the mud wall, lighted the fuses, and raced back out of the wall, dragging my captive with me.

Both sticks exploded seconds later, sending up a cloud of mud and rock. Momentarily opened, both holes again filled with the mud and rock sliding down from above. It was hopeless. I decided on a desperate gamble.

"Get over there," I ordered Rilke, after I had taken more TNT sticks from the Jeep. I propelled him over to the front of the cave, stepped back, and tossed several sticks of dynamite at Rilke's feet.

"Pick them up," I said. "You know how to use this stuff. Do it!"

He shook his head again.

I pulled the Luger from my belt and fired a bullet inches from the stick of dynamite at Rilke's feet. He began sweating. I fired a second bullet, even closer to the TNT.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he yelled. "You'll blow us all up!"

I fired a third bullet that just missed the stick of dynamite. Rilke broke and shouted, "All right! I'll help you. I know how to use explosives. Just stop shooting!"

I nodded and untied his hands but kept the Luger aimed at his mid-section. "Do it," I said. "And remember this—if you fail, I'll kill you!"

He gathered all the dynamite and nitro from the Jeep and carried it across to the cliff. "You were doing it all wrong," he raged. "The explosives have to be set in a pattern to blow the wall away cleanly." Then he carefully planted the charges in the side of the cliff, and drove in pipes through which to pour the liquid nitro. It took him most of the remaining hours of darkness to complete the job and day was dawning when he finally finished. I considered it a good omen that



"You know very well which Cynthia Spackenspinker!"

even the rain finally stopped.

"You know," Rilke snarled at me just before he set off the charges, "you'll never get away with this, with forcing me to do all this at gun point."

"You think not?" I asked. "I believe anyone would feel that I was justified in doing what I did to save my family. I wonder how people would feel about you if they find out you could have helped me but refused. Go on, get finished with it." I cut his bonds so he wouldn't be in danger.

We moved the Jeep well back out of the way, Rilke lighted the fuse on the stick of TNT which would activate all the other explosives. We both took cover behind the Jeep. We had just dropped to the ground when the dynamite went off with a blast that shook the earth all around us. Now, even in the daylight, the sky grew dark with the debris blown away. As soon as the shock waves passed, I was on my feet and running toward the great, dark, gaping hole in the cliff.

Acrid smoke was still pouring out of the hole and I could see nothing moving even through the entrance. And then, quite suddenly, my wife and two boys came stumbling into the daylight. I raced forward and gathered them into my arms and for a while all of us were speechless.

Janet spoke first, saying simply, "I knew you'd find a way to get us out, Bill. I knew it. So did the boys."

When I turned to lead my family to the Jeep, I was astonished to find a crowd of people there, from the village. Hanchez, the hotel owner, had driven his family out, and a good many of the other villagers had followed, to see if they could help. I was very touched, and thanked them, then adding, "Senor Rilke there was the real hero, he saved my family."

Rilke was confused by my statement and said nothing as everyone crowded around to praise him. A short while afterwards, some of the villagers helped me remove the tree from the road and my family and I continued on to the oil camp, while Hanchez drove Rilke home in his pickup.

In the past year Janet, the boys and I have been happy in Peru and they've recovered from their ordeal. We have been back to the village of Maranon several times but never saw Rilke again. On our last visit, Hanchez told me Rilke had sold his ranch and returned to Europe.

"He never seemed the same again after that time he rescued your family," Hanchez said, "even though all the villagers said he had been a great hero."

Hanchez looked at me closely. "He was a great hero, Senor, no?"

I just nodded. After all, why not let sleeping dogs—especially Rilke's—lie. ...

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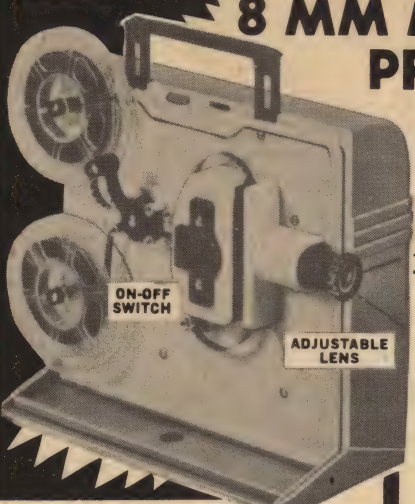
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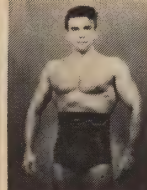
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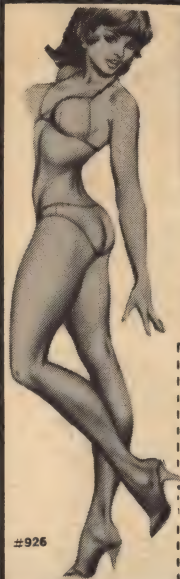
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LAST BANZAI CHARGE

(Continued from page 22)

ebbed, to be substituted by a dull numbness. Daet redressed the wound and the group again assumed a single file and resumed moving up the trail.

They walked all day, penetrating higher and deeper into the island, stopping to rest only twice more for Mickey's sake. Finally, they crested the highest mountain just as the sun was disappearing below the horizon. Daet pointed down the far slope to a valley of seemingly impenetrable greenery. "There we will find our friends who will maybe help us. Now, we will eat and sleep until morning." He pulled a strip of dried wildboar meat from the waistband of his loin cloth and handed it to Mickey. The American chewed the leathery jerky and washed it down with a mouthful of *damar*. Only then did he allow himself the luxury of sinking to the ground. For the tenth time since they began the trip he asked Daet who those mysterious "friends" were. And for the tenth time, Daet refused to answer. Too weary to press the point any farther, Mickey rolled onto his good shoulder and fell into an exhausted sleep.

At dawn he was wakened by a gentle prodding. It took almost five minutes for the kinks in his body to work themselves out sufficiently so he could stand. By that time his escort was already lined up, waiting patiently for him to fall into place. When he did, they wasted no time in descending the slope to the valley below. Going downhill was not nearly as difficult as their ascent, for now the tribesmen were foregoing the precautions they had taken the day before. Soon they were at the foot of the mountain. As they entered a lush rain forest, Daet raised his arm in the direction of the west. "Soon, maybe one hour, we meet our friends." He sounded enthusiastic. "Then we wait. You get better. Maybe after that we fight."

True to Daet's prediction, the group stopped an hour later. The leader, a man named Siokuno, cupped his hands to his mouth, tilted back his neck and gave out with a shrill whistle. He waited a moment and repeated the call. A similar sound came from behind a wall of Masamba vines which hung from the lower limbs of a stand of Mahogany trees. Siokuno grunted and parted the green curtain. He motioned for the others to follow him and stepped through. As Mickey emerged from the clearing followed out of the vines he found himself facing a dense forest. Crude huts with walls of corrugated tin and thatched roofs lined the perimeter of the clearing. A smokeless campfire smoldered in the center of the ring. Next to the fire stood a wooden pole. Mickey's gaze followed up the pole, till it reached the top. When he saw what was there he took a stunned backward step. His mouth gaped, and he was shocked speechless. For, waving in the breeze, was a bullet-riddled flag of the Rising Sun—the flag of the Japanese empire.

What happened next didn't lessen his shock—on the contrary, it made him even more flabbergasted. A man came out of one of the huts. When he saw Mickey, he froze in his tracks and stared hard for several seconds.

Mickey stared back equally hard, but more from wonderment than animosity. The man was wearing remnants of what once was a Japanese World War II army uniform. The two men—the American and the Japanese—locked gazes, each waiting for the other to make the first move. Finally, the Japanese approached Mickey, his hand resting on a covered holster strapped to his waist. He stopped a few paces from the American and inspected him from head to toe. Then he spoke to Siokuno, the leader of the Kadjans. His voice was harsh and admonishing. Daet translated for Mickey.

"He say he very angry at Siokuno for bringing you here. He say he now has to kill you."

Mickey's eyes darted to Siokuno, who was doing the talking now. Daet again translated. "Siokuno tells him that you are our friend. He say you will never betray us or them. He say that our enemy is your enemy and that they try to kill you."

The Japanese grunted, apparently satisfied for the time being. He called out in Japanese, and people began emerging from the buildings. Seven of them were middle-aged men, all dressed like the man who had greeted them. The rest of the community, both men and women, varied in age. The older women were Kadjans like the women Mickey had met at the village. The younger men and women had mixed features—Kadjan and Japanese. It didn't take a genius to figure out that these were the offspring of the Japanese soldiers and Kadjan women.

All the camp's inhabitants were now milling around their leader as he explained Mickey's presence to them. A few men glared with hatred at Mickey and started to protest. Their leader barked an order and the protesters were silenced. As the group dispersed, one of the older women came up to Mickey, took his hand and led him into a hut. She motioned for him to sit down on a cot. When he did, she untied the bandage on his wound and washed it with warm water. From a wooden trunk she took a tin box with a Red Cross painted on the lid. She arranged some of the contents of the box on the bed and proceeded to administer to the wound. When she finished, she sprinkled sulfur powder around the opening and dressed it with a clean strip of cloth. Mickey thanked her in the Kadjan language—one of the few words he had learned at the village. She started to say something, and when Mickey gestured that he didn't understand, she smiled, bowed at the waist in the Japanese manner and backed out of the hut.

Daet entered holding aloft a gourd of *damar* liquor. He offered it to Mickey, and as the American drank, Daet said, "Good. Now you sleep. You rest until you all better. Then we will talk of fighting. Soon we kill all our enemies and there will be peace on Lubang."

Mickey nodded dreamily. The *damar* was starting to spread a warm feeling throughout his body. He lay back on the cot and closed his eyes. But sleep wouldn't come, for Daet's words echoed in his ears. "Soon we will kill

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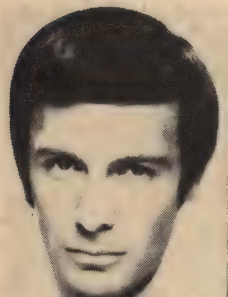
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our enemies."

The enemy Daet referred to was the Cagayan Lumber Company of the Philippines—Mickey's former employers. They had hired Mickey in Michigan, a month before. As they explained to him at the time, they planned to "harvest" the virgin rain forest on the island of Lubang. It was a huge undertaking, and to do it they had purchased the most up-to-date American equipment. To teach their Philippine workers how to handle the equipment they needed an American lumberman. That was where Mickey would come in. He was one of the most respected lumber-camp foremen in the business, and had come very highly recommended by the company which sold them the goods. If Mickey would take over the Lubang operation they would pay him double his present earnings—plus expenses. Mickey would only have to stay in the Philippines a year. By the end of that time, their own men would have learned to use the American gear and could complete the job themselves.

Mickey liked the idea—and the money. But before he'd agree to it, he'd have to clear it with his boss.

"No need to do that," Mr. Legasbi, the Cagayan Company's representative assured him. "I've already spoken to your employer and he has given his consent. He thinks it wise for the Philippine lumber industry and the American lumber industry to work together. It means more business for both sides."

A week later, Mickey Blackstone arrived at the Cagayan lumber camp on Lubang Island. For the remainder of the month he supervised the unloading of the new equipment and taught the workers the rudiments

of operating it. At last, when he was satisfied that the men could handle the saws and other gear he announced to his employers that he was ready to begin. Two days afterwards, a strange band of men sent by the company landed at Lubang. The men were armed to the teeth with automatic rifles and bandoliers which criss-crossed their chests. The leader of the group told Mickey they were guards whose duty it was to protect the new equipment from pilfering natives.

"But we haven't had any trouble from the Kadjans," Mickey protested. "If anything, they've been more than friendly. I see no need..."

"Still, one can never tell," the man interrupted him. "These natives are savages. And thieves. It is their way of life. And one should always be prepared. That is our job. Yours is to cut down the trees. We won't interfere with you or your men, and you don't interfere with us."

Mickey didn't like the man's tone. But instead of arguing he thought it better to wait and see. If the guards made any trouble, he'd order them off the island.

And trouble did come, in a way that made Mickey's stomach churn. One morning, as he was out scouting for a site to establish a second camp, he heard shots in the distance. At first he thought it was one of the men hunting for meat. But the rifle fire continued without letting up. He ran in the direction from which the firing came, and stumbled on a sight which twisted his guts into a hard knot. On the ground in a small clearing lay the bullet-riddled bodies of five Kadjan natives—one of them not more than 13 years old. Standing over the bodies, reloading their rifles, were three guards.

Mickey's face reddened with anger, and he turned his eyes away from the ugly massacre.

"What the hell happened?" he fumed.

Roxas, the head guard, regarded the livid American with amusement. "I told you they were thieves. We caught them stealing. When we tried to stop them they fought back."

Mickey looked over the bodies. None of the Kadjans were armed. Nor was there any booty in sight. When he called this to Roxas' attention, the man sneered. "What difference does it make? They are savages, not humans. And they did not want us to cut down their precious forest. They threatened to complain to the authorities in Manila. And that would make much trouble for the company. So..."

"So you killed them," Mickey hissed, his voice full of menace. "What do you intend to do, kill them all?"

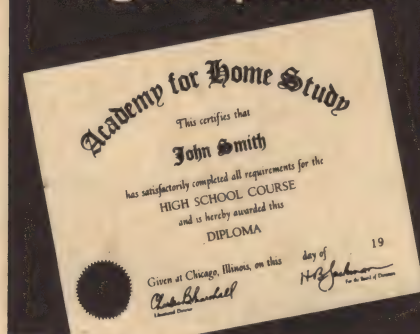
Roxas seemed undisturbed. "It has happened before. Not often, but it has happened before. All it takes is to set an example like this," and he pointed to the bodies which were already drawing flies, "and the rest of the tribe makes no more trouble. If they do, we just shoot a few more."

"Over my dead body!" Mickey raged. He grasped Roxas' rifle and flung it as far into the trees as he could. "Now you and your men get the hell back to camp. All of you are returning to Manila, and I'll be going with you—to report this to the police."

Roxas shrugged and said something to one of his men. The man calmly withdrew a revolver and aimed it at Mickey.

"No one is going back to Manila, Senior Blackstone," Roxas growled. "Not us, and

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not you. For you will have met with a hunting accident."

At that moment one of the Kadjans moaned. He had been mortally wounded, but he was still alive. The guard holding the revolver on Mickey turned his head to the body, and when he did, Mickey bolted into the trees. He hadn't taken more than a few steps when the guards opened fire at him. A barrage of bullets thudded into the tree trunks next to him and dug up dirt at his feet. One shot caught him in the shoulder and spun him around. He went to his knees, regained his feet immediately and thrashed into the bushes to his left. Behind him he heard Roxas' voice shout angrily, then the sound of feet pounding through the underbrush. He kept on running, not knowing where he was heading. His pursuers' shouts grew fainter and fainter. Soon he could no longer hear them. Still, he didn't dare stop.

He had lost all sense of time. It seemed to him that he had been stumbling through the forest for an eternity. His shoulder ached and he was growing weaker by the minute from loss of blood. Finally, he could go no farther. He halted by a stream and pitched face-first into it. He drank thirstily, then lifted his head when he heard voices downstream. They were women's voices. He tried to shout for help, but was only able to manage a feeble outcry. He attempted to stand, but couldn't make it. The whole world seemed to spin before his eyes. On hands and knees he crawled to where he thought the women were. At a point where the stream widened to a natural pool he saw several Kadjan females, naked to the waist, bathing. It took every ounce of strength in his body to cry out again. This time they heard him. One of the women climbed out of the pool and approached him warily. Her blurred figure came closer and closer. When she was only a few feet from him, he blacked out.

When he came to, he was aware that he was in a crude hut. He was lying on a straw mat, and the odor of smoking meat reached his nostrils. He sat up and inspected his surroundings. Through the door in the hut he could see it was nighttime. The cooking fire in the center of the room lit up the hut enough so he could make out four people huddled around the flames. One of his hosts saw that he was awake and spoke to the others. A man stood up and walked to him. He had a friendly face, and appeared genuinely relieved that he was still alive.

"I am called Daet," the man thumped his chest. "You are American. I heard you speak in your sleep. Daet know American. Learn from G.I. during Big War."

Mickey started to stand, but Daet restrained him. "You lose much blood. Very weak. Our women take this out of you." He opened his palm. In it was a spent bullet. He returned to the fire and came back with a plate of steaming stew. As he ate, Mickey related to Daet everything that had happened that day, beginning with the shooting of the tribesmen. When he ended the story, Daet nodded.

"It does not surprise us," the Kadjan informed him. "Before you came, men from Manila visited us. They told us they were going to chop down our forest, drive us from our homes. They asked us to sign a paper letting them do these things. Our leaders would not sign the paper. Then they left, telling us it did not matter—that they would chop down our forest and drive us from our homes anyway."

The next morning, Mickey was awakened by sounds of people running about. He peered through the door, saw the Kadjan villagers scurrying about, their belongings in their hands. Daet burst into the hut to announce that the company's gunmen were seen by their scouts marching toward the village.

"They mean to kill us all." He sounded frightened. "Come. We flee to the interior. We have friends there who will help us."

"What friends?" Mickey asked.

Daet avoided the question. "Come. We flee" he urged.

Mickey was steered to a group of Kadjan men who were waiting for him. "You go with us," Daet pleaded. "We will leave forest when you and our friends kill the enemy." And again he refused to identify the "friends." So began the march which led Mickey and his escorts to the Japanese camp.

The rest of the week, Mickey recuperated. From Daet he learned that the Japanese were fanatic holdouts who refused to surrender at the close of World War II. They were remnants of the Imperial 3rd Battalion, who fled to the interior of the island. There they intermarried with Kadjan women and kept up the code of *Bushido*, passing on to their children the Japanese marital arts and religion. Through the years a bond of cooperation grew between the fanatics and the Kadjans. The Philippine natives supplied the Japanese with food and comfort and secrecy. The survivors of the "Lost Battalion" brought to the Kadjans the rudiments of modern civilization. And now they were looked upon as a branch of the Kadjan society.

On the eighth day of his stay, the leader of the Japanese, Keidiko Haichioji, paid Mickey a call. Haichioji was an ex-sergeant of the battalion and had assumed command of the survivors. Surprisingly, he spoke passable English, which he attributed to his stay in the Japanese consulate in Washington prior to World War II.

"The time has come to speak of what we shall do," Haichioji informed Mickey as he made himself comfortable. "The Kadjans wish us to fight the invaders. Can we succeed?"

Mickey pondered a moment, then spoke. "They've got automatic weapons. What do you have?"

Haichiodji lifted his World War II-vintage rifle above his head. "We've got these, some hand grenades—and a mortar."

At the word "mortar," Mickey raised a skeptical eyebrow. "The mortar—will it work?"

"It will work," Haichiodji assured him. "We have kept it clean. We have prepared to die rather than surrender—to fight to the last man if we are discovered."

Mickey pondered the alternatives, then said, "they have 30 men, all armed. How many do you have?"

"Soldiers of the Emperor? Seven, including me. But our sons know how to fight. They are *samurai*, just as we are. We have taught them the ways of *samurai*."

"Not many of you—or your sons—will survive. To go up against such an enemy is suicide," Mickey warned Haichiodji.

"To die for one's Emperor is an honor," Haichiodji retorted. "We and our sons are still children of the Japanese Emperor. If we must die, we will die."

With a heavy heart, Mickey agreed to the war. It was the only way he could get off the island alive. It was the only way the Kadjans could fight back against the cut-



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throats hired by the lumber company.

The next morning, Mickey, the Japanese and the sons of the soldiers made their way from the hidden encampment to the lumber camp. It was nearing sunset when they reached the outskirts of the camp. The gunmen were obviously not expecting them, for they had not built embattlements to protect themselves. Only three sentries patrolled the perimeter of the tents. Haichiodji instructed his two sons to eliminate the guards. Mickey watched in fascination as the two men crept forward on their bellies, not making a sound. Soon, the sons of Haichiodji had maneuvered themselves to a clump of bushes past which the sentries had to walk. Then, one at a time, he saw a figure rise up from behind the bushes, grab a sentry around the throat and pull him to the ground. An arm reached into the air, holding a knife which glistened in the moonlight. It came down with striking force, then rose again, its point dripping with blood.

The two sentries disposed of, the attacking group, led by Haichiodji, inched closer to the tents. Then, all hell broke loose. A guard emerged from one of the tents and entered the forest to relieve himself. He stumbled across one of the slain sentries and raised the alarm by firing two shots into the air. One of the Japanese ran him through with his bayonet, but by then it was too late. Guards poured out of their sleeping quarters, guns in their hands. Four Japanese sons rushed the camp and were cut down by a hail of automatic-rifle fire. The others shrank back to the cover of the forest.

Mickey and his allies dispersed, seeking shelter behind tree trunks. "Snipe at them," Mickey called out to his friends.

Haichiodji had already given the order, for spurts of single fire came from the woods. Two Phillipinos toppled and the others hid behind whatever equipment could offer them protection.

For more than two hours it was a standstill, with neither antagonist gaining the advantage. "The mortars," Mickey urged Haichiodji. The Japanese shouted an order and soon the *thwump* of mortar shells leaving the firing tube resounded. Again and again the ground shook as the shells exploded, setting the camp afire. An even greater explosion let loose with the fourth round. Mickey turned to see the reason, and almost threw up. The mortar, defective from lack of use, had misfired, killing its operators.

Suddenly, Haichiodji bolted erect, brandishing his *samurai* sword above his head. "Banzai!" he shrieked. The others, following his example, did the same. Then, in a scene reminiscent of a John Wayne movie, the Japanese holdouts and their sons rushed headlong in a suicide charge. Mickey was rooted to the spot as he witnessed the first row of assaulters cut down by a murderous fire. Still, they kept coming. Half of the second wave didn't make it, but that was enough. The survivors had occupied the defenders long enough for the third wave to breach the camp. After that, it was a carnage on both sides. Gunman after gunman was run through with bayonets. Charger after charger fell with bullets in his body. Blood flowed like an inexhaustible river, and when it was over, not a company cutthroat remained alive. Of the original assault group, only a handful still lived.

"The Kadjans buried their friends with full

ceremony," Mickey told a Manila-based American reporter who interviewed him when he returned to the capitol city of the Philippines and reported the events on Lubang island. "For their part, the executives of the lumber company were indicted for conspiracy to commit murder, and are scheduled to go on trial very soon. Of course I'll be the government's primary witness, and I'm assured that none of the guilty parties will go free. Yet, even today I find it incredible to believe that groups of Japanese holdouts still inhabit the forests of the Pacific. But they do, and they are prepared to die rather than surrender. All I can hope is that this *banzai* is the last. It was enough to last me a lifetime. That's something, isn't it? That I witnessed the last *banzai* charge of the Japanese empire. It was a hell of a thing to see."

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HAWK

(Continued from page 27)

were any of them left, leastwise in this neck of the woods.

Well, one less. At least this one had died a valiant death. Its predecessors hadn't been so lucky, falling prey to the guns of men—hunters, bounty-seekers, shepherds. Rumor had always had it that these birds attacked sheep and cows, and rumor can be an unwritten law among people who don't know any better. By the time naturalist societies like the Audubon had spread the word that these birds should be protected—that their main prey was rodent-life, that they were actually allies of man in his battle for survival—most of this beautiful species was a thing of the past.

I heard a faint rustling a few yards behind me, where the bear had been when I came upon the scene. I walked warily over. It was the remains of a nest—broken eggs containing almost complete hawk embryos, and—miraculously—a baby bird, newly hatched and very frightened.

Gently I picked it up. It had come through the attack an unscathed orphan. Even in its infant form, it bore the distinctive characteristics of its species—the sharp, hooked beak, hooded eyes, and triangulated lightweight bone structure.

I brought it back with me to my elevated forest ranger's lookout—the same tower my father had lived and worked in.

NOT too many guys these days follow in their father's footsteps, and in high school I sure wasn't planning to. My Pop was a quiet, contemplative kind of man, sometimes ironic, not given to too many words. He'd tried a dozen trades in his life, finally settled on being Forest Ranger after my mother passed away. I'd been a wild kid most of my life, but I quieted down a bit and got to know him some when he became my only parent.

Then my school days ended. I was a good athlete, 6'2", 210 pounds, and probably could have gotten some sort of scholarship to one of the football schools—but why bother? I'd never taken to books, and didn't feel like faking it any more. Then Uncle Sam took over, and made my decisions for me. I went to Vietnam.

And that took the wildness out of me. I soon discovered that a serious attitude to everything—from where you did your sleeping (and who with), to where you moved your bowels—was the first order of business, if you wanted to get back to the States in one piece.

Some shrapnel sent me back a little early. When I got back I discovered that Dad had passed away while I was recovering from my wounds in an Asian hospital. He'd left me a little money, and his job in the forest—if I wanted it.

I decided I wanted it. I'd gotten pretty used to self-reliance and solitude in the jungle—I'd feel at home in an American forest I wasn't too sociable any more—just a few sometime girlfriends and an occasional whore when I didn't want to talk at all—so the situation suited me fine.

It was a bit lonely, though, and I was

thinking of a pet, maybe a dog, when I happened upon that hawk in the night. Good thing, too, for I soon discovered that no man, no matter how tough, can expect to go it all the way alone.

I named the hawk Talon, and got a hold of a few books on the ancient sport of falconry. But first it had to learn a few things, like how to fly, when to eat, where to sleep. Without a mother, it developed slowly—but, inescapable as fate, it learned. I was fascinated to watch instincts emerging. At first the patterns were hesitant, poorly defined. Then, as the bird's strength developed, it began to follow through on motions previously only hinted at. It was as if Talon was mimicking some supernatural model, following the instructions of a mythical code only Talon could decipher.

Soon the hawk was taking off by itself on forest excursions, sometimes returning with a mouse or smaller bird, sometimes with a found object. Growing up around a man, its instincts were somewhat tempered by adaptation to my habits and the things of my life. One time Talon brought back a tin coffee cup some camper must have left behind while packing a mess kit. I looked on the cup as some kind of special gift (you can get a bit sentimental—when you're living a minimal life—and a little fatherly, even towards a bird).

When Talon had reached maturity, I sent away for a falconer's outfit from a mail-order sporting goods house in Los Angeles. It was hard finding a place that stocked such equipment, because, like I said, there aren't too many falcons left on this planet.

There was also some matter of legality—but I didn't give too much thought to that. Nature has her own laws, and when you're living alone with her, you stick to them. Complex legal systems were developed to keep Man in line. Nature takes care of her own.

The equipment arrived. There was more protective gear than I needed. A hawk can disable, blind, even kill a man—but this hawk was my buddy. Anybody who wants to mess with me—let him put on armor. I'd had enough of combat to last me a lifetime—and a second incarnation, to boot.

I decided to use only the thick, padded glove—even a friendly hawk has sharp, incredibly powerful claws. And I hadn't named Talon after a zipper.

I took him out with me many times, perched on my forearm or on the roll bar of my Jeep. We did a lot of hunting together, following the royal code of falconry. All that stuff was nice to think about, but the part I liked best came just before the kill. Once we went out into some foothills, about fifty miles from the edge of the preserve. We came to a wide flat field, and settled on a hill overlooking it.

I opened a fresh pack of Luckies, and looked over at Talon as I tamped the top of the pack against my palm. The bird had alighted on a rock, and was surveying its surroundings. It looked like a king, or a con-

querer assessing his next dominions. His head motions were quick, precise, informed by some primal calculation. *Alertness.* The word hit me. *Yeah, I guess I know what that word means.* It meant Talon.

Suddenly the bird wasn't moving, except for a subtle motion of claws, perfecting his alignment, which seemed to project from the strong streamlined tail forward in a flat, hard trajectory through the solid, light superstructure, and out the eyes towards a spot far away on the plain. His eyebeam seemed almost visible, like a laser, propelled forward by the thrust of the beak as if by muzzle velocity. I couldn't see *what* he was looking at, but I sure as hell could see *where*.

And suddenly stillness was motion, the slender poised projectile became a bird, its wings scooping air in efficient strokes. It flew straight out at first, flat, like a racing diver's initial plunge, 30 feet above the ground, about level with where I was sitting. Then, like a jet taking off, it altered trajectory, gaining, say, 2 feet of altitude for each 18 inches of forward motion, increasing the ratio to 2-1, then—spiralling almost vertically, at a 200 foot zenith—then stopped, wings spread wide, suspended in space, freed from the laws of Nature.

Then the wings were folded sleek against the back, the body pivoting downward as if on a lever, and the bird was plummeting, downward at a slight angle, towards the spot he'd lined up only moments before.

The shock shattered the backbone of a jack-rabbit. I thought of diamond-cutters. The falcon picked it up, flew over with it and dropped it at my feet. We ended up spending the night on that hill, after sharing some tough, well-done campfire hare meat. Tasted better than steak.

It was a clear, crisp early Autumn morning. The sun cleared the trees and came flooding in my lookout's wide front window at about 6 AM this time of year, so 6 AM was time to get up. Talon slept erect on one leg on the perch I had built him to the right of the window. Silhouetted by the sun, he looked like a statue, an idol. Certain sects of Egyptians worshipped hawks, once upon a time. Weird, I suppose. Only not so weird to me that morning, as I stared at Talon coming alive, the waking of the world around him penetrating his instincts like a primal alarm. And the statue was a bird again, my familiar alien buddy, my main man.

I fried up some thick slabs of bacon, fresh-killed at a nearby farm. Outside Talon tore at a more recent kill. Keeping company with such a primitive thing brings out some mighty basic qualities in a man—quiet, sure-footed feelings about the shape of things. And a pretty good idea of who you are in relation to it all. Not too big, yeah, but not too small either.

I was out chopping some wood near mid-day, when Talon suddenly flew over and perched on a rock near me. He'd been out, probably nailing bullfrogs down at the reservoir near the main road. I sensed an edge in the bird's motions. More, I sensed the uneasiness was directed toward me, trying to tell me something, warn me. *We must be having company.*

We were. A jeep, which Talon must have spotted making the turn up the steep, rocky path that started by the reservoir and ended at my lookout. A jeep driven by my boss. In title anyway—Regional Ranger Captain.

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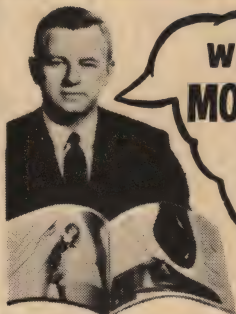
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I had no boss, other than the rules of survival. That's why I liked this job, and why my dad had died doing it. But I had to see this guy once in a while, and I'd been in the Army long enough to know that brass like to be treated like brass, want you to go through the motions they'd had to. So I just called him Captain, and he never pulled rank on me.

Captain Dan Perkins got out of his Jeep, stopped.

"Cody Branch, you got a chain or something for that varmint?"

"No worry, Captain. Talon don't mess with humans without a word from me."

"You sure?"

"I said so."

We went inside, and I brewed a pot of chicory java. Captain was still uneasy, even though the bird was outside. Didn't talk about anything directly, sort of hedging, mincing his words, halfheartedly half-telling half-stories.

"Something on your mind, Captain?"

"Yeah. The bird's gotta go, Cody."

"Says who, Dan?"

"Says some money-spending tourists. And says me. That money buys our food, son."

"My hawk doesn't bother anyone."

"Cody, you gotta understand something. People are funny. When it comes to danger, the smallest rumor is enough to scare them off. And word's starting to spread. In order to put a stop to it, I had to tell them something."

"Why the hell didn't you just tell them the truth?"

"Look, I know how you feel. You're a lot like your old man was. Best damn Ranger I ever had. Stubborn man. But Silas Branch knew when to give. I know what that hawk means to you. But you gotta use your head to change your feelings. You been to war. You know what I'm saying is true . . ."

FALCO peregrinus anatum. Other names: *American Peregrine; Great-Footed Hawk; Wandering Falcon.* Well, this falcon had some heavy wandering to do. I talked myself into believing Talon would be happier on his own. That wasn't as hard as it might seem—once a man has made up his mind, his feelings fall in line. Yeah, I was convinced, all right—but convincing the bird was a horse of a different color.

First I took him a few miles into the forest, and tied him to a tree branch with some twine. I knew he'd rip through it soon enough—but figured it might give him the message, make him begin to distrust me. Winning his loyalty had been tough, but this was a damn sight tougher.

I went to sleep that night feeling alone as when I'd gotten the news about my father.

Next morning I looked over towards the window, and the Egyptian idol was back, this time eying me, not the sunrise. It's hard to imagine a hawk's eyes looking hurt—Hell, I probably was imagining it. *Just a goddam bird.*

It took a week, locking it out, before I finally got rid of it. Another month and, for all practical purposes, I'd forgotten I'd had it. Sort of like my left shoulder. I'd forgotten that it once worked almost as good as the other one. Captain was right, I suppose. You been to war, you learn to recoup losses.

DAN Perkins showed up at my place again two years later. This time he didn't

beat around the bush.

"Rogue bear, Cody. South end of the forest, last sighting. Busted up a picnic. Killed a dog. Can't let it kill no people, son. Get some sleep tonight. Shoot it tomorrow."

"Any help?"

"Only if you can't do it alone. Don't want to bring anyone in from outside. Then everyone—"

"Yeah, I know. Bad publicity. I'll kill it."

Dan left and I went to bed. But I didn't sleep too much. *Rogue bear.* Combat again.

Next morning I got up and dressed. *Protective gear?* Lot of good that would do me. No, just a good, well-oiled shotgun, and a Bowie knife. I looked out the window, at the color of the sunrise. A faint pinkish-gold. It would be a clear, late-Autumn day. Virtually no tourists. It would take about three and a half hours to get to the site of the bear's rampage. South of that site was a couple of miles of dense forest, at some points almost pitch-dark at midday. In its midst was a clearing, a pond and a small waterfall. And behind that waterfall was a cave. And fish in the pond. *A luxury flat for a bear.*

I drove the jeep as far as the campsite, got out and looked around. The area had been carved out by gold-digging 49ers long ago, so the forest and its undergrowth crept up thickly to the edge of the recently-installed Astroturf. *No footprints in this shit. Have to look for a break in the brush.*

I found the break soon enough. It led due south—due waterfall, due cave.

And due rouge bear. If he wasn't home, maybe he was fishing upstream, where they panned for gold long ago. But a *rogue* bear—perhaps an injured bear. Which would mean an unpredictable awesome mad enemy.

Jungle instincts crept up and swallowed my thinking as my footsteps and the snapping of branches were swallowed by the murky wood and crickets. *Mirkwood*, some college kids had named it. *Good name. Binh thuat*, the Cong called that village where my left shoulder had become home for a two-inch jagged chunk of shrapnel. *Not such a good name . . .*

My shotgun was slung around my back, and I hacked where I had to with my Bowie. With a twelve-inch blade, it worked like a machete. With its balance and tempered razor edges, it handled like a sword. My dad had given it to me when I went to war, and it had saved me from more than one Vietnam.

But I didn't need it much to get through this wood. A fresh path, newly broken, showed me the way. *This path wasn't paved by no possum*, I chuckled. *Weird. Chuckling. I could die today, 27 and still a bit horny. Which reminds me. If I get out of this, I'll be wanting some company. With fine long legs, not tailfeathers . . .*

Not so weird, actually, chuckling at death. Times like that you really love living. And living it up can be a lot of laughs . . .

Then I wasn't smiling anymore. No use counting unhatched chickens.

The splash of the waterfall split my senses. Thought was suspended. I became stealth. Flashes of light knifed through the trees. Sun off.

Edge of clearing, shotgun loaded and poised. *No bear?* Ten minutes waiting. *No bear.* But plenty bear footprints, discarded fish-heads, bones. *Bear-smell. Crystalline waterfall, falling, falling . . .*

Suddenly the mesmerizing waters parted,

shattering enchantment, darkening—from white froth to brown coarse twelve-foot half-ton fury.

A terrible roar, shotgun blast, a howl from the bowels of primitive madness—and the bear was on me. It lunged, I fell backward, keeping my balance ten feet before falling backwards over a log smash against a boulder. *Still conscious* but my gun was gone, torn from my grasp by massive swift paws, cracked in two, useless. Blood from bear side gushing, good bear eye clouded by pain but clearing....

Good eye! I knew this sonofabitching monster, this fouler of falcon's nests! This was the bear that had made an orphan of Talon....

Thinking again, fool. Trying to get up I collapsed onto my right side, bleeding. *Got my good shoulder, gotta use the bad one—* pulled out knife—and the bear was rushing me again.

I lunged forward, fainting left, diving right, slashing as I passed, creased the wounded area, fell to the ground. Clawed my way laterally, got up. Approached real slow.

Misjudged my feint, knocked silly by a swinging paw, ten feet through the air. That distance probably saved my life....

SKREEAK! I thought for sure I was dreaming. Sky-high above the monster looming over me, a slender rocket spiralled suddenly up, up like a skyrocket breasting—a suspended crucifix, lever pivot—then bolt....

Skreeak! and the bear forgot me, looked up, saw his last light, as the crimson blur smashed into it's good eye, tearing with suddenly-focussed beak and talon, beating with powerful narrow reddish white-tipped wings—then weakening, disappearing, shuddering under a thrash of fur and claw, crushed in a vise of teeth and muzzle. *Talon dead, discarded...* bear insane but blinded, howling in anguish and anger....

Died my buddy's death—*now fear no more leap* from behind up onto stinking hairy back, lunge, hack, stab through ribs ripping, twelve inches of moly steel scything left lung... knife out red, hiss, ghostly, of imploding windpipe... bear collapsing, strangling—gargling plasma and shredded guts....

Five minutes later coming to... *bear death reek...* me bloody on top of it....

Got up, walked over. *Yeah, Talon good buddy, I guess you never forgot me...*

Choked up. *Nobler than man, you old buzzard? Ain't it the truth. Yeah, bird, I guess I forgot you pretty good.*

Nuts!

And, like a goddam Egypti an altar-boy, I commended a fellow of the royal order of Falcon, *vanishing species*, to the river of his ancestors.

THAT was some time ago. The sensual nurse at the hospital took real swell care of me. It was so good I couldn't stop. *You're hired, keed,* I told her afterwards one night, and took her home next morning.

I'm Regional Ranger Captain now (poor Dan passed away) and I don't live in no booondocks—except on jungle-sex waterfall weekends with Cindy. That's my wife. She's blonde. Don't mess with her. And I don't drive no Jeep, no more, neither: drive a supercharged cherry old *Studebaker Hawk*.

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HEISTERS

(Continued from page 17)

about the big jobs they pulled, the close calls they had, the way they got caught, not about how they got started.

With me, I think it's excitement. I'm scared, but it turns me on, taking something that belongs to someone else. I wasn't forced into the life I've led. My father was an honest man. My mother wouldn't even let us boys play marbles for keeps. But she died when I was a teenager and I haven't seen the old man in five or six years. He doesn't know where I am.

I never touched a woman on a job. Never. That's one of the first things some of them think about, though, when you pull a gun on them. Especially if they're alone. I think they must fantasize about it, about a strange man walking in on them and telling them to put out or else.

WHAT the hell, you can get plenty of women if you have money, and what else is a thief going to do with his money except throw it away? I never heard of any heist men saving up to buy a farm. The only thing is, the women you get are about as loyal as cats. As soon as you're gone, they take up with someone else.

I was going to tell you about a woman who ran a crossroads store I stuck up. It was one of those places that sell gas and groceries and nearly everything else except birth control pills. I didn't want her, I wanted what was in the cash register, but she said if I'd leave the money, she'd do anything I wanted. Lord, lady, you must be desperate, I thought. I told her I wasn't interested in that kind of stuff, only a little money.

She started crying and telling me her husband had been in an accident and her son had diabetes and they couldn't pay the hospital bill. I took \$25 out of the register and left the rest. I don't know if I was being kind. Maybe if she had been better looking or 10 years younger, I wouldn't have taken anything.

Now, about the only time I got caught. I hit a service station one night and as I walked out, a patrol car drove up. I kept walking and I didn't put my hand in my pocket where my gun was because that might have drawn his attention. Slowly I got in my car and drove away as the cop was entering the station, then I put the gas to my Ford.

The siren started screaming. I heard it, then saw the cop's lights spring up in my rear view mirror like double moons. I was driving 70 miles an hour, but the patrol car was closing in fast. I tried to push the accelerator through the floor and the two of us took a string of curves wide open. I'm a good driver, but not that good. I failed to make a turn and hit a road sign and a ditch and turned over. Both my legs were broken. I was actually glad to see the cop when he pulled me out of the wreckage.

The way I look at it, my luck was mixed. I was unlucky the cop happened along, lucky he got me out of that car before it caught fire. Last year I sent him a Christmas card...

The man waiting for me in the Houston bar is slender, wiry and hardfaced, dressed expensively but with flagrant disregard for clashing colors. I tell him I'm writing a book about crime and he looks amused. When he smiles, he reveals teeth too even and white to be his own. He says he wears a plate because another con kicked out his upper teeth in a prison brawl. He knows he is tough and wants others to know it, too. He opens his plaid coat to show me he is wearing a .38 built on a special frame. I ask what happens to him if he is caught carrying a firearm and he says insolently, "Something might happen to the man who catches me." His nickname is Dude. Since 1958 he has committed as many as 527 armed robberies, has been arrested 20 times, brought to trial on five occasions and sent to prison twice. If he is convicted again, he is in line for what Texas cons call "the big bitch," a three-time loser's rap. A retired police detective gave me his name, saying, "If you appeal to his ego, he'll take to you. He's a cocky son-of-a-bitch." When I repeat the remark to Dude, he laughs. "Cops amuse me," he says. Then he tells me about the heist he pulled two weeks after the law last set him free...

We hit the loan office at 10:05 a.m., me and a long-legged country boy I had met on a work gang down in Louisiana. The country boy's real name was Arthur, but I called him Stud. I called him that because all the time we were on the work gang, he talked about nothing but how fast he was going to get laid when they turned him loose.

As luck would have it, we received our walking papers on the same day, Stud because his hitch was up, me because I had made some good time for a change. We struck up an uneasy partnership. I needed help for some jobs I had in mind and Stud needed someone to lead him around and see that he didn't get run over by a freight train.

"AT FIRST, the country boy was reluctant to throw in with me, I never robbed anyone before," he said, which was like telling me that Dean Martin wouldn't vote for the return of prohibition.

"You don't rob anyone. You rob places. Institutions. Companies. Businesses, I told him. That's one of the first things I want you to learn. Never think of it like you were robbing people.

"Maybe I'd better stick to stealing cars, Dude. Hell, he hadn't even been good at that. He was a boy who had a lot to learn and I was just the one to teach him.

"Look at it this way. If you steal a car, you've got to find someone to take it off your hands. If you steal money, you can spend it anywhere in the U.S.A.

As it turned out, I even had to get the kid laid. I took him to a girl I knew and after she wore him out, we pulled stakes and drifted down the Gulf Coast to find a town where my face wasn't familiar. I already knew the kind of jobs I was going to pull, but I hadn't picked the places.

I chose a port city. In two days I had

selected two loan companies, one I preferred to hit and one alternate just in case my plans sprang a leak the day of the heist. At a quarter of 10 on our D-Day, I parked near the loan office and waited for the people who worked there to show up. I knew their hours. They didn't open until 10. Because they were a loan company, I also knew they'd have money at the start of the working day.

By this time, the country boy was sweating marbles. He was as nervous as a virgin bridegroom. All I needed to get me into a bog, I thought, was for my partner to develop buck fever when we strolled into that loan office.

"Straighten up. You can't chicken out on me now," I told him.

"I never even pointed a gun at anyone.

"I've figured out why you stole cars. You didn't have the nerve for anything else.

"I can't help wondering what I'll do if someone starts shooting.

"You'll probably wet your pants," I said.

I was going to have to work on him or the whole plan would fall apart. "Come with me," I said and grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out of the car.

I took Stud down the street to a hash joint and led him into the men's room and slid the bolt on the inside. He was three inches taller than I was and 20 pounds heavier, but I knocked him down. Then I helped him up and yanked him over to the mirror and pressed his face against it until his nose flattened out.

"Look at yourself. You see how grey your face is? That's the color of chicken. I laid out this heist counting on you. I need you to pull it off. Are you going to let me down or can you screw up the nerve to act like a man?"

He stood with his face mashed against the mirror and said in a shamed voice, "I'm sorry, Dude. I'll straighten up."

"At 10:05 we walked into the loan office. I was carrying a tear gas bomb in my right hand coat pocket and me .38 in the back of my belt. Stud was carrying a cheap Saturday Night Special and an airline satchel with a half-dozen smoke bombs in it.

Stud approached the counter and asked the girl behind it to change a 20-dollar bill for him because he needed money for the parking meter. I walked back and told the manager I wanted to discuss a loan.

The sign on the manager's desk said his name was Mr. Sims. He gave me a form to fill out telling where I worked and what my salary was and listing references. Then he accompanied me to a booth where they permitted the customers to fill out their forms in privacy.

I GLANCED toward Stud and the girl who was the only other employee in the office, to see how they were doing. Stud was making conversation, pretending to try to get the girl's telephone number, and she was laughing, enjoying the little game. Stud was a good-looking kid, the kind women like at first sight, and she couldn't see inside his head, which would have astounded her with its emptiness.

"What else do you need to know, Mr. Purvis?" the loan manager asked me. Purvis was the name I'd made up. "And what size loan did you have in mind?"

"What I really want," I told him, "is all the big bills you have on hand."

I reached behind my back and pulled out

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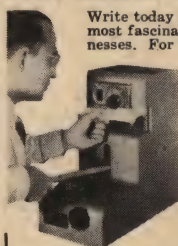
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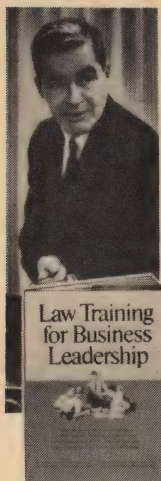
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the .38 and rammed it into his paunch. He turned the color Stud had been 15 minutes earlier.

"If you say anything that isn't necessary," I warned, "I'll kill the hell out of you, Mr. Sims."

That's something I wanted to get settled right away and planted in his mind, the fact that I was willing to pull the trigger of my gun and maybe even looking for an excuse to do it. There's nothing like the effects of that for increasing cooperation.

"Fill this up," I ordered, taking a folded bank bag out of my inside coat pocket. "Just the big bills. And do it quietly."

Then the girl got suspicious.

She looked back at us and she saw Sims filling the bag with bills and she got off her stool. Now is the time Stud was supposed to enter the picture and see that we weren't disturbed. Instead, he stood at the counter with his mouth open, looking as if someone had stolen his pants.

The Lord protect me from beginners, I thought.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Sims?" the girl asked her boss. She was an attractive blonde with good legs and big breasts, and I didn't doubt that Mr. Sims was tapping her after hours.

"Everything's fine, Gladys," he said in a tone of voice that told her he was lying.

Up at the front of the office, Stud had finally galvanized into movement and was starting back to join us. I shook my head at him and hoped he'd understand that he should stay where he was and keep an eye on the door.

"Mr. Sims?" Gladys said in a questioning voice. She still hadn't seen the .38 I was holding down at my side, hissen by my jip, and she was really asking what was going on.

"Gladys, you are one sweet-looking broad," I said, which stunned her and swerved her mind in another direction.

She looked from me to her boss, then back again, wondering what she should do next.

I reached out and grabbed her waist and thrust her against the wall and showed her the gun. I even punched her in the belly with the barrel.

"If you scream, I'll have to give you a new navel," I said.

Mr. Sims decided to be a hero. He jumped me and I had to hit him. Not with my fist. With the gun. He dropped to his knees, moaning.

The girl was the smarter of the two. She said, "I won't scream. Just don't hurt us and we'll do what you say."

I forced them in a back room, pulled the tear gas bomb and threw it in, then slammed the door.

In their small quarters, with the tear gas working on them, they weren't going to be giving an alarm before we were safely out of sight. And when the police did arrive, neither Sims nor Gladys would be in any shape to cough out a clear story in time to do me and Stud any damage.

There wasn't even a call for the smoke bombs I had brought along as a precaution in case we were pursued.

Working with an experienced partner, I have pulled two or three jobs like that in a single day, then split for another city, but since I had an apprentice along, I had elected to stay with one good shot.

The way Stud had come through, like a steer in quicksand, I was sure glad I'd made that decision to begin with.

When I stopped the car on the other side of town, Stud was still telling me how sorry he was that he had choked up.

"It's all right, kid," I said as I stripped off my phony mustache and the blue blazer I had worn into the loan office. "Everybody has to go through a learning period."

I PUT my plaid sports jacket back on and wrote a telephone number on a slip of paper and gave it to the country boy. "Go to that drugstore down the street and call this number. A girl will answer. Tell her I said to meet us here. We've got to ditch this rented car."

This was a new development, something I hadn't mentioned before, and Stud looked puzzled.

"I didn't want her involved if we fouled up," I told him. "But the job jelled and we'll need some new transportation. Go ahead and call her. Her name is Sarah."

While he was on his way to make the call, I switched the loot to the cheap suitcase in the back seat, dropped the .38 in with it and took off the tie I'd been wearing. I got out of the car and throw the blazer and the bank bag in the trunk, then started walking for the bus station, carrying the suitcase.

I knew a girl named Sarah once, but it was a long time ago in Dallas. When Stud found out there was no telephone number like the one I'd given him, he'd return to the car and find me gone. I hoped he'd have the sense to leave the car where it was and get lost. I didn't have anything against the kid, but he hadn't earned any of the loot. As a holdup artist, he had about as much future as Little Riding Hood.

I was going to find myself another partner....

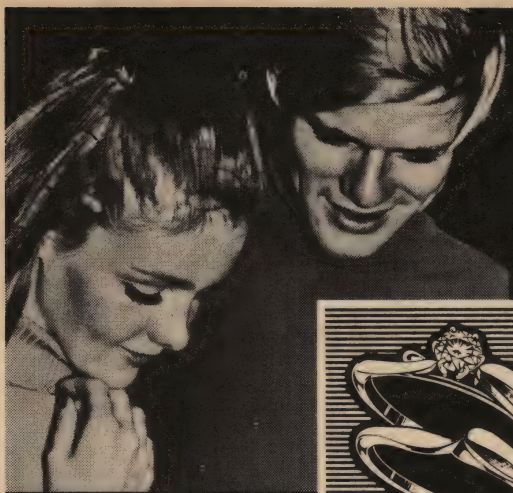
When I meet Dude for the second time, it is in the apartment of a girl he introduces as Natalie. She is young and pretty and she apparently resents my presence. Dude finally tells her to go to bed. He takes off his coat and I see that he is still wearing the revolver in the springclip holster. He looks oddly like a private eye in a movie. When I ask if I can turn on the tape recorder, he agrees with a flash of the even white teeth he bought from a Dallas dentist.

I guess I was born to steal. When I was a kid, I used to think I wanted to be a cowboy or a Royal Canadian Mountie, but after I got big enough to have serious thoughts about it, I never considered taking an honest job except as a front or a temporary thing. I'd rather let someone else work hard for the money and then take it from them.

My father was a tough son-of-a-bitch just like I am, but he was not one for flouting the law. He defied it in small ways like failing to report his taxes until they called his hand. He used to get drunk every Saturday night and at least once a week he had a fight with someone else who worked at the sawmill. By the time I was 13, he had me working my tail off in the lumberyard, too, and he was still using a razor strop on me. I ran away from home when I was 15 and told a lie and put to sea for a couple of years.

A man that my father didn't like, he would say was "too lazy to work and too scared to steal." I've always remembered that. I'm not too scared to steal.

You said I looked like an actor playing a private eye. That's amusing. It reminds me of a prison psychiatrist I used to talk with because they demanded it. A part of



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Deferred payment price \$280



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\$28 monthly 10 pmts. \$28; 1 pmt. \$5;
Deferred payment price \$285



Crown Empress \$275 cash price
3 diamonds in florentine
14K white gold.
\$24 monthly 11 pmts. \$24; 1 pmt. \$16;
Deferred payment price \$280



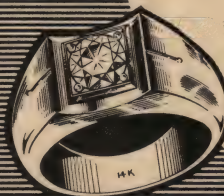
Apple Blossom \$160 cash price
10 diamonds in lavish set
of 14K white gold.
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Deferred payment price \$165



Princess \$180 cash price
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for beautiful sparkling diamond.
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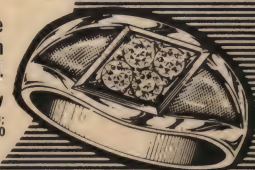
Gardenia \$210 cash price
9 diamonds displayed in fitted
swirl design of 14K white gold.
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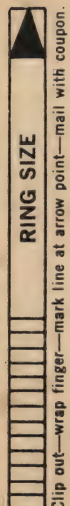
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CM3-73

the rehabilitation process. Which is bull, of course. Prison educates as many criminals as it discourages. It's the best college in the world for a man who isn't going to go straight no matter what happens. After a few years inside the walls, he knows all kinds of M.O.'s, where to hide out, the names of fences and shyster lawyers and cops on the tale, how and where to buy weapons that can't be traced, good towns for pulling jobs and finding cash on the flow, even some damn good telephone numbers. You know, probably 20 per cent of the guys in prison have wives or girls who are being screwed by ex-cons who heard about them from the guy who's still in the jug. Honor among thieves? That's like talking about non-profit medicine or Detroit turning out \$200 cars.

That psychiatrist said I was playing a role. Of course, every crook is, not to mention a lot of squares. Didn't a doctor write a book about that, the games people play? Anyway, the psychiatrist said I was trying to prove I was tougher than Pop. All right, I accept that. "So I'm playing a role," I told him. "So what? The thing is, how good an I at it?" He looked like he'd swallowed a hot Brazil nut.

I THINK the courts are to blame for a lot of crime. They're as slow as a cripple. I know men who have pulled heists while waiting to be tried for pulling one. They have to let you out on bail and in some places it takes two years to set up a jury trial. By that time witnesses can disappear or move away or get chicken, and if you've got a good lawyer he can make some moves, get some postponements, or you can leave town or even the state. Most heist men, professionals I'm talking about, seasoned pros, know a lawyer they can call on in any part of the country. Not necessarily dishonest lawyers, shysters, but attorneys a man in the business knows can be counted on to do him a good job.

You say you want to know some tricks of the trade. Not going into the business yourself, are you?

First of all, there are few jobs where you really need a mask like these Halloween masks and stockings over the face and hoods you see in movies. After a job, you'll probably be moving on anyway or you're in a city where a lot of people may look something like you. I usually use a little disguise to throw off witnesses, like a fake mustache or a wig. Some wads of cotton in the cheeks or changing the shape of your nose and wearing dark glasses is plenty of protection in most cases.

Let's go back to that heist I told you about, the loan company job. I'll point out some things. I picked a port city because they have a lot of transients in a town like that, merchant seamen and service personnel, seasonal workers, tourists. Also, they have air, sea, rail and highway transportation, all the ways of taking it on the lam. They usually have an underworld structure that's developed a little, where you can pick up things you need like guns, because they have allied activities like gambling, prostitution, drugs. I don't mean you can't find those things and some kind of underworld anywhere you go, but in the places I'm talking about, it's likely to be further along, better organized, more visible, easier to slip into if the need arises.

Now, I picked a loan company to hit. I

have a weakness for loan companies, I guess, but in my time I have robbed supermarkets, laundries, clothing stores, pawn shops, real estate offices, anything you can mention except a church. Once I took my girl to a show and when we left the theater, I told her to wait in the car and I went back and robbed the ticket office. If I'd lean to loan companies as I said, I knew they'd have money on hand. Now, if we had been hitting a store or laundry, we'd have had to do some business. You can rob a supermarket early in the day if it's one that cashes payroll checks. In a case like that, you want to be around town long enough to study their layout and their operation and get the local picture. You want to know when they go to the bank, what day the big local factories pay off because that's the day they're likely to have the most cash on hand, the hours when their business is slack.

AS A professional heist man, I have a certain amount of pride. Not just ego, pride. I have a reputation. When I go into a place where it's known, like prison or a kind of underworld situation or environment, I'm automatically respected. I feel my business requires more guts than, say, burglary. I never was associated with what you call organized crime like the Mafia or the Syndicate. They do their thing, I do mine, but I will say I am not too impressed, on an individual basis, by a character who sits back and lets someone else do his soldiering. In the old days I suppose it was different, but now some of those guys might as well be the chairmen of General Motors. They are powerful, though, and they reach into a lot of corners.

It isn't an easy life, the heist man's. You run through money and relationships like a dose of salts. The ups are high, but the downs are hard. The more you make, the more you spend, like in any line of work. The more you spend, the more you need to make, which means the more risks you take. I don't know many old heist men. The few I do know are behind bars.

This doesn't conflict with what I said earlier about guys escaping trial. Plenty of stickup men are walking around who have pulled 20 jobs, but on the 21st they may be caught by the police or tagged by some storeowner who hauls a .45 from under the counter. Most professionals have made at

least one tour of prison. A few have even reformed.

When you go behind the walls, you see one thing right away. There aren't many Syndicate boys there unless they were low on the totem pole. No Mr. Bigs unless it's on a short count unrelated to their major crimes. How many Syndicate bigtimers ever drew the chair? One, I think, a long time ago. Just one. It's the guys like me that the cops eventually get.

I have heard of a couple of heist rings operated by professionals on a basis similar to that of organized crime, but by and large it's a lonely business. You don't make friends because you learn you can't trust your own kind. Survival comes first. Sometimes you can't afford to be seen with people you may know and like because they in turn are known to the police and you don't want to be implicated in whatever they have going on.

A heist man gets plenty of tail. Put me in any town in this country with some money in my pocket and I'll get a girl inside two hours. Without money, four or five. You need a little cash to get along with broads, you want to throw some around to impress them. That's what it's all about.

Besides the fact that women know a heist man will spend on them if he's got it, they are turned on by the thought that he is a dangerous man, in a dangerous business. Mobsters make out with movie stars, don't they? So it isn't money alone that gives you the inside track.

I guess you remember the movie "Bonnie and Clyde." You remember how old Clyde told Bonnie he couldn't cut it as a lover, but she stuck with him because she dug the danger and excitement. There's a lot of truth in that although from what I heard, in real life Bonnie was getting banged regular by Clyde's friends.

There was another great scene in that picture, by the way. That was when Clyde first showed Bonnie his gun and she fondled it like it was a penis. All the heist men I know got a kick out of that scene. It was like an inside joke.

But these relationships don't last. If you lose your nerve, you lose your girl. If you catch a dose of bad luck and all of a sudden you aren't doing so well, she may find someone else who's doing better. If business takes you somewhere else, if you have to move on to escape the heat; if you get sent up, you know she's going to go on living while you're gone. Natalie's husband is in prison serving three to five. There's no way they can get back together when he's released. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, all right. Fonder of someone else . . .

Frank was a loner and a smalltime hood whose most successful heist probably brought him no more than a few hundred dollars. Dude, a skilled professional at the top of his craft, claims to have made as much as \$75,000 in a day when working with a capable partner. The man I am going to call Carl served as a member of a heist gang that staged several major robberies over a three-year period, then broke up. Today Carl is working as a salesman in a city in the Middle West. His employer describes him as "very dependable" and "somewhat conservative." If Carl ever writes his memoirs, the employer has quite a shock coming.

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HER BODY strained under mine, rising

off the cheap bed. She wound her legs around me and wriggled her hips in a way that almost blew my mind. I could hear her gasping. I was grunting, driving hard into her. The motel room was hot and the air conditioning was on the blink. Julie's body gleamed with sweat and my hands slid on her damp thighs. I felt as though I was going into orbit when I hit my climax.

After a while, Julie gave a nudge with her shoulder and I rolled off her. She sat up and put a cigarette in her mouth. Through the parted blinds the light from a neon sign painted stripes across her breasts. "This is a lousy place to live, Carl. Can't you afford better?"

"It's temporary. Just temporary."

"All you smooth operators are alike. Next week you're going to make a score. Only next week never comes."

"In my case, it will."

She laughed when I said that. She had me pegged. I was a big talker with small prospects.

"You going to get rich selling used cars," she said. "It'll be easy, won't it? I'll bet Howard Hughes started that way."

"No, he started with his father dying and leaving him a bundle."

She got off the bed and padded to her clothes. She was an extremely good-looking girl, but in California, she was just one luscious orange in a crowded grove. Blondes with big knockers and sleek thighs come cheap out there.

"I shouldn't be wasting my time on you," she said. "You're never going to get anywhere."

"That's what they told the Wright brothers."

I was talking through my hat. I had been out of the army a year and had made no progress at all. The truth was, I was a failure and next thing to a con man, fast-talking the unwary into buying lemons off a dingy lot.

Julie had come in a couple of weeks before to look at a convertible. I had made a pitch for her immediately. I had a good line, but she was also hot to trot. Getting her into bed had been easy.

"How'd you like to make some money?" she said. "I'm not kidding. It's a serious question."

I took one of her cigarettes. "You talking about honest money?"

"No," she said. "I'm taking about stealing."

I thought the matter over. I thought it over for all of two and a half minutes. "Tell me more."

"Someone else will have to tell you about it. A man I know. I'll introduce you to him tomorrow."

His name was Marsh. He was in the insurance business and Julie worked for him. We shook hands for the first time in the motel coffee shop. He asked me questions about my family background and my army career, but he never mentioned money.

"You're looking me over, is that it?" I asked him.

He smiled. He had black hair and was well dressed and was about two years younger than I was. "I think you'll do, Julie's recommendation means a lot."

"We've only known each other a couple of weeks. What kind of recommendation could she give me?"

"She said you were the kind of man who'd do almost anything if it paid well."

Like I said, the girl had me pegged.

We walked out to Marsh's car and he handed me a newspaper. He showed me an ad from a plant that was seeking security guards. "I want you to go to work there. Just for a week or so. Long enough to learn the layout. I'm planning to rob the payroll office."

I looked in his car. It was a new model Chrysler. "You seem to be doing all right. Why branch out?"

"All right isn't good enough. I'm the same kind of man you are, Carl, except for a couple of slight differences."

I'll tell you what those differences were. One, I was shrewd, but he was smart. Two, he had class and I aspired to it.

MARSH lived in a brick house in the suburbs. He had all the upper middle class hardware including a pretty wife and a cute, freckle-faced son five years old. He was probably a member of the PTA. I drove out the day after I went to work at the plant and we talked some more. He questioned me closely about the number of people around the pay office at noon and then checked what I said against some notes in a small black book.

"Two other men are in on this with us. They've worked at the plant, too. I'm comparing their observations and yours."

I admired his thoroughness, but I couldn't figure him out. I told him so. "Why jeopardize all this?" I waved at the house.

"I only jeopardize it if we foul up," he said.

Julie came to the motel that night and I put her on the bed so fast she didn't have time to shed her skirt, only her pants. "My God," she gasped, but she liked it. She liked it a lot.

"I'm not stupid," I told her. "You and Marsh have something going. If you didn't, he wouldn't trust you like he does."

"It's strictly business with us. There used to be some sex involved, but not any longer. We're going to be rich, Carl, all of us. Do you know how many jobs he has planned? Not just one. Four. From all of them, you know how much we'll get? Two hundred thousand each."

He thought big, that Marsh. Really big.

"I was sitting around one day trying to figure out how to make the kind of money I've always wanted. I knew I'd never make it in business. I didn't have the stake to jump

into the stock market," he told me. "I sifted all the possibilities and decided on crime. Robbery seemed the most profitable field for someone like me. It's something you can get into, get well, and then get out of. If you pull only a few jobs, the chances of getting away with it are reasonably strong. There were 88,000 arrests for robbery in this country last year. I checked it out. There must have been three times that many robberies."

We were sitting in a bar. We had never met twice in the same place. I played with my drink and said, "What are your plans for Julie?"

"You're getting serious about her, I can see. She's yours, Carl. Don't tell her I said this, but consider it a part of the deal between me and you."

Two days later, I met the other men Marsh had lined up. We got together at Julie's apartment. Rance, a thin man with pale skin and dark eyes, had pulled three heists in the East and had a police record there, but he had established a new identity since. Our first meeting was devoted to Rance describing the heists he'd been on and others he'd heard about, and to our discussion of robbery methods and mistakes that should be avoided.

Marsh presided over the meeting and he was like a teacher conducting a class. I thought he enjoyed it.

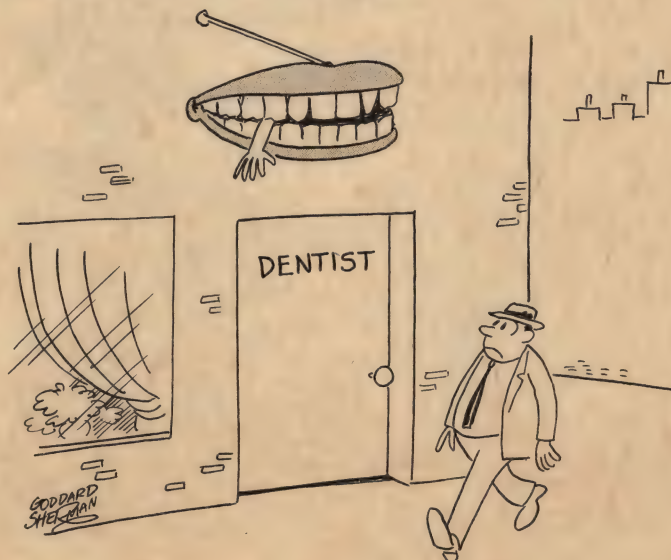
The fourth man, Sid, was short and fat and spent much of his time eyeballing Julie. She was quite liberal about showing off glimpses of thigh, which annoyed me. I had reached the point that I was really hung up on her.

When the others left, I practically tore off her pants and threw her on the sofa. "If you ever cheat on me, I'll kill you. The man, too."

"Baby," she said. "Baby." Stroking my cheek, ramming her tongue in my mouth. "You just make that money and I'll stick with you like white rice."

As the day of the heist approached, we went into rehearsals. We ran through the robbery step by step three times before Marsh was satisfied that we had every detail down pat. We also drove the escape route three times for practice.

Because of my connection with the used car lot, I was assigned to get hold of the vehicles and some spare license plates. I made sure they couldn't be traced to any of us.



Shortly before noon of the big day, I drove a delivery truck into the plant yard and up to the back of the pay office. I had already left my job as security guard, saying I'd found something that paid better. Rance was with me and we were wearing uniforms we'd brought from a secondhand store and dyed blue.

Marsh drove into the company parking lot in a cheap secondhand car and parked it and got out carrying a tool kit. He was wearing a workman's coveralls and false sideburns and colored contact lenses. He hadn't shaved that morning. His wife believed he was on a fishing trip.

MELANO handled his assignments well, but I didn't like him. He had a habit of feeling up Julie.

One afternoon I walked into Julie's apartment without knocking and Delano was there. He was doing more than just feeling her up.

I hauled him off the bed and slammed him against the wall. He spat in my face. "Don't try pushing me around, you smalltime punk. Who do you think you are? I know guys who would knock you off anytime I said the word."

"I'm impressed," I told him, wiping the spittle off my face. Then I tore his fancy silk shorts into shreds and made him cram one of the strips of cloth in his mouth and chew on it. I grabbed him by the hair of the head and pulled him out into the hallway and kicked his naked tail, then threw his clothes out after him.

"You're crazy," Julie said.

That was close to the truth. I turned around and hit her and knocked her over the dressing table and into the corner. She huddled there with her naked legs hiked up and blood running down from her lip.

"Do you think I wanted to go to bed with that greasy creep? Marsh said for me to do it. Delano wanted me and Marsh said it would be good to make him happy. Just business, he said."

I almost tore off the knob getting the door open. I called Marsh and told him to meet me at a corner bar. When we sat down in the booth, I said, "Thanks for fixing Delano up with my girl."

"You've got to get hold of that jealousy of yours. It was something that seemed

advisable. Delano's a valuable member of the team."

He talked as if we were a God-damned Chamber of Commerce committee, I thought. I said, "I'm pulling out and so is Julie. We're calling it quits."

"You can't do that when we already have another heist planned."

"Just watch and see if I can't," I told him.

I started up my car one morning about a week later and a bomb under the hood exploded. My clothes were burned off me and I was unconscious for days. Doctors had to piece me back together and restore my face. Julie cleaned out the safe in my office at the used car lot and the money I had hidden in my apartment and took off while I was still hanging between life and death. Marsh went with her, leaving his business, his home and wife, the whole life he'd been maintaining as a false front. She had always belonged to Marsh, not to me, just like Rance had tried to tell me.

By the time I could walk around again with a face fit to look at, I was bankrupt. Sid had vanished. So did Delano. Only Rance got in touch with me. He called late one night from Kansas City.

"When we took you to the hospital, we didn't know what might happen next, so we all headed for the tall timber," he said. "Sid's down south somewhere."

"Where is Marsh?"

"I have an idea he and the girl left the country. But Marsh didn't set the bomb, kid. You roughed up the wrong guy. Delano put out a contract on you."

I pulled stakes as soon as I could. I don't care about getting rich anymore and I've even stopped caring about Julie. I've made myself another life and I know Delano's had enough revenge to satisfy him, but because of what happened to me, I still sleep with fear. I sometimes start trembling when I turn the key in my car. I know nothing's going to happen, that there's no bomb under the hood, but I tremble anyway. I have nightmares, too. I dream I can smell my own flesh burning . . .

Rance is the man who told me about Carl and arranged for me to interview him. Rance has changed, too, over the past few years and has come to believe that more should be written about criminals so the public will know and understand more about them and how they operate. He chain smokes as we sit in

the park talking, watching the children play on the grass and the girls walk past with an autumn wind plastering their short skirts against their thighs. His hair is white and his dark eyes burn like coals in his pale face. Rance has gone on drugs to keep up his nerve—a heist man has to have nerve—and he sees his end in the cards.

GIBBS ran a junkyard. He was a fence used by a lot of burglars around town, especially the young ones just starting out. Gibbs took me in and let me sleep with his daughter Lucy. She was ugly, but she had a great body and knew all about sex. One night Gibbs took me along with him in his pickup truck and he stopped in front of a hash joint and pulled a revolver out of the glove compartment. "Time you started earning your keep, kid. You handle the legwork and I'll drive."

I walked in with my heart in my mouth and told the cashier to give me all the bills in the register. Two of the three customers in the place never even realized a stickup was being pulled. The third was so scared he pretended he didn't see. I scampered out to the truck with the bills in my hand and old man Gibbs, who had the morot running, blasted off. Nobody tried to stop us. I made \$27 that night, my first heist.

After the old man got too stove up to drive for me, Lucy took over. She was a good driver. One night she eluded a patrol car that was chasing us and whipped into a used car lot and killed the light. When the patrol car went past with the siren blowing and we knew we were safe, she reached over and unzipped my pants. "Time for your reward," she said.

I finally left her because she started acting like a wife. Either you can't trust a woman or she begins to think you arrangement is permanent. There's never a satisfactory in-between. I once counted up and I figure I must have robbed people of well more than a million dollars since I was a kid. Maybe even two million. I have spent a lot of time in jail, but only five years in prison. For some reason, they kept turning me loose. It wasn't good judgement.

When I was in the Southwest, I pulled some jobs with Dude, who was a good man but too eager to prove he was tough. While I was listening to those tapes you played for me, the interviews with the others, I thought about the differences among us. I went into crime because I never knew anything else, Dude to show he was a man, Carl because he wanted big money and was crazy about a woman and hoped he'd impress her. Of all of us, I think that kid Frank might be the most dangerous because he is in it for excitement and some day he is going to kill somebody when it isn't even necessary. I can't attempt to explain a man like Marsh. He had every reason in the world to stay straight and yet he reached a cold and calculated decision to become a criminal. Maybe when you get right down to it, he needed a psychiatrist more than Dude ever did.

This drug business has me desperate. The habit is draining me, but I have to rob to keep it up. Before long, I'll be stopping people on the street and sticking a gun in their bellies. When that starts, I'm gone. But I don't feel sorry for myself. I feel sorry for the people that are going to be my victims. I feel sorry for them not only because of me but because there's others like me, like Frank and Dude, coming along. You tell them to watch out. •••



"Oh Daddy, stop the dramatics! This is just some dirty laundry."

WIFE-SWAPPERS

(Continued from page 14)

the statue from toppling.

Engineers were all draftsmen lacking in capacity for seeing a thing as art, Pauline Flotte joked.

All art was first an engineering and drafting problem, George Flotte said.

Touche, someone said. The score was now: Engineers one. Artists nothing.

Pauline Flotte stretched. Her breasts lifted. She stuck out her tongue at her husband.

He sprinkled sand on it playfully, then asked what did viewpoint really matter. Art or technology. So what? Gut Cay was a bleeding gold mine of diversity. There was something on it for every one of their group. It was just a beautiful island—and Pauline had better watch it. Sunburned nipples hurt something awful. . . .

Christ yes, Carl Erdman said. A beautiful island. That bay alone was worth the purchase price. It just had to be full of fish. With a bay like that to fish from, he could keep the whole group supplied with enough fish to eat forever, all by himself, without even working up a sweat. The group would be nuts if they didn't buy it. Every cop he worked with at the precinct back home in Bayside, Queens, would give his next promotion to be able to buy a share in such a place.

Maria Erdman, Carl Erdman's wife was the only one of the six who did not speak of it. She had mixed feelings about the place.

Yes. It was a beautiful island. A truly beautiful island. There were those palms, 100 feet tall, some of them—enormous beach umbrellas. There was that crescent beach, white as your teeth, its two arms reaching out to embrace the bay Carol was hooting about. ("Can I say, 'two arms reaching out,' without sounding like a corny horse's ass?") And the bay itself. Another Caribbean island classic, all blue and the bottom probably just covered with lobsters to be eaten. And the cliffs at the north end of Gut Cay. And the mini-beaches in the grottoes footing the cliffs; one beach for each man and woman in their group and still plenty of beaches left over. No one would ever find you among those grottoes and beaches if you didn't want them to.

YES. It was a very beautiful island. Just perfect for all of them. Just what they had been talking about during the year they had all known each other in New York. If the others were only here . . . They would agree—to the hilt. A hundred per cent.

There was only one thing wrong with Gut Cay as far as Maria Erdman was concerned.

She was not really sure she wanted Carl and herself to go there and live with six other couples. A year could be a long time. Even the two months everyone pledged for openers could be too much. In two months, a lot of hidden hate and hostility could float to the surface.

She found she was stalemated; no conclusion. She did what she did often when suffering such indecision. She moved, she acted and decided she would think about it another time.

She rolled backwards, legs held high. She wiggled out of her dungarees, which were still damp from the wading earlier.

THERE had been enough talking, already, she cried out. Come on. Shut up. They could talk all they wanted later on the boat back to St. Thomas and in the hotel and on the 707 back to New York. . . . Just look at that water. How could they come 3,000 miles to an island like this and let such blue water go to waste?

It was only 1,700 miles someone said.

Do not quibble, she said 3,000 miles and not go for a swim together once on an island they were maybe going to mortgage their souls to together? Disgraceful . . . Come on. . . .

George Flotte was within closest reach.

Maria Erdman hooked her fingers inside the waistband of his dungarees. Flotte wore no belt. Fly button and zipper parted. Everyone hooted. Flotte wore no underwear, either.

Come on, Maria Erdman was yelling, sailing her blouse up a palm trunk. Skinny dipping time, she was saying. Everybody into the pool.

Yeah. Right on, Patrick Kelly responded, kicking away twill Bermuda shorts.

Time for the christening, Maria Erdman hooted, leaping to the sea, naked skin pink from first sunburn, scooping water at the others.

Leave it to Maria when the discussion gets too heavy, someone was saying.

Maria Erdman hollered that it was time for the First Annual Gut Cay Memorial Skinny Dip. They should all get their asses into the water.

And, in a few moments, they all did, pushing and splashing and dunking and falling over each other.

The pushing and splashing did not bring on the mental anesthesia Maria Erdman expected. She was still damned if she was certain she wanted Carl and herself to go there and live with six other couples. ("Take that for a mouthful of water Pat Kelly. We are not playing water polo and my teat is not your ball.")

Playing switch a bed and doing group sex things on living room rugs in apartments in Queens and Manhattan, New York, N.Y., with these people was one thing. She really did like them.

She did not really mind knowing Carl was with one of the other women in the group somewhere in the apartment, sometimes in her sight, and not even thinking about her (Maria). Was she not doing the same? Was it not something they both agreed to, wanted to do?

To Maria Erdman, choking on a faceful of brine, yes, that was one thing. ("Drown Paula Carl! Drown her.") That was only weekends, only a few times a month. And afterwards they could always go home and be alone.

But living with the group, 24 hours a day, no letup no separation, in a commune like the kids, for God's Sake, all for one and one

for all, no privacy, really. . . . That was something else.

She was Goddamned if she was certain she wanted to share Carl with them on that basis.

She was Goddamned if she was certain she even wanted to share herself.

She suddenly did something else which was characteristic. In absence of clearcut alternatives, she forced herself to pick one and make a decision. ("When you can't make up your mind, the worst thing you can do is nothing.")

She would keep quiet. She would live with them and try to like it. In all likelihood she *would* like it. Who after all, could hate such a rich playground as Gut Cay?

She would do it because it was what Carl wanted to do so badly.

CARL Erdman was standing apart for a moment, studying his wife.

He had read messages transmitted by her face often before. He knew she was troubled. He knew why. Weekends with The Group were one thing. Living with The Group for months on end was another. He too wondered about it sometimes.

Then he saw her laughing again. She winked at him.

He knew Maria had made a decision. Everything would be all right. She would give the experiment fair trial.

Attagirl, he muttered aloud.

Then he leaped aboard Joan Kelly's back and carried her downward.

Sinking, she clamped his hands over her breasts.

His wife has noticed, almost certainly.

So had Joan Kelly's husband.

Carl Erdman did not pull his hands back.

After all, wasn't that the kind of thing the mate-swapping arrangement was all about, anyway?

Once there were seven couples. They came from many places, from many walks of life to the New York Metropolitan Area to pursue many different careers and lifestyles.

Early in 1971, couple by couple, for complex and numerous reasons, they drifted into the tribal erotic phenomenon known today by catchall labels such as wifeswapping and/or group sex.

They made their entrances in the classic ways. They prowled the "swinger" bars of the upper East Side of Manhattan. They accepted invitations from friends already involved in group sex and seeking new converts. They answered the classified advertisements. (A note concerning this last way:

There are more than 50 publications now publishing get-together ads. They span the spectrum from the raunchy suggestive *Screw* to the glossy respectable *Select*. This last cost \$3.50 per copy, claims readership of more than 200,000, contains more than 4,000 "adventurous, friendly groovy couples wanted" advertisements in each issue, and is published by a systems analyst in his garage behind his New Jersey home.)

They behaved in the classic switching and searching pattern at first. That is, they switched from group to group, tasting each, but never appearing at the same gathering more than twice. They were searching (often without any clear goal), for something which would enrich both themselves and their individual marriages.

One by one the seven couples came to rest in gatherings at the sprawling, comfortably disarrayed home of Geoffrey Stone, 37, and his wife Rosetta, 31, in the Long Island, N.Y. suburb of Glen Cove.

One by one, other couples dropped out, leaving only the seven.

They alternated meeting places; one weekend at the Manhattan apartment of Joan and Patrik Kelly, the next at the barn workshop of Hachijo Betsumiya and his wife Dorothy Louise in New Jersey, another at the Forest Hills highrise apartment of Carl and Maria Erdman—that kind of rotation.

The Saturday night and early Sunday morning group sex had gone well and pleased everyone.

They had agreed earlier that this time, everyone would try to have some sexual contact with everyone else at some time, even if only for a few minutes, even if there were no climax. In other words, every man would couple with seven women, every woman with seven men. They had never tried such an ambitious project. To their surprise and satisfaction, they had succeeded.

IN FIVE weekends together, the men seemed to have lost a visible earlier need to show off, to "try to reach orgasm with just every woman in the place when they know that's just physically impossible, for God's Sake," as Claudia Bateman had observed. They no longer seemed to be driven by self-concern to prove themselves masculine. Each seemed able instead to give attention to one woman during an evening, perhaps even their own wives in the privacy of a bedroom as though alone in their own homes. Once, some of the men had even frankly admitted they did not feel like joining the sex play at all for one reason or another. They played cards instead and took over the breakfast preparation chore from the hostess. No one questioned. No one minded. The orgy went on without them, so to speak. As Claudia Bateman observed further, "It was nice. It's the way a gathering of friends ought to go. Just follow its own nose and run itself. Everybody ought to be able to do his own thing without everyone getting up tight, to quote the kids."

The woman also seemed to grow less jealous of one another. The open fear that husbands might fall in love with other wives and sunder marriages "just seemed to die

its natural death after about the third week we met together," said Carl Erdman. Maria Erdman frequently cried and became nauseated at earlier group sessions with other couples. When among the seven, the anxieties which stimulated these painful responses seemed to vanish. She smiled often at the other women.

The women too seemed less concerned with competing. Pauline Flotte had "swung into this life" wondering whether she was still attractive to men after five years of marriage. In the beginning, to Pauline, the only worthwhile proof that she was attractive was the winning of the undivided attention of every man she met. She often all but elbowed other women aside to win it. (Note: According to Dr. Charles Blackrock, of New York, N.Y., sexual gluttony is commonly exhibited by men and women first entering the group sex life.) But on the night the men played cards, Pauline Flotte felt comfortable and secure enough to play with them for several hours. She did not try to seduce any of them.

Weeks passed. They found they balanced each other nicely. They found they needed no other couples to supply fresh input. Indeed, some said they hoped no new couples appeared, for then the balance might be upset.

One morning in early spring 1971, on their tenth weekend together, the 14 were sitting in sleepy ease on the thick living room rug at Carl and Maria Erdman's. They were sipping champagne afloat with strawberries. Bacon and eggs covering a grille two feet wide and four feet long cooked in the kitchen. Strawberries in champagne and bacon and eggs had been their first breakfast together at the home of Geoffrey and Rosetta Stone. It had been their standard Sunday breakfast together since, provided by each alternating host couple.

Four men wore undershorts or terry cloth wraparounds. The women were less shy. Only Maria Erdman wore anything that morning, a thick faded woolen robe she had owned since adolescence. She said she wore it not for modesty's sake but because she was doing the cooking. She was not getting hot bacon fat spattered on her breasts and stomach for anyone in that gathering, she said, deeply as she loved them all.

On this particular morning, Patrick Kelly requested everyone's attention for a few minutes because he wanted to propose something he had been considering for several

days.

"Why don't we go off the air? Close the store. We don't need anyone else. We don't want anyone else. Until something happens to change this feeling, let's not look for any more couples and let's not consider any more feelers from prospective new members. We are a family. Christ, but I almost feel as though I've become related to all of you by blood, cousins."

Kelly had evidently finally defined something which appealed to all in one degree or another, namely permanence and stability. There was almost no discussion of his proposal. There was no disagreement at all. The show of hands was unanimous. No more recruiting. No more enlistments. Membership was closed until further notice. Then someone asked for more strawberries and everyone continued eating. Kelly had spoken for all.

Without knowing it they may well have been the first group sex people in the country to opt for this form of tribal monogamy. (Or call it restricted promiscuity.)

Their sense of cohesiveness was illustrated in one other way.

From that morning on they referred to themselves by the name Kelly had given, in upper case letters: The Family.

It was ironic, someone now unremembered noted, that not one couple in The Family had any children.

THE SEVEN couples were, listed alphabetically:

* **JUDAH BATEMAN.** Age 31. Tall and rangy, walks and looks like the Oklahoma School of Medicine. Three years with U.S. Army Medical Corps in Vietnam, specializing in combat surgery with the Medevac teams. Moved to New York with wife Claudia in fall of 1970 for postgraduate courses in public health medicine at New York University. Plans to enter general practice in Appalachia. He feels a man entering medicine "has no right to call himself a doctor unless he spends at least five years practicing in the poor areas of the country, even though he won't make a dime doing it." However, Bateman plans a year of travel before working. "All my adult life I've either been in school or in the army. I want some time off first. I didn't say anything about deserving it. I just want it."

* **CLAUDIA BATEMAN.** Age 28. Red-haired. Short, but known as "well-carved" in body. Is somewhat aggressive and bossy in good-humored way, due to conditions of her upbringing, she says. ("The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.") She was raised on an Illinois farm. There were no sons in the family. Three daughters then did the work of men. She moved to Chicago at age 18 when her father died and her mother sold the farm. She is a nurse. She and Judah Bateman met while she was in training and he serving his residency in a Chicago hospital.

* **HACHIO BETSUMIYA.** Age 32. A short man whose body seems to be built of blocks; head block attached to neck block, et cetera, all the way down. He is physically very strong; jogs, works out with weights whenever he can. He is jolly, considerate, a Californian, Japanese, intelligent, gentle with his strength. He was interned in Colorado with his parents and other west coast Japanese nationals at outbreak of World War Two. He majored in ceramics at the Philadelphia College of Art, is a potter



"This is that new stew meat shop I was telling you about"

and handicrafter by trade, and a good one.

* **DOROTHY LOUISE BETSUMIYA.** Age 22. She is short, as is Claudia Bateman. She weighs about 100 pounds, is angular in shape. Result: From the rear she is sometimes mistaken for a boy. Once, on a dare, she used the men's room for a week without discovery in an office where she worked as a temporary in market research. Market research is what she does when in need of money. Chosen profession is folk singing. She has had classical training. Her soprano voice is too small and frail for the classical concert hall, however. She is happy with her musical compromise. ("As long as I'm making music and reaching people with it, that's the important thing.") She was one of the early flower children in New York City's East Village district, has lived with men since age 16, entered college at 15 and dropped out at 17, has earned her own way singing since age 15. Note, Dorothy Louise Eglehart of Sioux Falls, S.D., is Dorothy Louise Betsumiya in name only. The two are not legally married. They are the only couple of The Family who are not. ("If a man and woman don't share the same last name there's just so much hassle when you open checking accounts and try to get credit at department stores.") The Family refers to Hachijo and Dorothy Louise as its "hippie pets." Ironically, neither fit the stereotype hippie mold. Both are skillful money and household managers. Neither have slept with anyone else since they began living together, with exception of Family members, of course. Dorothy Louise is The Family's youngest member.

* **CARL ERDMAN.** Age 27. Tall, lean, dark, craggy face, graceful body. He is a sergeant, New York City Police Department, detective second grade. Military: Three years in U.S. Army infantry as line soldier. Rank on discharge: sergeant. Decorations: Bronze Star, two Purple Hearts. He attended Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y., for a year after discharge, then became a policeman. He qualified for the freshman varsity football squad at Syracuse. He is a fine hunter and fisherman. He possesses what appears to be a sixth sense for repairing mechanical things. Is also a very capable carpenter and mason.

* **MARIA ERDMAN.** Age 26. By her own admission, "one of those average-looking women who grow better-looking the longer you stare at them." A dependable but not spectacular body. Hair usually tinted some popular color and worn in some currently popular style. Smart, witty, aggressive. A fine cook (Central European cuisines). Legal secretary by profession, ("because I am almost obsessive about details.") Was a WAC sergeant, provost marshal's office, at Fort Ord, California, where Carl Erdman was stationed when he returned from Vietnam. They met there. Likes the same outdoor things Carl Erdman likes. ("I am the ideal wife for a policeman.")

* **GEORGE FLOTTE.** Age 28. A bookish man in appearance. Sandy hair. Glasses, constantly glasses. (Eyesight is so terrible he squints without glasses, bumps into things.) Fair skin. Thin, somewhat stooped frame. Appearance very deceiving. Was pentathlon medalist at University of Pennsylvania. Was raised around boats; is good sailor and judge of construction. Ironically, is allergic to strong sun; becomes ill if burned too badly. Electronics engineer, Bell Laboratories in New Jersey. Architecture and design an avocation; very knowledgeable. No military

service; eyes in this case did not have it.

* **PAULINE FLOTTE.** Age 24. Red-haired, slightly built and allergic to sunshine as is her husband. Both often mistaken for brother and sister. (Indeed, both lived in same Georgia country as children but did not know each other. Though no family connection can be made, it has often been proposed they might be remotely related, third cousins twice removed, or some tenuous relationship.) At the time of events described here was assistant reservations manager for a major New York City motor hotel. Met George Flotte while she worked at Philadelphia hotel and he attended University of Pennsylvania.

* **PATRICK KELLY.** Age 27. (Only husband in the group younger than his wife.) Black-haired, well-built. But also prone to chubbiness if not careful of diet. Physically especially strong. But also lazy about exercise and staying in shape. Has been in business management or public relations all of working life since age 16. Likeable and bright. But also mean-tongued and fast with fists when drinking. Shrewd and competitive in business. But also ethical and correct in his dealings with others. Has always had fondness for model-types such as Joan Kelly. But also has dropped them after dating a few weeks at most. ("Joanie is the only broad I ever met who showed me the kind of real physical, intellectual and emotional substance you want in a wife. I wouldn't have married her if she hadn't been a beauty, but I wouldn't have married her either if beauty was all she had.") Military: U.S. Air Force, three years, second lieutenant, in press relations, as might be expected.

* **JOAN KELLY.** Age 30. A model and looks as models are supposed to look. Tall, thin, pretty-skinned and pretty-haired; possesses all the nicely-turned delicate features the trade demands of girls who would be models. Surprisingly is not soft or pampered. Truly enjoys hunting, felling trees, pushing canoes through rough rivers. Learned to shoot well on a dare, well enough to qualify for high school rifle team in Hamtramck, Michigan. Hardheaded and pessimistic about life expectancy in her business. ("Nobody loves you when you're old and gray. In modeling old and gray is anything over 30.") Studying accounting and business at time this was written. Considering opening own model shop or fashion consultant agency. Met Patrick Kelly at ski area in New England. She was modeling ski clothing; he was assistant resort manager. Married him two weeks later.

* **JOSEPH PUGLIA.** Age 28. Heavyset but solid built. An active furnace of a man. Joined U.S. Navy day he graduated high school. Spent six years in the Construction Battalions (Seabees). Was Seaman 1/c upon discharge. Rejected all advice and urging to attend college; wanted good job, good money immediately. Fell back on Navy training, became welder. Like other men of the group, also at home outdoors, fishing, hunting, playing competitive sports. Important: Learned he had diabetes in 1970. Was told disease would be easily controllable, probably for lifetime, if handled sensibly. But in event it might someday invalid him, Puglia decided to have fun, indulge fantasies, ride high, live for the moment. Would not quit eating high-calorie Italian foods cooked so beautifully by Assunta Puglia, his wife.

ASSUNTA PUGLIA. Age 27. Wishes she had been christened any name other than this classic Italian one often given to girls. Prefers her nickname "Sunny." Like her name, she herself is a classic Italian physical type. Tall. Long black hair. Deep bosom. ("Christ, deep isn't a big enough word. With boobs like mine, you could nurse half the orphans in the Roman slums.") Joseph Puglia her second husband. First was a marine, killed in Vietnam. Born, raised in St. Louis where she owned a dress shop at age 20; a gifted seamstress. Also had classic Italian upbringing—that is, devout and religious. Became maverick nonbeliever after first husband's death. Expresses agreement with Joseph Puglia's live-for-the-moment-for-tomorrow-you-may-be-in-bed-forever philosophy.

* **GEOFFREY STONE.** Age 37. Oldest of the men. Big, bearish outdoor frame. A forest of a beard. At 250 pounds, also the heaviest of the men. Oldest son of Pennsylvania anthracite mining family. Was working in pits at age 15. Never finished high school; family needed money more than he needed diploma. Left fields at age 24, swearing that was the end. No more. Became carpenter in New York at age 25, started own custom home contracting business on Long Island at 27, married Rosetta Thorsen at 28. No military service. Draft board doctors found spots on lungs, probably arrested silicosis contracted in mines. A gluttonous drinker and party giver at times, causing Rosetta Stone to say, "He was born about eight centuries too late. He should have been a medieval baron."

* **ROSETTA STONE.** Age 31. Oldest of the women. Aslo perhaps the prettiest. Swedish. Blonde. Tall. Willowy but well-formed. ("If big shoulders, big bust, big hands and big feet add up to willowy and well-formed.") Met Geoffrey Stone one day when she traveled to Long Island with her brother Ragnar, who was buying one of Geoffrey Stone's houses. Rosetta Stone's profession: simultaneous translator. No problem manifested in the education gap. ("Geoff reads everything and he's smarter, being self-taught, than half the snobs who've studied at universities. And I really like to learn how to build things from him; every woman should know some of that. Besides, we both like the good life too much to let university degrees matter. You can't season a crown roast with a BA and you can't stir a martini with one, either.")

Patrick Had once investigated the purchase and/or lease of surplus government buildings and real estate. At this time his name was added to the list of "preferred bidders" individuals who are regularly notified by the Department of the Interior at such times when property and surplus buildings come up for bid. The government offers some extraordinary bargains at times. Recently several fairly new homes on tracts purchased for future use as military cemeteries were rented at \$10 per month each. Lease terms were five years or such time as additional grave area was required.

On February 21 1972, a Saturday, the mail brought another list of properties and buildings with invitation to inspect and bid. One listing was a small crescent-shaped Caribbean island. This was Gut Cay, once a U.S. naval meteorological and submarine detection station, now deserted and neglected, in the Virgin Islands vicinity. There were no

transportation or services or any kind to Gut Cay. Upset price was listed as \$10,000; (Upset price: The price fixed as the minimum acceptable for property offered in public sale.)

KELLY dropped the listing and bid forms into his waste basket.

Late that afternoon, he was dumping the basket's contents onto the floor, frantically tossing papers over his head in search for these papers.

An island. Gut Cay. The Caribbean. An old naval station. Deserted and neglected. Sure.

Over the weeks, The Family had often shared dreams. Wouldn't it be nice to have a place where they could openly live their life style without hiding from neighbors and law? Not just on weekends but for a week or a month or a year, if they saw fit? (Dr. Blackrock notes that most "swingers" share this concern live in almost daily terror that neighbors, relatives, friends and employers will discover the truth about their sex lives. They dread discovery by their children even more. Photographs and address books are kept hidden. Telephone calls and correspondence are couched in code. Youngsters are locked in their bedrooms or sent to sleep with friends on "swing nights.") Where might they challenge and test their abilities to live off the land? Where would they really test their talents for getting along with each other as human beings? Wearing or not wearing clothing, as each chose? Where could each take what he or she needed, and contribute what he or she could? Where could he or she come and go as they wished?

They agreed they were talking about commune living, an institution they all mistrusted because of the "hippie" connotations. They agreed it probably would not work. Still they talked and dreamed together about such a place. Did they all mean it, really? Perhaps. Perhaps not. But if they did, Gut Cay in Patrick Kelly's thinking was perhaps the place to begin.

On February 1, 1972, the six (who had planned the Caribbean trip to St. Thomas together anyway) inspected Gut Cay. They admitted yes, if they were going to do it, this was the place.

No, Kelly warned. They could not think in terms of "if" or "maybe" any longer. They were now talking about real money. If they

submitted a bid, it had to be a serious one, for a ten per cent deposit was required to demonstrate good faith. If there were higher bids, the deposit of course, was returned. If theirs was the successful bid, and they then reneged, the U.S. could then sue them for the entire amount, if it wished to. At the least, the deposit would be lost. The government would not return it.

Back home, the three talked it over with the remaining four.

The consensus: Do it.

On February 28, 1972, a Monday, the deadline for submitting bids (by registered mail according to regulation), Patrick Kelly, acting for all offered \$10,001, just one dollar over the upset price. He enclosed deposit of \$1,000.10.

It was a lark, an adventure. No one really believed their bid would be successful. \$10,001 for such a jewel? Divided into seven shares, only \$1,428.71 per couple? No. No way. In Kelly's estimate the place was worth easily \$150,000 to a private developer for a residence, \$500,000 to a syndicate thinking of a club or resort. Friends in real estate development told Kelly his estimates were probably low.

To everyone, Kelly said, do not hope for too much.

Then, on March 16 1972, Thursday, Patrick Kelly opened an official U.S. government envelope which arrived in the mail that day. He gasped, drank a glass of straight bourbon, then started telephoning the others in alphabetical order.

Claudia Bateman was the first to answer. "Sit down, Claud," Kelly said. "You and your old man now own a one-seventh share in a Caribbean Island. . ."

THE balance of \$9,000.90 was due paid in full by June 1 1972.

In behalf of the others (now calling themselves The Family Realty Company, a joint venture) Kelly mailed the full sum the day after notification of successful bid was received, on March 17.

On March 30 1972, a Thursday, a U.S. attorney, a Mr. Farley, notified Kelly that there had been a mistake.

The bid invitation quoting a \$10,000 upset price had been a printing error. The true upset price was \$100,000. It was obviously clear, Mr. Farley said, that this figure was more in line with the true worth of the island.

The original mailing was supposed to have been recalled before posting. Somehow, a half dozen or so envelopes slipped through. Kelly's was one. Of the six, only Kelly had responded. The government was asking Kelly to withdraw his bid, Farley said, and accept return of the \$10,001 so that the parcel could then be listed for sale again at the proper \$100,000 upset price.

Kelly thought for a moment, staring at the now silent telephone, then said, "Mr. Farley, if I'm not mistaken, our cancelled check is proof of the government's agreement that the sale is final and irreversible."

Farley's answer was more growl than speech. "Yes. Technically that is correct." Farley was not happy. "But the government would hope that you would be generous and not take advantage of this mistake. We understand it would be a terrible disappointment but—"

"Stop," Patrick Kelly said quietly. "Stop—And there's nothing really that the government can do to null and void this sale."

"Legally, no," Farley said, growling still lower.

"And the government then cannot stop us physically taking possession of Gut Cay and enjoying full title rights and privileges."

"No."

"And that holds for the future. Sale is sale. Done is done. The government can never legally ever bar us or remove us from the island."

"No. It cannot."

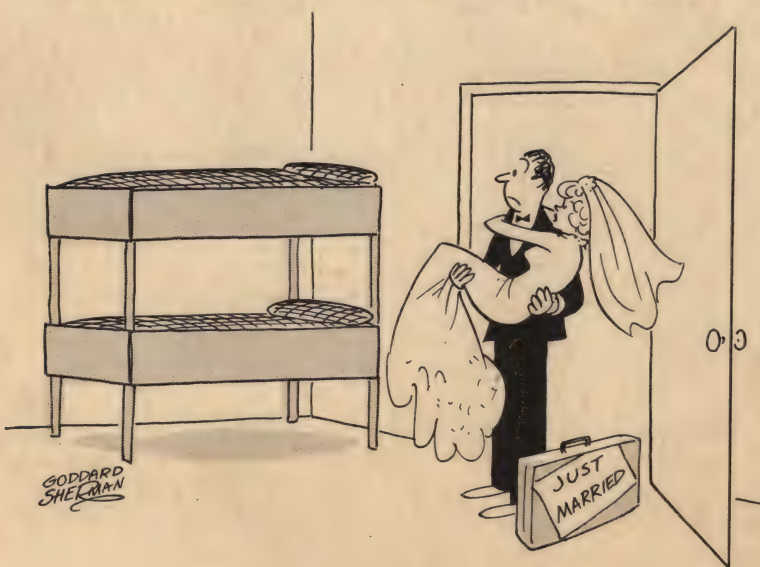
"Not even by suit petitioning for seizure under the public domain provisions of the Constitution?"

"No," Farley said, voice fading. "We've already looked into that. That would be an illegal and unconstitutional *ex post facto* violation of the Seventh Amendment. In this case, land once sold is considered released from public domain and cannot be capriciously reclaimed so quickly." He paused. "But the government was hoping to touch your sense of—"

"Chuck you, Farley," Kelly said, and hung up.

Gut Cay lies south of St. Thomas, east of Vieques, north of St. Croix at approximately 18 degrees ten minutes north latitude and 65 degrees west longitude. It is crescent in shape. It measures about five miles from tip to tip overland, about two miles from tip to tip as the crow flies, across the bay. Gut Cay is about a mile, more or less, at the widest. This bent tubular configuration is one reason for its name. The ship's surgeon on the English frigate which first made landfall there in 1515 likened it to a long skinny bend of large intestine.

Patrick Kelly, George Flotte, Geoffrey Stone and Hachijo Betsumiya were the first arrivals, on July 1, 1972, a Sunday. They spent two days in St. Thomas shopping for a boat which would be their only transport to and from Gut Cay 20 miles off beyond the horizon. They were budgeted at \$5,000. George Flotte found one for only \$4,000 in a yard on the bay off Drake's Passage, a fiberglass hull Pearson sailboat 36 feet long and powered by an inboard four cylinder diesel auxiliary. She was cheap because she needed much superficial work. Flotte chose her because basic structure, sails and rigging, and motor were sound. The name on her transom was *Island Virgin*, bestowed by some former owner with deep sense of loyalty to his locale. Geoffrey Stone laughed and



said, "I'll break the nose of anyone who tries to change it. It's a perfect name for us."

The four spent another day filling the boat with food and staples for a month. At the duty-free shops they bought a dozen cases of whiskey and wine, mixed.

Geoffrey Stone drank three bottles of the madeira. Halfway across, he fell overboard singing. Hachijo Betsumiya and Patrick Kelly plunged in after to prevent him from sinking and drowning himself while George Flotte brought the boat about to a stop by pointing directly upwind and allowing the sails to luff.

Geoffrey Stone was still singing when they hauled him back aboard.

THE rest of the 14 came the following Tuesday. They waded ashore from the *Island Virgin* each impressed by Gut Cay and showing it in his or her own style.

Rosetta Stone recited in the original Greek a section of Homer's *Odyssey* praising "the dark winy sea and its purple islands."

Judah Bateman whooped over and over that it was the best \$1,428.71 he had ever spent in his life and threw up clouds of the fine coral beach aggregate, like an elephant taking a sand bath.

Dorothy Louise Betsumiya held her husband's hand and stood silent and open-mouthed, so impressed was she by the beauty of the place.

Maria Erdman once again began taking off her clothes, calling out to all that the water was too delicious to go to waste.

And then, as had happened once before, everyone splashed in after her. This time no one bothered to get undressed.

They spent their first night inside The Castle, the name they had given early to the mansion collapsing on the north bluffs above the sea. By candlelight they ate caviar spread on black bread baked by Hachijo Betsumiya that afternoon in the great iron ovens in the kitchen.

Suddenly there were flashes outdoors which lit up the room, then the sounds and fizzles of explosions. They ran to the windows. Judah Bateman was there, waving a big American flag, his dark shape outlined by the lights of skyrockets, roman candles and wobbling Catherine wheels. Happy July Fourth, he was yelling. It was really their Independence Day in more ways than one. For the next three months, no one had to do anything but dig their island, themselves and each other.

Geoffrey Stone yelled, "Where the hell did you get the fireworks?"

"Brought them with me on the plane today."

"Goddamned lucky idiot," Stone bellowed in return. "If they'd found it, they'd have called you a skyjacker trying to blow up the plane and thrown you so far into jail they'd have to feed you with slingshots." Then, trying to drink champagne from a bottle, head tilted back, Stone lost his balance. He fell out the window and dropped 20 feet into the soup of brown water and rotting foliage in the old swimming pool.

Dorothy Louise Betsumiya said, "All these rooms in this place. There are probably enough to go around to give us each one. I want to do some exploring." Then, in the open guideless way The Family had bred into its members, she pressed Patrick Kelly's one hand between her own two and said, "You made me buy this place. You give me the

tour, okay?"

And in the direct, honest way of response expected by The Family, Kelly bent over to lightly kiss her cleavage and said, "Not tonight. I think I want to spend it with Joan. Yes. This first night we're all here I want to spend with my own wife." He thought of what else he wanted to say for a moment, then continued, "Yes. We're going to be here three months doing God only knows everything with each other at some time. We've got plenty of time. . . . No insult intended, anyone, but the first night here I'd like to show my wife that no matter what happens after this, the most important relationship I have here is always the one I have with her."

George Flotte clapped. So did Pauline Flotte. Their choice that night was also clear.

Dorothy Louise smiled and said, "To each his own. That's what the place is all about, everybody doing their own thing." She held up her hands. "George Erdman? Do you take this woman, namely me?"

George Erdman looked at Dorothy Louise Betsumiya. He looked at his wife, her head bent to the left as it always bent when she wanted him to pay attention to her. He looked back at Dorothy Louise's outstretched hands.

The champagne he was pouring flooded the glass and bubbled down his wrist.

"Sure," he told Dorothy Louise Betsumiya.

"Sure. I take you."

He lifted two fresh, unopened bottles from the tub filled with ice blocks they had pampered across the water aboard the *Island Virgin*. "One for you, one for me," he said, holding their necks between the fingers of his right hand.

Maria Erdman shrugged and extended her glass toward Geoffrey Stone, just then climbing back in through the window, festooned with wet leaves. "Here. I know you're smashed already. But after that dunking, you just have to need a drink."

She would not demonstrate her own disappointment in Carl Erdman's choice. Such self-control was one more thing The Family demanded of its members. "To quote President Harry S. Truman," one of their number had once said, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. What old Harry was saying was, if you can't stand open promiscuity, don't come to the orgy."

Carl Erdman detected her disappointment, however. It annoyed him. Once again, he imagined it was an expression of censure directed at him.

IN A room where sea breezes blew through doorless frames, as Dorothy Louise encircled his hips with her legs and pulled in that special way she knew which made her seem in the imagination to be bottomless, Erdman kept remembering how Maria looked, turning away from him.

Dorothy Louise relaxed and slowly disengaged. "You're not quite with it tonight," she said.

"Must be the trip and all the excitement of the new place," he answered. "I'll do better by you next time."

"Sure," she said. "The trip and the excitement. It would get anybody. I'm surprised it didn't get me."

He studied her. She really meant what she said. She was genuinely concerned and tolerant. There was no sarcasm. She covered her mouth and giggled, a "little-girl charac-

teristic" (as her husband termed such gestures). "But all it does is make me horny. . . . Hey, Erdman. You wouldn't be sore or think it was a putdown or anything if I left you here and went back to the party, would you? I mean, somebody else might—" She giggled again. "—Might want to show a girl the house. Or maybe I can catch my own old man before Claudia gets him."

"No," Erdman said, almost relieved. "That's what it's all about." He tried to be light about it. "That's one reason why I gathered you all here tonight." He waved her away. "Go. Screw. Enjoy. I think I just want to sit here a while and drink some more wine and listen to the sea noise."

Then, he was uncomfortable in the darkness, alone. He stood, tossed an empty bottle through the doorless frame and watched it glisten falling to the water sloshing barnacles on the rocks below.

Sure, he thought. That's what their entire mate-swap was all about. Doing whatever you wanted with whoever you wanted.

However, he suddenly wanted to reach his wife before she started doing it with someone else.

Kelly was right. Just this one night, husbands and wives belonged together.

He was suddenly afraid that on this one particular and special night, in her frame of mind, Maria Erdman might just like whatever she was doing with somebody else so much that she might never want to come back to him.

She was holding Geoffrey Stone's boozy head in her lap when Carl Erdman returned to the group.

By the way she shifted the man to a pillow and stood to come to him, Carl Erdman knew she was happy he had come back.

"Ever think of balling your own husband, lady?" he said.

"Thought you'd never get around to asking," she answered.

Everyone got along, far better than anyone imagined or hoped.

Everyone contributed according to his or her abilities.

Bateman and his wife, Claudia, as doctor and nurse, took responsibility for The Family's well-being. They tested well water daily for taste and potability, inspected the old Navy sewage facilities regularly to be certain there was no water supply contamination, nursed everyone's hangovers with aspirin and advice, watched for signs of physical and mental distress.

Hachijo Betsumiya, Carl Erdman, George Flotte, Joseph Puglia and Geoffrey Stone pooled their manual skills. They mended quonset huts; each couple had a private home. They made old gasoline generators operative again; their village had light and refrigeration by July 10. George Flotte rejuvenated *Island Virgin's* hull. Carl Erdman began building one jeep from the parts of several found in the equipment sheds. Regularly they brought in fresh fish from the bay.

Maria Erdman and Sunny Puglia, without discussing the matter, took over the community cooking chore.

Pauline Flotte applied her management experience to budgeting and provisioning in Charlotte Amalie and keeping The Family books.

Dorothy Louise Betsumiya began singing three nights a week in the night clubs on St. Thomad and St. Croix. Hachijo Betsumiya sold his pottery on the two islands.

George Flotte taught them enough about sailing so they could commute to and from these places by themselves on the *Island Virgini*.

Rosetta Stone and Joan Kelly, with no particular skills, lent their strength and energy and did whatever anyone else asked.

Patrick Kelly, who became known as The Godfather of The Family, fell into the role of coordinator and *ombudsman*.

AT LEAST some of the number gathered each evening in The Castle. Dorothy Louise Betsumiya often sat on a once-elegant, now weather-warped mahogany table, leading group-singing with her guitar. She also devised the games which both smoothened and injected chance into their nightly pairings.

One, for want of a better name, she called "Guess Who." It was a kissing game, playing in this manner more or less: All men were blindfolded. One woman was chosen to be "it." One by one, she kissed each man. There was no touching or speaking; no man could know her by either touch or sound of voice. The premise was, since everyone had been with everyone else at one time, it was possible for every man to identify the mystery woman by kiss alone. The first one to do so "won" her for the evening.

Gradually a pecking order formed and distinct figures emerged. The Family managed itself as a dictatorship of the proletariat still, that is, everyone enjoyed equality with others and no one enjoyed special privileges. But if anyone led others, it was Patrick Kelly. Consider the events of July 27, 1972—

A day of blue; sky and water so blue one could not determine at times the horizon line separating the two. No clouds; the morning sunshowers had ended early. Temperature: about 80 degrees, "almost a bore because it is so consistently close to perfect," in Rosetta Stone's view.

On this day Kelly, Carl Erdman, Maria Erdman and Sunny Puglia were out on *Island Virgin* near Shark Shoal. This necklace of a reef is misnamed; sharks gather here in no greater numbers than they do anywhere in the Caribbean. The charts do show an exceptional number of wrecks along the shoal, however. On this day the four planned to down however. On this day the four planned a scuba dive on the 800-ton sulphur carrier *Sulphur Charter*. This vessel

took a German submarine torpedo amidships in 1943. At the location of the torpedoing, depths register 5,000 feet. Her captain tried to run her up on Shark Shoal to salvage her cargo and save her crew. He did not quite make it. *Sulphur Charter* went down in 13 fathoms less than 100 yards shy of the reef's jagged jaws. At times of clear water and good light her shape and superstructure are still visible from the surface.

Sunny Puglia and Carl Erdman won first turn down in the draw for short straws. They dropped easily from the boarding ladder and became black shapes in their wet suits, receding in a trail of bubbles. Sunny carried the Nikon F camera in its waterproof Ikelite SLR housing. She had a notion to photograph several wrecks and collect a package of pictures she might sell to a magazine.

Patrick Kelly and Maria Erdman watched them sink. "I'm going to take off my shirt," Maria Erdman said suddenly. "Do you mind?"

"What's so new about that?" Patrick Kelly said, laughing. "But what makes you think about flashing your boobs so often? It's not even hot."

"Just about anything at all," she said, smiling. "Hey, Kelly. Have you ever made it with a woman on a boat before?"

Kelly shook his head. No. But he had on a C-119 Skymaster cargo aircraft, with a nurse, when he was in the Air Force.

"I've never done it on a boat or an airplane, Kelly," she said. "Do you think it would be carrying this mate-swap thing too far if we—well, if we got a little while they were down there?"

"Are you wanting to because you really want to or just because you want to score a new thing?"

"Scoring is part of the game, I think."

"But that's all it is. Scoring. A game. I still like a little bit of want and lust in my sex. I guess I'm still old-fashioned."

"Effing prudish is more like it," she said, pretending to pout.

"Just scoring isn't enough. I like you better when you really want me. Anyway. It wouldn't be fair to them." He made a thumbs down gesture. "Good dive practice means someone topside's always on watch. They might need us and we'd never know."

"You'd never know you were a group sex swinger," she said.

"You'd never know you were a straight-

arrow legal secretary in a Wall Street law firm."

CARL Erdman and Sunny Puglia surfaced then beside the hull. Erdman appeared to be trying to push himself free of the water. Both flailed the surface to spray and foam as they rushed for the ladder. "There may not *usually* be many sharks out here," Erdman called. "But today there are." Kelly noticed he boarded first, then hauled Sunny Puglia up behind him. "I lost the camera when Carl hauled me up," she said, distressed.

"That many sharks to spook you like that?" Patrick Kelly asked.

"I'm—I'm not really certain," the woman said, undoing her tank harness.

"Yes," Carl Erdman said. "I saw them. Yes."

Patrick Kelly shrugged. Who was right? Who was wrong? Since there was no way of knowing for certain, he and Maria Erdman would not dive. Write off one \$300 camera and housing.

Maria Erdman was rebuttoning her shirt as she moved to the bow. She pulled on the anchor line, her soft legs becoming bundles of muscles under the strain.

Kelly saw it happen then, so quickly there was no opportunity to shout warning. A swell lifted the hull. Maria did a dance step to hold her balance. She kinked the anchor line accidentally around a cleat. Her right foot came down inside a loop. She lost balance. She released the anchor line to reach for the forestay. She never caught it. The weight of anchor and chain bridle and line jerked her overboard. She yipped once, then went under.

"Carl," Kelly yelled. "Over after her. . . . You're closest. . . ."

Erdman, still wearing his tanks and mask groaned, "My God. Maria. Those sharks." And he did not move.

"Go, Carl," Kelly yelled again.

When Erdman still did not go, Kelly went himself.

Maria Erdman was kicking and punching and blowing out clouds of bubbles. Kelly cut the anchor line just below her ankle with the sheath knife he always carried aboard the boat.

Carl Erdman and Sunny Puglia hauled them aboard. Erdman said again and again. "I don't know what got into me. Sharks, hell. I should have gone over myself. Thanks, Kelly—"

Maria Erdman vomited up brine and said, "Oh, for Christ's Sake." She would not speak to her husband.

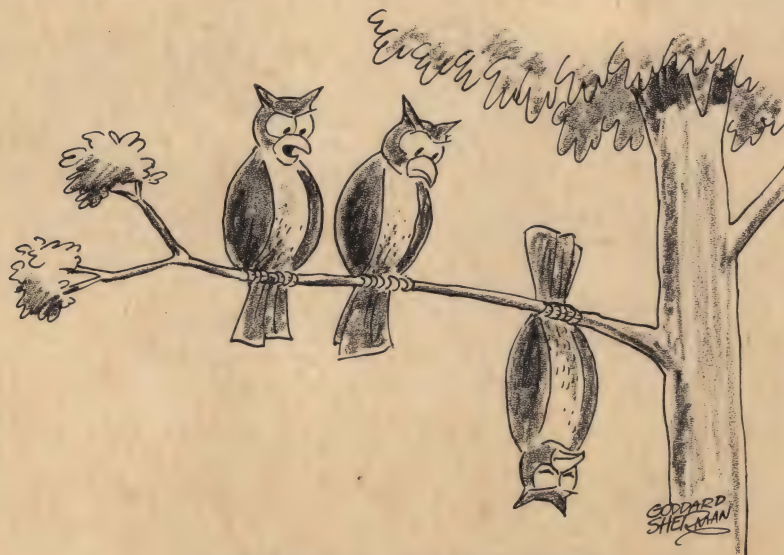
Later, no one censured or condemned Carl Erdman; they did not rate each other on scales of heroics. Nevertheless, though no one put it to words, everyone realized that Maria Erdman was alive only because Kelly had not been too afraid of the sharks (real or imagined) to go down for her, while her husband, an experienced diver, was.

Two days later, Kelly was standing in the shallows off the beach. He was tangled in surfcasting monofilament line and had run a hook into his index finger.

Maria Erdman came wading out toward him, laughing.

He told her she should not ridicule an old man who could not learn how to surf-fish.

Helping him wiggle the barb from his skin, she said, "I don't know any other way to say this except to say it. . . . Thank God blunt



"If you ask me, I think he's loaded!"

talk is one of the things The Family is all about. Since the other day I've been so hot for you I finally had to masturbate last night. Now how about that? A free-love island, and I have to do that. But no one else would do, Kelly. Or will do for now—oh, the reason why it has to be you is plain enough. I don't have to go to a psychiatrist to figure why I'm suddenly so nuts about you. I'm just loaded with bales of lust you were talking about on the boat. Kelly, quit looking at me like that and close your mouth while I'm propositioning you—"

Sitting on a dune, Carl Erdman watched his wife and Kelly bumping hips while they walked the beach toward the grottoes among the bluffs.

He did not move after them, or call out.

Free choice is what this whole mate-swap thing is all about, he said aloud. Free choice is what it's all about. If it's okay for me, I've got to let it be okay for her.

He felt like a toad. Him. Detective Carl Erdman. Twice decorated for leaping at killers firing at such close range their bullets plucked his clothes. But for one lousy minute on the boat too spooked by sharks (real or imagined) to leap into the sea after his own wife.

This was the second time he had wished free choice was not what it was all about, he realized.

He wondered how many of the others, how often, had wished the same thing since they had come to Gut Cay.

CARL Erdman himself did not miss monogamy for long. Days later he said to Dorothy Louise Betsumiya as she worked on chord changes for a song she was writing: "Play *Melancholy Baby* for me."

"I don't know it."

"Then show me your teats."

"Okay."

The recollection of Maria and Kelly walking away on the beach seemed remote and unimportant then.

And everyone else in The Family was too content on Gut Cay to allow such an incident to lastingly disturb them.

On August 9, 1972, a Wednesday, George Flotte and Rosetta Stone began playing tag among the rows of the vegetable garden she was starting on the shady side of the old crumbling house. She stumbled. He fell atop her.

"You tripped on purpose," he said.

"Yes," she said and rubbed his scratchy unshaven chin against the nipples hardening and swelling inside her man's work shirt.

They kicked off their trousers. Between the carrots and kohlrabi she straddled and mounted him, gasping, "Do you know that those old Greeks were horny old billy goats? But I think we'd make them seem as tame as Campbell's Soup kids. We'll take any old excuse to screw, do you know that? Any excuse at all."

"Shut up and hoe your garden," George Flotte said.

Powdered soil rose in clouds about them and became smears of mud on their perspiring thighs.

"I think we're getting grit in there," she said.

"I don't mind."

"I do. Have you ever been balled by a sandpaper member? Imagine it. That's how it feels."

"Member. How delicate you scholars are.

No. I have never been balled by any member at all, sandpaper or otherwise."

"It doesn't matter now anyway," she groaned. Her eyeballs seemed to roll upwards, leaving only the blank whites showing. "Can you go over the top with me?" Rosetta Stone asked and clamped her teeth on his ear.

Then, as she herself had said, it did not matter. He was arching his back and lifting her from the earth, trying to fit his own middle more closely to hers as the orgasms began—

"Wait," she said, lifting her head, sniffing.

"Wait?" he screamed. "Runaway truck, lady. No brakes—what, wait?"

"George, wait. I don't think we're alone." She was doing a gymnast's pushup, moving quickly from him.

They were not alone. Ten of the others came leaping from the waist-high corn. Geoffrey Stone collapsed laughing as he ran.

Pauline Flotte was choking on her own mirth, wheezing, "I sure hope you don't look that silly when you're with me."

Joseph Puglia was chirping in a squeaky voice that was a remarkably good caricature of Rosetta Stone's. "... I think we're getting grit in there, darling. Have you ever been balled by a sandpaper dong, dear boy—?"

George Flotte stood beside her. Grit sugared his thighs and stuck to the zinc oxide sunburn ointment painted on his face.

The others were joining hands and dancing daisy chain fashion in a circle about them.

"Here," Rosetta Stone said, handing him his khaki pants. "You'd better get these on before you sunburn that, too."

She roared and scolded.

"Whatever that was, was Greek to me," Geoffrey Stone said, panting. "Keep dancing everyone or you'll screw up these fall fertility rites we just witnessed."

"That's right," she said. "It was Greek, you unlettered woodmonger—Peloponnesian Peninsula. Third century B.C. It's what they used to say then for go boff yourself."

Then George Flotte and Rosetta Stone body blocked Geoffrey Stone and rolled him among the others. They lifted Pauline Flotte and dropped her upon his head.

Finally, falling against each other laughing, they ran across Stone's body and leaped into the sea to wash themselves.

Mass voyeurism inspired mass creative effort.

The next day, Thursday, August 10, 1972, was a day of nearly constant rain, unusual for the Virgin Islands region. Gathered in the Castle and drinking warmed, spiced wine, soon growing bored with group singing and the repair of tools and small equipment, they decided to make a pornographic film.

Hachijo Betsumiya was elected producer and director. He proved to be tyrannical in the classic mold by demanding couch casting rights of every hopeful female star. That, of course, covered every female. He did not begin actual shooting for five days, the last of which was a day of total collapsed rest.

THE filming filled another week.

When the final prints came from the developing laboratory in St. Thomas on August 26, there was a premier showing in The Castle. The men attended wearing suits and neckties, the women wearing dresses. (All but Dorothy Louise Betsumiya who did not have one and would not have worn one if she had.) Geoffrey Stone rented evening

clothes in St. Thomas. In a serious manner he served champagne chilled once again in ice blocks sailed over from the mainland at night when temperatures were coolest. The film title was "A Clockwork Breast."

It opened with a blurry closeup of something round and pink. This receded, came into sharp focus and became Joan Kelly's right breast (chosen because it was most nearly perfectly round of all on the island). This dissolved into a bright blazing ball of noonday sun. And the sun ball dissolved to a closeup of the open back of a watch, showing the movement working, and thus getting to the subject of the title.

There were zoom shots which yielded only closeups of vast buttocks distorted to resemble lumpy, colliding worlds by overuse of the fisheye closeup lens.

The orgy scene was filmed from a low earth angle. ("As Eisenstein would have done," Betsumiya insisted.) The orgy scene, then, showed mostly the soles of feet lined up as pickets in a fence, and the tops of heads.

The best scene was the one showing Geoffrey Stone walking backwards from the camera in order to provide cameraman George Flotte a subject on which to practice focusing. Stone walked off the bluff, and, disbelieving, windmilled his arms and bicycled his legs during the entire 40 feet down to the sea.

Topically the film was a failure; it proved to be nonpornographic and the meaning of the title proved perpetually muddy. There was no message concerning breasts. Artistically it would have been a success had Betsumiya intended to produce a comedy. Everyone laughed and laughed and laughed. Betsumiya sank into a fit of gothic depression. He had been trying to speak seriously via a film involving smut.

He made Geoffrey Stone pay for his frustration. Betsumiya got drunk on the champagne. Then he pushed Stone out the window one more time into the inky pool.

On September 1, Friday, Patrick Kelly came to the quonset hut Judah Bateman called his dispensary. Kelly was puzzled, he said. He didn't see how it could be, but he wanted Bateman to examine something anyway, just in case. Kelly began undoing his belt—

Bateman staggered through the quonset door, leaned against the frame for a moment, then collapsed on the sand. He was holding his sides, laughing, pointing at Kelly standing there in the door frame and bunching his pants, looking as though he wished he were somewhere else. Bateman tried to speak to Kelly, then pointed and brayed laughter once more. "Oh, no. The symptoms are all there. The messy discharge from the urethra in the morning. The burning sensation when you pee. But you don't see how it could be—Hoo... Hah!" he began laughing again.

"Judah," Kelly was yelling, "I don't see what the hell is so Goddamned funny about my having gonorrhea."

"What's funny is, if you have it, that means everybody probably has it and we don't have the slightest idea of who gave it to us in the first place."

"I know it sounds dumb, but maybe there is something to the toilet seat theory? I haven't been off this island to the mainland for two weeks."

"Hoo-hah-hoo-hoo—Sure. War surplus left over from World War Two. No, Patty, the only thing you'll get from those old wooden

seats is splinters.

IN ST. Thomas that afternoon, Bateman purchased penicillin in large lots and drobscin for those who were allergic to the former. The pharmacist was curious. What were all the antibiotics for? A lot of his people on Gut Cay had come down with some gastrointestinal bug, Bateman lied. Gastrointestinal bug? Interesting, the pharmacist remarked. How so? Bateman said. Drobysin for GI ailments? Well now, I didn't know they had classified gonorrhea a GI ailment.

Patrick Kelly's discovery explained the vague itchiness he himself had noticed at times when urinating recently. (He had not believed it either.) Back on Gut Cay he called everyone together for shots. "This may be poor diagnostic technique, just simply assuming everyone has it without making tests," he said. "But it's sound preventive epidemiology. God only knows how long we've been playing ping pong with each other's clap, just batting back and forth. And don't anyone tell me they don't have symptoms. In a study in Nashville recently, infected GIs just back from Vietnam showed that one man in every two demonstrated no symptoms, and did not know he had clap." He laughed again, then told them, "This may be one of the few cases in VD history in which it doesn't matter public healthwise whether we all continue to screw or not. There'll be less risk to men's prostates and women's ovaries if we don't, but it really doesn't matter. The onset can't have occurred more than a couple of weeks ago so there won't be any advanced cases. And the only people we can pass it on to is each other. And since the antibiotics will knock it all out of everyone within a few days, there won't be anything left to pass."

To his surprise and pleasure, there was concern but no panic. He had assured them that he could control and eradicate their plague. They seemed willing to believe him. He asked for the first volunteer for shots. That was something different; trust ended. No one stepped up.

"No volunteers," he said. "Hmm. How about that?"

He made a sudden circular gesture.

Dorothy Louise Betsumiya yelped. The needle was buried deep in the flesh popping over her bikini bathing suit bottom. Bateman squeezed down the plunger.

"Why me first?" she hollered, angry.

"As the man who kept trying to climb Mt. Everest said, because you were there, D.L., because you were there."

Bateman continued to view it outwardly in casual manner. Indeed, truly from a medical point of view, the outbreak was not all that serious. Limited numbers of victims and prescribed environment made treatment certain and easy.

But the implications disturbed him.

Someone in The Family had made an outside sexual contact since arrival at Gut Cay. This was not difficult to imagine. All but perhaps two or three individuals had sailed to St. Thomas and St. Croix at some time.

True, this person may not have shown the symptoms and may not have known. (One in two sometimes do not. He himself had said it.)

But now that the disease had manifested itself, where was that individual's confession? Confession would make treatment of the disease so much more precise. Was he

or she afraid of censure? Indifferent to the health menace? Ignorant of it?

Whatever the reason, the silence disturbed Judah Bateman.

It meant that someone in The Family was being dishonest.

THINGS were not quite the same following the gonorrhea outbreak, however. It bothered them more than they knew at the time. There were changes. Things which might have been tolerable earlier now became irritating and disturbing.

The first disturbing thing concerned Carl Erdman and the jeep he had pieced together from parts of others. On September 7, 1972, a Thursday, Hachijo Betsumiya drove it to the southern extremity of the Gut Cay crescent. He wished to gather a certain type of ironstone there. He thought it might be of use in his pottery in some way. He did not ask Carl Erdman's permission to use the jeep. He saw no reason to. Until that day, none had been required.

When Betsumiya returned, Erdman was waiting. Why the hell hadn't Betsumiya asked first? Erdman had wanted the jeep himself that day.

Betsumiya said he would ask permission from that day forward.

Ah, but what could they expect from him (Betsumiya) anyway, Erdman said. Japanese business men were known to be arrogant and self-serving. The apple did not fall far from the tree.

Betsumiya flared. He raised a fist. Then he controlled himself. He said he would overlook the slur and the meanness. He believed something must have upset Erdman or he would not have said such a thing.

But during the next days, Betsumiya's former warm friendship for Carl Erdman was downshifted to an icy formality. Betsumiya requested that his wife avoid sleeping with Erdman whenever possible. The man had changed. Betsumiya did not like the direction the change was taking.

On September 10, while in St. Thomas with Erdman and Kelly buying provisions, Geoffrey Stone did not return to the *Virgin Island* at five p.m. as everyone had agreed to do. He had last been drinking Danish beer in Sebastian's on the waterfront.

Once again, Carl Erdman was an irritated party. He started to cast off lines. Leave Stone behind, he said. Let him spend a couple of days on the beach to see how he makes it when his money runs out. Maybe he'll learn a 37-year-old man just is not cute when he drinks so Goddamned often and so much.

Patrick Kelly flared and said no. The boat would embark and leave Stone over his (Kelly's) dead body. Erdman said okay, if that was how it would be. He began coiling a line to form a whip. Kelly hefted the heavy bronze boathook. At this moment, Geoffrey Stone came careening down the street and stepped off a dock into waist-deep water, drunk once more.

Patrick Kelly put down the boat hook and said to Carl Erdman, "What the hell did we almost just do to each other?"

Erdman, shaken also, said, "Damned if I know, Patty. But it was ugly. My temper's only about an inch long these days."

On September 13, '72, Wednesday, Dorothy Louise Betsumiya realized that she had not been sought by any man on the island for perhaps ten days. Her own husband had left her alone also. She also realized that Claudia

Bateman was sought by almost everyone. This had happened before. From time to time, all the men became interested in one or two particular women, or all the women became interested in one or two particular men. The emphasis had always shifted. By natural selection, everyone was assured of a rotating chance for popularity.

But this time Dorothy Louise was not tolerant. "Why should I work my ass off singing in St. Thomas three nights a week and hustling in the Goddamned vegetable garden all day to feed and support male chauvinist pigs who don't even think I'm good enough to plug any more—"

HER husband sailed her to Charlotte Amalie that afternoon for a three-day singing engagement at a new coffee shop near the Street of 99 Steps. Room and board were included. Dorothy Louise never went to the coffee house. A U.S. Navy lieutenant said hello while she stood watching *Island Virgin* reach across the wind back to Gut Cay. She said hello in return. They had dinner. When he asked her whether she really had to take "this jackass job," she thought a moment, then resentfully said no. She spent the next three days with him in bed. Then her husband, in towering rage asked her why she had not gone to the job, she told him it was none of his Goddamned Japanese business.

On September 19, 1972, Tuesday, George Flotte and Joseph Puglia were diving for grouper in Gut Cay bay. Flotte discharged his spear gun accidentally when a large squid dropped suddenly over his head and face like a closing umbrella. The shaft opening up a gash four inches long and an inch deep along Puglia's right thigh, missing spearing his genitals by about a half inch. Flotte then had to reload quickly and drill a spear through the head of a five-foot-long barracuda trying to chew on the wounded leg and get at the bloody flesh.

Flotte needed sedation that evening from Judah Bateman. He was shaking with remorse.

Puglia told Flotte again and again that it was an accident and that such things will occur.

Others joked about it that night at The Castle gathering. What a cheap way to get rid of a woman's husband. That kind of thing.

Yet, some wondered how much of a joke it really was. Sunny and Joseph Puglia had not been sleeping together for weeks. They were not getting along as they had at the beginning. That was known.

And of all the other men she slept with, she was sleeping with George Flotte most, five nights out of seven for the past two weeks.

And then, the most depressing event of all—

On September 27 Dorothy Louise Betsumiya told Judah Bateman that she had been vomiting and had been unable to eat for almost a week. Bateman examined her. When he was finished, he stepped into the street from his office as he had done when Kelly appeared with VD. But this time he was not laughing. "You're pregnant," he told the woman.

Dorothy Louise began shrieking. It suddenly occurred to her that she had no idea of who the father was.

Hachijo and Dorothy Louise Betsumiya became the first couple to quit Gut Cay and make the preliminary arrangements to turn

their share back to The Family.

On September 29, several of the men sailed the couple across the water one last time to St. Thomas. Claudia Bateman, sitting on the bluffs with Rosetta Stone as the boat passed below said, "I have the awful feeling that things are never going to be the same after this."

Indeed, a mild depression settled over the remaining six couples that evening and did not lift for three days.

THE final trouble broke on Thursday, October 12, 1972, just two weeks after the Betsumiya departure. And when it did, the cause was not Carl Erdman as some expected, though he was ultimately and irrevocably involved. The cause was the least likely person of all. It was Patrick Kelly.

Still more confounding, his motivations for the astounding and destructive switch in behavior had never been fully understood or explained. What happened was this:

He spent the afternoon with Rosetta Stone; he asked her to walk with him to one of the northern grotto beaches. He talked at length in depth about the deterioration which seemed to be corroding The Family ties. He expressed deep fear of the group splitting. He was deeply concerned that in event of split the legal battles over division and control of Gut Cay's assets might be backbreaking in time and money costs. He wondered whether family members might not have been attempting a lifestyle for which they were not emotionally equipped. After all, they had been straight conventional couples at one time, before they met. Perhaps promiscuity was something people of their backgrounds should never, ever touch.

Perhaps he was correct, she agreed. But at that moment it was too heavy a question to ponder fruitfully.

To Rosetta Stone, Patrick Kelly at times seemed disoriented, unable to string one sensible sentence to another. He seemed to be a man who was losing his grip upon something in which he once had confidence. He did not seem able to cope with the loss.

They were alone that afternoon on the beach.

The woman was deeply touched. She did the only thing she could imagine doing at such a moment for a man in such distress. She pulled his head to her bosom and rocked him back and forth as she would a small boy.

He misunderstood the gesture. He said, "I'm really too shook up to think about making love right now, lady. You ought to know that."

He left her then, trotting back toward the quonset settlement in the darkening evening.

He climbed the wooded hill to the quonset he and Joan Kelly had just finished painting two weeks earlier.

It was quiet when he entered. A candle was flickering on the table in the wind, the only illumination in the house.

Then he heard the soft laughter. Someone was with Joan in the bedroom.

He found the three there on the big bed he had built himself. His wife, Joan. Carl Erdman. Maria Erdman.

In the moonlight, he saw clearly all they were doing.

Joan Kelly was crouched upon her hands and knees, fingers fiercely gripping the bed-

stead. Carl Erdman, bending to reach around her body to lift one of her breasts in each hand, had penetrated her from behind. She was hissing. Everything was good, she was saying, so good.

Maria Erdman was squatting beside them, sipping wine, watching dreamily. Hers was the soft laughter Kelly had heard.

He moved away silently. He returned fitting a barbed hunting shaft into the receiver of an S.M.G. CO2 underwater spear gun.

They heard him then.

"If it had been anybody but you, Erdman," Kelly said. Erdman, not alarmed, turned his head.

The shaft pierced the bodies of both Carl Erdman and Joan Kelly with such force it literally nailed them to the bed.

They wiggled together on it and died.

Maria Erdman tried to pull it loose.

Then she gave up and sat and screamed and screamed and screamed.

This was the last night The Family spent on Gut Cay.

George Flotte sailed the Pearson in the

dark to St. Thomas.

A U.S. Navy contingent evacuated everyone by helicopter in the morning.

The broad search by men with dogs, two-way radios and small arms ended just before noon. They found Patrick Kelly all but pinched in two beneath the jeep, slowly being buried in sand washed up by the sea in one of the beach grottoes.

He had driven off the bluff in the dark. Whether he had done so by accident or design, no one could say.

The advertisement now appears regularly in the Sunday classified real estate section of the New York Times: "Caribbean island, V.I. area. Former U.S. Naval station. Good water, sheltered anchorage. Current owners must sell. Attractively priced for immediate sale."

Understandably, people share Maria Erdman's first impression of the place.

Gut Cay is a beautiful island, a very beautiful island.

But, all things considered, few want to go there. ●●●

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